ATLANTIC MONTHLY

BRIARCLIFF COMMUNITY

Due
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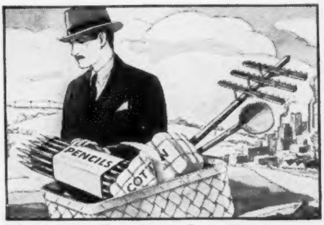

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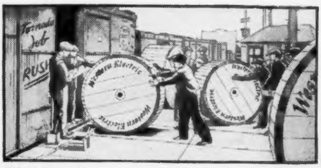

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

Who is best able to see behind the scenes in our colleges to-day and to know what is wrong with education? The young novelists, with their stories of maladjustment; scenters of trouble such as Upton Sinclair; practised journalists culling conclusions on a flying visit; deans with their discipline or professors teleologically regarding their students — who comes the nearest to seeing it all and seeing it whole?

Clarence C. Little graduated from Harvard in his twenty-second year. He is forty-one to-day. In the score of years that intervene he has held most of the commands that college offers. He has done postgraduate work as a research fellow in genetics; he has risen from instructor to professor; he has dealt with personalities as an assistant dean, and finally he has been at the head of the executive and professorial administration as president of two state universities. He was president of the University of Maine from 1922 to 1925 and of Michigan University from 1925 to 1929. Throughout the range of his activities his attitude has been one of candor, independence, and persistence for reform. His new book, *The Awakening College*, is drawn naturally from his own experiences; in it he gives a diagnosis of our college education of to-day and a prescription for its improvement.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

Clarence C. Little

The Awakening College

[W. W. Norton, $3.00]

The circumstances surrounding the publication of a book by Dr. Clarence C. Little on college education to-day are such as to arouse high expectations among those interested in his subject, for they promise an uncommon combination of inside knowledge and detachment. The non-academic critic of our educational institutions is frequently detached enough, but is apt to lack that intimate acquaintance with the terms of the problem that comes only with experience; and those of us who have experience are only too likely to be led by obvious motives into defense of our own procedures and to lack detachment. Dr. Little, having been student, teacher, and administrator, has now while still in his prime returned to scientific research and stands free of official responsibility. Few men writing on his themes have as good a right to be heard.

Though *The Awakening College* deals in detail with some fourteen separate problems, the discussions are dominated by a few leading ideas. Thus the author's attitude toward tests for admission, the improvement of the curriculum, and the functions associated with the office of dean is determined by his belief that progress depends on 'an increased interest in the individual student as a character and as a personality.' In selecting freshmen, therefore, he would lay less stress on examinations to measure the amount of acquired information and more on tests of mental aptitude and the 'evaluation of the pupils' emotional maturity, stability, and normalcy.' In planning the curriculum he advocates the 'Freshman Week,' the comprehensive examination at the end of the first two years to select those fit to go on to the more specialized studies of the last two years, and the offering of greater freedom and special opportunities to the exceptional student. The dean's office, with its corrective and disciplinary associations, he would replace by a group of advisers interested in personnel problems who would give constructive guidance.

In his emphasis on the individual student, Dr. Little will have the sympathy of most progressive educators, though there will be differences of opinion on some of the methods advocated. It would undoubtedly be advantageous to be able to gauge the pupils' emotional maturity, but we have gone but a little way toward the invention of reliable devices to this end. The vigor of Dr. Little's attack upon the influence of bad deans suggests a reaction from an unfortunate experience rather than a generalization from a wide observation. Most administrators, I fancy, are more hopeless of finding large numbers of wise faculty advisers than a few good deans.

The second group of chapters deals with obstacles to the efforts of the college to develop the individual. Fraternities are courageously criticized as 'breeders of shallow group psychology, a false sense of values, social distinction contrary to a spirit of democracy, and a narrow loyalty to the "chapter" at the expense of a broader loyalty to the college as a whole,' and he seems to prove his charges. Automobiles and liquor, coeducation, and compulsory military training are all 'obstacles' in the sense that they introduce needless complexities during a period in which the problems of intellectual and emotional adjustment set by nature are already difficult.

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The BOOKSHELF

So far the book has dealt with factors directly affecting the student; it now takes up problems of the faculty and governing boards. The chapter on the Professional Scholar attacks the false emphasis often laid upon research and publication irrespective of their significance, and makes a vigorous plea for fuller recognition and reward for good teaching. The curricula for the training of teachers the author finds to lack a basis in genuine research. In this field, as in those which he calls the 'pseudo-professions' of home economics, journalism, and divinity, he sees an exaggerated professionalism, and a tendency to concoct a factitious scholarship out of practical applications instead of an attempt to find a sound basis in research in the underlying sciences.

The criticism of the malign influence of 'politics' in the broadest sense, the proposal to reform athletics by giving opportunities to more students and more teams and thus reducing the conspicuousness of the handful constituting the 'Varsity,' and by delegating more authority to the student instead of the professional coach, will command general assent, as will also his plea for encouraging continued intellectual contact between the alumnus and his Alma Mater.

In a penultimate chapter on Religion in college, he expounds with approval the increase of religious liberality in colleges and shows refreshing faith in the persistence among students of belief in spiritual values. The young generation, he holds, 'loves and trusts God more than any generation before it, and it is unafraid.'

The book is characterized throughout by the freshness that comes from first-hand experience. The reader who has followed recent academic controversy will discern here and there the scars of battle, but the discussion, though admirably specific, is never personal. Dr. Little's modesty prevents his claiming credit even when the projects treated are such as he himself has had a main hand in initiating.

That a scholar and administrator so well qualified to speak should, after courageously facing the facts of the situation, emerge with so clear a faith in the young and so strong a hope for the future of education is in a high degree heartening and consoling.

W. A. NEILSON

* * *

FOR most of us who must gravitate between our homes and our workrooms, travel, in the adventurous sense, is something to be dreamed of but seldom attempted. For a few chosen spirits, travel is the breath of life, and for them a stay at home is merely a pause between expeditions. As we travel to the office, they travel to places not on the map, and when, as in *Scott's Last Expedition*, they do not return, the world is the better for their courage.

FAR CORNERS

THIS book, ***Larson, Duke of Mongolia*** (Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, $3.50), is only a taste of it all, but it is the sole taste to be got by any true Westerner and we should be grateful. Among the many Americans and Europeans who have visited Urga, the Mongol capital, and the few who have lived there, **Frans August Larson** is the only one who has made a real and human use of his chance. Probably he is the only human being of them all precisely fitted for it. He can ride, shoot, and wrestle with the Mongols; he sits up all night telling stories in their yurts, and on many occasions he has shown himself their understanding and true friend. His pages are different from the colorless books of Curtin. Our author has traded horses and sold Bibles and hunted wolves with the Mongols for thirty-five years. He has been their official representative at Peking, he has lived with them at court and in their camps and been friend with prince and herdsman.

Entirely without deliberate art his book contrives to get the high air of the plateau. The story of how he put a stop to the war with China, and fetched Prince Na with two hundred followers all the way to Peking to live there as a bodyguard to the President, is worthy of a mediæval romance. There is more than he tells us in the history of the murder of Grant of the Chinese Telegraph Service and the execution of Muronga his murderer. I wish he had written it all down, for Muronga gave your reviewer an uncomfortable six days of skulking and of waterless camps till we heard that he had been sewn up in a felt and jounced to death on a camel.

Mr. Larson's ranch at Tabo-Ol has supplied the North China racing stables for years, and hundreds of foreigners in Peking and Tientsin have been mounted on the redoubtable little beasts that he brings down each year. His notes on these ponies, and the strange fact that they lose wind and endurance when they have been scientifically trained for racing, are valuable additions to horse-lore. Let us hope for another book, a book with still more stories and an account of Mongolia's strange part in the Great War and a history of the mad Baron Ungern-Sternberg, the Scourge of the Reds.

Seven Horizons, by **Charles J. Finger** (Doubleday, Doran, $5.00), is a strange book, starting in Mayfair when London was still being shocked by Disraeli's oddities, and ending — of all places in the world — in the Ozarks. Any fiction writer would envy that early chapter about the respectable small boy and the family who did not read. So, too, the rollicking piracy in which the author took part on Tierra del Fuego, and some splendid sailor men, beach combers, and philosophers who are described.

In fact the year on the island, the inimitable visit of the Prince with the Lady, and the whole Patagonian period would make prime stuff for the novelist. The last part, with its railroads in America, its literature and editing, though it must have been pleasant and engross-

Matthew Josephson

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APPLES BE RIPE

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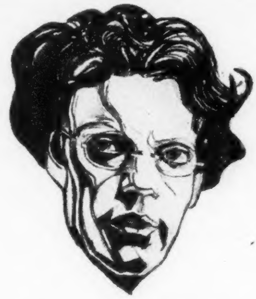

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ing to live, makes less vital reading. Even the important and near-important names that crop up through the long book do not help much. What really matters is the kindly spirit of this autobiography and the strange adventures and human characters described so graphically that we *ought* not to be surprised to find them sometimes ungrammatical.

'Generally a mere follower, without much responsibility, and often scared out of my wits, I was in the thick of it all, and I know.'

He did know. **Apsley Cherry-Garrard** put it down so vividly and with so few adjectives that I never realized till the end of his book, ***The Worst Journey in the World*** (Dial Press, $5.00), that I had been reading a style so welded into the subject matter as to make a professional stylist despair. Always excepting *Scott's Last Expedition*, which every man must read again and again, never without tears, polar exploration should be avoided by the ordinary reader. It frightens and disturbs one, and that is not what books are for. But *The Worst Journey in the World* must be read even if you don't want to know what it's all like, even if you think polar expeditions are useless, and, most of all, if you believe you have lost the faculty of being quite lifted out of yourself by mere writing.

Being additional light on the Scott expedition, this book borrows from that other something of its splendid tragedy. It deals with the side expeditions and gives fresh incidents. Above all it carries one along with a positively convincing force which freezes the reader's feet and hands, tears his temper into rags, rends his very heart for the sufferings of other gallant members of the party, and, every night, pries open his frozen sleeping-bag to admit a half-starved aching body that shivers against the ice until he believes that his back will break.

We have had high adventures told in enduring English before, but this book is a product of our own decade and gives us far more insight into the minds of the adventurers than Raleigh does or Marco Polo or any of the others. I confess that I like the two extremes. The *Faerie Queene*, unmatchable for certain moods, but *Arabia Deserta*, *Scott's Last Expedition*, Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert*, and the book of Apsley Cherry-Garrard for a safe fireside and hideous vicarious suffering.

As a chronicle *The Worst Journey in the World* will fulfill its purpose with precision. Future expeditions must consult it for information on their outfit, the advisability of taking ponies or mules, and the probable endurance of their man-power. But always through and above such details the book tells of men, and again men. He says of his friend Bowers, 'Such men may be at a discount in conventional life; but give me a snowy ice-floe waving about on the top of a black swell, a ship thrown aback, a sledge party almost shattered, or one which has just upset their supper on the floor-cloth of the tent (which is much the same thing), and I will lie down and cry for Bowers to come and lead me to food and safety.'

Of the character of Scott himself — affectionately called 'The Owner' — he speaks with a tenderness that strikes at one's heart. And yet 'he was a bad judge of men.' Elsewhere in the book there is an estimate of the four great leaders, Scott, Amundsen, Shackleton, and Wilson. The undoubtedly bitter fact that Amundsen reached the pole first is squarely dealt with and in a spirit of admiration for the accomplishment and for the valor of the Norwegian expedition. Yet there is no ridiculous attempt to prove that the news was not a nasty pill to swallow, nor is there any reference to British sportsmanship — thank Heaven! The deliberate deceit practised by Amundsen in first sailing north in the *Fram* and then doubling south is dismissed with the simple words, 'Nothing makes a more unpleasant impression than a feint.' To understand these things fully we must read an account — published twenty years after — of the worst journey in the world.

LANGDON WARNER

UNLESS I miss my guess, the time is ripe for good historical novels. Fiction of this sort was rather shoved to one side in the years following the war, when realism and irony were in favor. I recall *Power*, by Lion Feuchtwanger, and Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop* as exceptions to the rule. So were the early novels of James Boyd.

HISTORICAL NOVELS

THE writer of an historical novel assumes a dual responsibility: he must re-create, usually from literary sources, a scene which, however foreign it may be to the unacquainted reader at the outset, will by appreciable degrees be made familiar and convincing; side by side with this he must develop a narrative sturdy enough to carry without strain the many descriptive parts and to sustain — with increasing tension — the reader's interest till the climax is reached. If the writer dwells upon his period to the belittlement of his story, or if he plays up his narrative without reckoning the facts and psychology of its time and place, his book is apt to be tedious or inconsistent.

In ***Rogue Herries*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) **Hugh Walpole** starts with everything in his favor. The setting for his story is the Lake Country in eighteenth-century England, and the central figure — the Rogue — is a strong, fitful gentleman, capable of great things, too often responsible for harsh ones. The man was made for the country — his stormy, ghost-ridden character is matched by the crags and natural turbulence of Borrowdale; and the country was made to be written about. Those who, like your reviewer, have scaled some of the faces of Great End and Scafell, and worn out shoe leather on the Screes, will know the majesty and mystery that invests these storm-covered heights. Mr. Wal-

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THE PULITZER PRIZE BOOKS

Fiction

Laughing Boy

by Oliver La Farge

*

History

The War of Independence

by Claude H. Van Tyne

pole knows, and very skillfully has he drawn this highland with its dour, passionate people.

We see the cold stone houses and the everlasting rain; the still, black farms, and the beauty of the valleys when clouds break the sunlight; the rude boisterousness of the Keswick Fair and the human broil of the Christmas revels (Pieter Breughel in prose); the witch baiting, the drinking, and the lechery. Along with these aspects of an earlier Cumberland, we are made familiar with the London of Queen Anne and the Hanoverians, the Scotland of the Young Pretender. These threads and more are drawn into this story of a vagabond gentleman. By his command of such detail, Mr. Walpole makes us quickly at home in his book, giving us an expectancy of fine things to come; then, alas, by his overelaboration of this very stuff, his story begins to creak, it slows down, it cannot bear the load; finally, like the One-Hoss Shay, it dissolves into dust — in this case, the dust of history.

Rogue Herries, the aloof outcast with his sinister hold over those about him, is at the start a compelling figure. We are told he is ghost-ridden, we expect his fate to be tragic. He should make the story move. But with his wife's death, he begins to fade. And when after interminable digressions he takes a fantastic gypsy for his second wife, credulity begins to desert. From that point to the close I read with doubt, noticing, as I passed, the want of humor and propulsion, the need, the everlasting need, of compression. I am sorry to say it, for there is much that is picturesque in this novel.

Perhaps because it deals with a time and country unknown to me, certainly because it is a brisk and exciting tale, I found much to recommend in **James Boyd's** new historical novel, ***Long Hunt*** (Scribner, $2.50). The time is the early eighteen hundreds; the country, that portion of our Southern states verging toward the Mississippi, half frontier, half Indian forest, through which the stream of migration was slowly forcing its way. The man in the case, Murfree Rinnard, is in his American way as proud and aloof as Rogue Herries: a Long Hunter, trapping and shooting by himself in the silent forests for months on end, he felt 'crowded' in the barest settlements, hated 'the movers,' as he called the pioneers, and had little or no respect for women, who were always too easy for him. The Indian country was his province and he knew it by heart, nor wanted anything different until he met an Eastern girl in Hill Town.

To tell much more of the story is to cheat the reader. It is enough to say that Murfree stole away from the thought of marriage and, to free his mind, went back to his long hunts. These expeditions took him into Tennessee for bear meat, down the Mississippi and into the Spanish Territory for furs, and on a long mission into the Creek country to avert war; they comprise the body of the book, and for their vigorous and sensuous revelation of woodcraft and frontier living they are splendid. Murfree is companioned by the old bear dog, Roamer. The senses of each are as keen as mustard, and watching their reactions, we come to participate in the book itself.

The love story, for all its suspense, is simple enough, and, I dare say, will be accepted by most without objection. But, I should like to suggest, would a man who had no intimates, and only one dog in his whole life, who knifed his partner over a girl, who killed a bear with his hands, who lived for years with the Creeks, and who succeeded with all but one woman he ever tried for — would such a man be apt to treasure a virgin image in his mind for long? We can only guess, and for my part I am doubtful.

But whether or not you are troubled by this premise, the novel will be read and ought to be read for its robust action, for frontier humor at its best, for the skill with which the author has employed in speech and reflection the twangy phrases of early America, but mostly because Mr. Boyd is a ready story-teller who packs his narrative as tight as an apple with incidents, and leaves it crisp to taste.

EDWARD WEEKS

THE purveyors of biography in their search for likely candidates have this spring, by an amusing coincidence, hit upon three men whose pronounced opinions and whose leadership of the Left make them fit subjects for pen and ink. I refer to Debs, Briand, and Trotsky.

LEADERS AND LEVELERS

JUST under three centuries ago, it was said of the new sect of the Levelers, 'They intend to sett all things straight' by establishing parity and community. Evidently the trio of conspicuous men whose lives are the subject of these three books belong by spiritual heredity to this sect. All three are so much of the fibre of contemporary history, their doings and sayings so well known, that there is no need to retell their stories. That much we may take for granted.

First there is ***Eugene V. Debs***, by **McAlister Coleman** (Greenberg, $3.50). The followers of Debs have agreed to call him an idealist. Even more fitting is the tag which a witty Frenchwoman gave to one of the imagist poets — *marchand de nuages*, 'cloud merchant,' 'mist merchant.' This Hoosier of Alsatian parentage was always sweetly and furiously in earnest. He set himself with tremendous energy to organize the railroad men, beginning at the city that Riley called 'Terry Hut' and working outward with zeal and with success. Then he conceived the notion that salvation was to be attained, not along that line, but through state ownership of the railroads; through full-blown Socialism. He thus entered a bypath that led him away from the main current. The clouds in which he invested his life energies concealed from him the outlines of reality. He became the statuesque figurehead of a waning cause.

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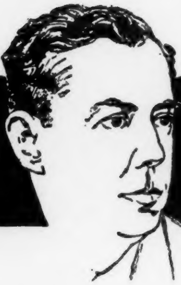

LIBERTY

BY EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

"The idea that a people are free merely because they live under laws they may be presumed to have made, is a fiction." Page 306

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The BOOKSHELF

Aristide Briand, as we see him in life and in ***Briand***, by **Valentine Thomson** (Covici-Friede, $5.00), was also furiously and eloquently in earnest. He also, as did Lyev Davidovitch Bronstein, better known as Trotsky, began his career by organizing the working class, in the narrowest sense of that phrase. Briand at one time advocated the 'general strike' as the prologue to Paradise, and, in supporting Alexandre Millerand, used phrases that were interpreted as an exhortation to violence. The satirical sequel came when he was confronted by a railroad strike that threatened to become universal. Briand, who is nothing if not a strategist, invoked the mobilization law, turned the strikers into French soldiers, and set them to suppress their own strike.

That remarkable *volte-face* is equaled, if it be not excelled, by another, duly recorded by his admiring biographer. Briand vigorously criticized the Armistice: 'Germany has been vanquished,' he said, 'but psychologically that was not made apparent to the people of Germany. . . . If the coercive measures taken had been strong enough, they would at least have realized that something had changed since the war of 1871. . . .' An admirably sound judgment, it would seem. Yet the satirical bookbinder a few pages later inserts a picture of Briand conferring with Stresemann, in pursuance of the policy he had so strongly condemned — making things as soft as possible for the Germans, so that they might the sooner forget any salutary lessons they had begun to study in the weeks before the Armistice.

In the two events we have touched upon, there is too much of the spirit of the weathercock to inspire confidence in the statesmanship of Aristide Briand. But the book of which he is the central figure is by far the most attractive of the three, save for one shortcoming. In the life of a Premier of France, by the daughter of his colleague, one is entitled to expect that the names of men so well known as Jules Guesde, Jaurès, Lamennais, Rouvier, shall not be misspelt; nor is it correct to write of 'Lord' Grey in 1914, while the index entry 'Sir Haig' can only be forgiven because it is so funny.

So we come to **Leon Trotsky**, and the impression he makes by his essay in autobiography, ***My Life*** (Scribner, $5.00). The book is at once immensely interesting and extremely dry reading. Take the early chapters. Trotsky is treading the classic soil of Gogol; many of his characters might have come from Chekhov; the episode of the wheat field recalls a notable scene in *Anna Karénina*. Yet — the breath of life which these three great Russians instill into their persons and scenes is wholly absent from the narrative of Trotsky. His people are cut out of cardboard; they do not come alive, even his mother and father and his boyhood friends. After accompanying Trotsky through page after page packed with authentic facts that have everything but the breath of life, one divines the reason for this aridity: Trotsky is all along supremely interested in Trotsky. He is so self-centred that he cannot go out of himself imaginatively to impart the stirrings of life to the people he quite faithfully depicts. Chekhov loses himself in his writing, or, rather, his creative imagining; so does Tolstoi; so does Gogol. Trotsky's main interest is in himself. So we have the fall of the Romanoffs, as it affects Trotsky; the tw revolutions of 1917, as they have a bearing upon Trotsky; the later history of tyranny-ridden Russia as a struggle between Trotskyism and anti-Trotskyism. No wonder it all makes dry reading, in spite of the inheren drama of the events depicted. One may hazard the surmise that Trotsky owes his downfall to this same self-centredness.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE first five months of 1930 have been dull ones in the book trade Business has been so bad as to call for drastic action. In this time of depression the only hopeful sign was to be observed in cha drug stores where 'remainders' (old books fro other seasons) and reprints, reduced to $1.0 were selling briskly. Perhaps, it was thought trade would revive if new books were similarly reduced in price. Following the lead of Doubleday, Doran, four publishers announced that thei summer and fall fiction would be cut to $1.00 o $1.50. Opposed to this policy, fifteen publishers stated that they would stand pat.

In the months to come, therefore, we are to witness a fresh attempt to produce America fiction at a low price comparable to that of Continental editions. The experiment has been tried in the past and has always failed. The reason given were, first, that our public did not wan paper-bound books, and, secondly, that wit our high manufacturing costs (much higher than in Europe) books could not be sold at the lo price unless they were to be produced in uncommonly large editions. Competition in the field of fiction is very keen. The average sale of a novel is said to be 2500 copies; certainly a average figure for first novels, and for many of those by established writers which do no find favor. I do not believe that cutting the pric of these books will increase their sale. Whethe the reduction will help to sell more copies of popular book remains to be seen. In any even the experiment ought to have the effect of parin prices down to an economic minimum. It seem to me that in the past five years they have bee pretty high.

Edward Week

Books reviewed in these columns may be purchased through the Atlantic Monthly Bookshop

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1930

TAGUA SAILS NORTH

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

THIRTY years ago South Sea trading schooners were a common sight along the water front in San Francisco. When one tied up at a wharf, shipping men would nod their heads and remark that *The Southern Cross*, *Papeete*, or *The Tropic Bird* was up from the Islands again. There would be a slight bustle among wholesalers of calico prints and twist tobacco, and that is about all the stir these exotic old vessels created.

Nowadays the Pacific steamer lanes have practically done away with the winding trails of the northbound trading schooners. When a South Sea vessel does lumber into the Golden Gate there is quite a little excitement on the water front. Reporters with their staff photographers rush down for 'human interest' stories; lovers of the romantic stand on the wharf to gaze at the ship for hours, imagining all kinds of wonderful things which never happen; South Sea authors hurry down to gather material for their next book; the trading skipper stumps up Market Street with a smile and a nod, island-fashion, to every passer-by. In fact, half the town learns that an island vessel is in port; people come down by the score to look her over, and most of them wish they could climb aboard to sail to that enchanted land of dreams, the South Sea Islands.

The trading schooner *Tagua*, of Rarotonga, sailed north for San Francisco on December 26, 1928, arriving there on April 21 of the following year. She is probably one of the last of these romantic old traders that will ever make the long beat north to California.

December 21, 1928. — I have just been aboard the two-masted schooner *Tagua*, now lying in the little harbor of Avarua. Captain Andy Thomson was aboard. He told me that he has orders to sail to San Francisco to have new masts put in his ship. Having sailed in the *Tagua* on many trading ventures in the Cook and Line Islands, I know her masts are in such bad shape that Captain Thomson must humor them continually. The foremast is broken above the galley through which it is stepped, but it has been strengthened by a wire seizing. The mainmast is eaten with dry rot at the hounds, and only held together by a six-by-eight wooden brace that has been bolted to the after part of the mast.

I acted on the impulse of the moment. 'Let me sail with you, Andy,' I said. 'I will sign on as mate.'

Though I had spoken impulsively, there was a sound motive prompting me. I have been in the tropics nine years — trading on Puka-Puka, an

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atoll close to the equator, where the climate is enervating; sailing on island schooners; living an indolent life in Tahiti. My health is failing, and, what is worse, I find myself indifferent to it. Moreover, I am sated with island life, and believe that a few months of hard work at sea in the cold bracing climate of the North Pacific, with the education gained by a visit to California, will do me good. Also, I shall have to work to live.

It was some time before the Captain replied: 'No, Ropati, I'd rather not take you. The masts are pretty far gone, most of the gear is rotten, and we are sailing north during the worst time of the year. It will be the hurricane season in the tropics, and when we get north of the Hawaiian Islands, in February and March, we can look for some heavy weather in the North Pacific.'

Though this dampened my ardor somewhat, I repeated that I wished to sail with him. He told me he would think it over, and a few moments later I left when the pilot came aboard.

December 22. — Last night I sat with Captain Thomson at a friend's house, discussing a few bottles of New Zealand ale. The conversation turning to the coming voyage, I argued my case so well that the Captain finally agreed to take me if the owner, McKegg of the Cook Islands Trading Company, was willing. I do not think the Captain had any serious scruples from the beginning; he only wanted an excuse for not substituting me for his native mate, who is a much better sailor. Now he is really in need of another man aboard, for his mate, his engineer, and two sailors have signed off, plainly giving their reason that the ship is not seaworthy. The engineer has agreed to go as far as Penrhyn Island, teaching me the mysteries of an eighty-horsepower gasoline engine on the way north.

This morning the Captain and I talked it over with McKegg, who readily agreed, and I signed on as mate, to receive ten pounds sterling a month. The matter is settled. We are posted to sail on December 26.

December 23. — There was a big party at my friend's house last night. After dinner I slipped out and tried to sleep on the verandah, for I am ill and poor company for anyone. Presently I heard them calling for me.

'Where's that hard-boiled bully mate?' someone cried.

I jumped from the verandah and crossed the yard to a hedge of false coffee. From there I made my way to the road and down to the ship, now tied up at the wharf.

The cabin was closed, but not locked. When I pushed back the scuttle hatch a sickening stench of bilge water, grease from the engine room, and rancid copra oozed out. 'I can never sleep in there,' I said to myself; then, aloud: 'But I have to, and for a long time to come!'

Going into the cabin, I opened all the ports and the after door; then I entered my own cabin and lit the gimbal lamp. Cockroaches scrambled up the bulkhead, and I could hear a rat squeal and scurry away in one of the berth lockers.

In the middle of the night I woke and went on deck. The air was clammy and cold; when I touched the taffrail it was wet with dew. 'Lord!' I muttered; 'and I am going on a six months' voyage in this filthy old wreck, to be turned out in the middle of the night in the fog and cold!'

I write this with a certain amount of shame. A man becomes disgustingly soft in the tropics; the least danger of mortifying his flesh dismays him.

December 26. — I am lying back in my berth writing my journal, which is propped against my legs. It is 11 P.M. on the first night out. Half a gale is howling over the schooner, the sails are reefed down, and we are close-hauled, laboring heavily into the seas. I am cold, damp, and miserable, but I am glad that I am aboard. Ashore I had felt a cowardly temptation to turn back, but that is over with now, and I mutter to myself: 'Blow, you winds! Work, you fool! You're at sea again, so make the best of it and harden yourself till you're a man again!'

We warped out of the little harbor at 5 P.M., and, hoisting all our canvas, lay close into the wind on the starboard tack. When we were beyond the lee of the land the wind freshened, so during the second dogwatch we tied up the flying jib and reefed the fore and main sails. Then Captain Thomson divided the watches. I was given a fine Atiu boy named Taiono, and Taura, a fat Manihiki lad. A translation of these names might be Six-Seas and Ropes.

The second mate is an old Aitutaki man named Kitai (Seaside). He has grandchildren as old as myself, but still he goes to sea, believing he will die if he stops ashore. His face is as wrinkled as paper that has been crumpled into a tight ball and spread out. It is punctuated by two sharp and small eyes, and when he smiles one sees long yellow teeth like the fangs of a wolf. Seaside has a childish, whining voice, and he is in the last stages of senile decay; but he is a good sailor and the most trustworthy man on the ship. In his watch are Okirua (Second-Return) and Teinka, which in a vague way can be translated as Food, for when a native has breadfruit for dinner he calls the accompanying fish *te inake*, while if he has fish the breadfruit is *te inake*.

There are also the cook and the cabin boy. The former is a half-caste Portuguese-Mangaian named Noel, while the cabin boy, Koteka (Spear-Throwing), is a half-caste Chinese-Manihikian. Thus there are seven sailors, the engineer, the Captain, and myself.

Our engineer is Wallace Bredin, I find by inspecting the flyleaf of his French Bible. We know him by his native name of Pepe. Bredin hails from Tahiti and claims to be a scion of the aristocratic Wolseley family. He states that his grandfather was a younger brother or a cousin — he is not sure which — of Lord Wolseley. Pepe's mind is far gone with debauchery, and when one asks him a question there is the inevitable reply: 'I dunno.' Then he smiles sheepishly and relapses into his usual silence.

But at times he does talk, and it is always about the same subject — a voyage he made to California with Captain Cosantine, and the heavy weather they had when one side of the after house was bashed in. He tells how the captain and the crew gave up the ship and huddled in the storeroom for forty-eight hours waiting for her to sink. But the ship was braver than they and survived. After this story Pepe invariably speaks of the sordid adventures he had in San Francisco. At such times his pale eyes sparkle.

There is only Captain Andy Thomson left to introduce. He is a thorough seaman and a driving skipper — not a driver of his men, but of his ship. South Sea traders wag their heads when they speak of him and agree that sooner or later he will come to grief; one trader refuses to send his mail on the *Tagua*, believing that each trip will be her last. They tell more or less exaggerated stories about how Captain Thomson reluctantly took in the flying jib and put a single reef in his mainsail when in a hurricane off Suvarov; or how, when making a record run from Penrhyn to Tahiti in a howling northwester, he frightened the firm's sales manager into a serious nervous condition by cracking on the fisherman's staysail during the worst of the gale. When the sales manager remonstrated with him he cursed good-naturedly and said: 'The Devil's curse on me! Man, when you've got wind, that's the time to make use of it. There's no sense in carrying sail in a calm!' On arriving in Tahiti the sales manager was in a state of collapse from which it took him months to recover.

I believe that if the truth were known it would be found that Andy is not a reckless sailor. He knows his ship and sails her to the limit of her endurance; and the reason he frightens his passengers is because they, unlike him, have become soft and cowardly from too many years of easy living.

Andy has a philosophic mind and is a great reader. Though rough in appearance and affecting vulgar manners, I notice that he is never at a loss for a pertinent remark, and is quite able to hold up his share of the conversation in any company. He has a habit of using old saws, but he does not follow them. He decides his problem first, then finds the old saw to fit his solution. This evening I heard him mutter: 'Well, well, she's blowing all right; she's blowing!' He turned his eyes to the horizon before adding: 'Haste makes waste — but a stitch in time saves nine, so I might as well take in that flying jib.'

December 27. — The weather has been milder to-day, and the wind has freed a trifle, so we can hold our course handsomely. I have been working with my watch all day clearing decks, for when an island schooner is sent to sea her decks are piled with eleventh-hour cargo, passengers' dunnage, pigs and fowls, firewood, cases and bunches of fruit, and ship's gear that has not been stowed.

December 28. — This morning at daylight we sighted the upheaved coral island of Atiu. I woke Pepe and told him to start the engine, as these were the Captain's orders. With it helping us along we got into the lee of the land by the boat landing at seven.

Shortly after we had hove to in the offing, a boat came alongside bringing Mrs. Mami McLeod, two of her daughters, and her infant son. We were to take them to Manihiki, where Ben Ellis, Mami's father, lives. While I was hoisting a small billiard table aboard and stowing it, I thought of the many games McLeod and I had played on it, and of his tragic death.

McLeod was an Australian of charming personality whose door was always open to his friends and to strangers stopping at Atiu. He had a rich sense of humor, was fond of practical jokes, and was the crack trader in this part of the Pacific. Years ago he married Ben Ellis's oldest daughter, and they were a perfectly matched pair; we traders often pointed out McLeod as an example of a man happily married in the Islands.

Now the boat comes into the story. In August 1923, I was in Manihiki visiting Ben Ellis. When he spoke of McLeod his eyes would sparkle, and I could see that he was proud of the man who had married into his family.

'McLeod is a funny feller,' Ben said to me one day. 'You know, when he ask me for my daughter I feel very happy, for I know he is a good man. But when I ask him when he want to marry her, he say, "Oh, to-morrow." I say, "All right," and as it is evening I get out one fine demijohn of raisin wine that I have been saving for three year, and McLeod and I have a fine time that night. Next morning he come to me in dungaree pants and a singlet with a hole in the left shoulder, and he say, "Come on, Ben, I'm going to marry your daughter to-day!"

'I say, "All right. I wait for you while you get dressed."

'But McLeod laugh and say, "Oh, that's all right. I get married like I am. Mami loves me, not my fine clothes."

'I think this is funny, you know; but then, McLeod is a funny feller, so I don't say any more. We go up to the Father and he marry my daughter.'

A moment later Ben said: 'Come with me and I show you the boat I build for my son-in-law.'

We walked through the clean little village of whitewashed coral houses, with their brown pandanus-leaf roofs and little gardens filled with frangipani and gardenias and hedged with false coffee. At the outskirts of the village Ben stopped before an open shed where he was building McLeod's boat. It was a pretty craft about twenty feet long, beamy, with a narrow transom and a clipper bow. I could see that Ben was working on it with the love of a fine craftsman.

The next day I sailed from Manihiki to Samoa and Fiji; but a few months later, when I stopped off at Atiu on the way to my new trading station on Puka-Puka, McLeod showed me the boat, now completed and brought south aboard the *Tagua*. He told me how he had sailed it nineteen miles to the island of Takutea; how he had loaded it to the gunwales with coconuts and fish, and come back with the power of an outboard motor, because the boat was too deep in the water to sail. The trip had been extremely hazardous. That was McLeod's fault: he was fearless to the point of foolhardiness.

I met him several times after that; once in Tahiti and twice at his trading station. The last meeting was three months ago, when on my way to Manuae. That day we discussed a few bottles of island-brewed ale, and we seemed to warm to one another as we had never done before. Later we played billiards on his little table; and toward dusk he came aboard the *Tagua*, where we yarned far into the night. At about twelve he rose to go. The night was dark and there were heavy seas on the reef, making the crossing dangerous even in the daytime, but this did not deter him. He disappeared over the side, and the shadowy outline of his boat merged into the darkness. For a moment I could hear the thole pins rattle; then he was gone.

I stopped off at Manuae that trip. When the *Tagua* returned after three months, Captain Thomson met me with a long face. 'McLeod is dead!' he said.

On the twenty-first of October, McLeod took his boat over the reef for a sail. With him were John, his five-year-old son, and six natives. It was in the forenoon; the wind was fresh and the sea choppy, but it seemed safe enough. They sailed about eight miles from shore; a sharp puff of wind caught the sail when she was close-hauled, ready to come about, and the boat capsized.

No one thought of the bailing tin, and when the boat was righted they found that it was lost. At first they were not greatly concerned. It is true that the island was eight miles to windward and the wind freshening, but they believed that it would be no more than a half hour's work to bail the boat and get under way. The mast was unstepped and thrown overboard with the spars and sails; then all but one clung to the sailing gear while Kamu, a Rarotongan, climbed into the boat to bail. Taking an oar he went to work in the native manner of paddling the water out. After an hour's work he realized that this was useless, for the choppy seas broke over the gunwales as fast as he could splash them out.

By this time John's teeth were chattering and he was numb with cold. McLeod decided that they should sit in the foundered boat and try rowing. This was done, two men pulling on the oars while the others rested. McLeod sat in the stern sheets holding his son as high out of the water as possible.

At about eight that night they lightened the boat. Two of the weakest natives were told to get out and swim behind, supported by the gaff and boom. This meant that they were to be sacrificed, but they submitted without a murmur.

The remaining four natives rowed on, turn and turn about, barely making headway against the wind; but by ten that night they believed they were a mile closer to the land. At about that time one of the men swimming behind cried feebly, let go the boom, and sank. At eleven the other man was left behind.

There were a few fires ashore to pilot them; that is as much interest as the Resident Agent at Atiu took in the matter.

Toward midnight the sky became overcast and sharp rain squalls swept over the boat, driving her backward. During the lulls they made a little headway.

At two in the morning a strong Atiu man volunteered to swim ashore. Without more ado he leaped overboard and struck out. He made the reef by daylight and told the Resident Agent of the plight of the boat. That official followed the precedent of most men of his calling by continuing to do nothing.

Three natives, McLeod, and his son were now in the boat. Two were rowing while a third crouched forward up to his shoulders in the chill water. When Kamu called him to take his turn at the oar no answer came. Kamu leaned over and shook him. He was dead.

Kamu told me about it later, in Rarotonga. 'I tied the little boat's anchor to his feet and laid him across the gunwale. Then I said, "Return to God; I am too weak to pray for you!" and dropped him over the side. I saw him sink with his arms raised stiffly above his head.'

A wild stare came into Kamu's eyes as he continued: 'Then, for the first time, I was afraid. I thought of how my friend was sinking into the blackness, and how he would be buoyed in the bottom of the sea, standing upright in the water, his head thrown back and his hands pointing toward the surface. It terrified me; but a few moments later a raging squall swept over us and I was able to forget my friend.'

Morning came. They were on the southwest side of the island now, having drifted with the current. The land was only three miles away. Though this was an uninhabited side of the island they felt cheered, for they believed that the Resident Agent would have lookouts stationed around the island, and that a boat would be sent out as soon as they were sighted. As the sun rose their hopes died. There was no sign of boat or canoe — only the heaving sea, the coral cliffs of Atiu, and the jungle beyond!

Still the two natives rowed on, and still McLeod massaged his son and whispered encouraging words to him. At two in the afternoon they were close to the reef. Certain death would have resulted in rowing the boat on to it, for big seas were pounding the coral.

McLeod studied his two men carefully. Kamu appeared the least exhausted. 'Kamu,' he said, 'take the boy ashore. Don't worry about me; I'll make it some way or other.' Then he nodded to the other native to save himself.

Kamu took the boy on his back, slipped into the water, and made for the reef, the other native following close behind. When close to the reef they turned and saw McLeod slip over the side of the boat and swim slowly toward them.

Both natives made the shore, waded

through the shallows, and sank down on the beach. From there they saw McLeod swim directly into the first comber, too dazed and weak to think of waiting for a calm. The comber took him and hurled him on the coral; but he was not killed. Kamu saw him rise to his knees — then the backwash caught him and whirled him in a foaming eddy out to sea.

John died shortly after Mami had tucked him in bed.

This is the story of McLeod. When we islanders think of it a shudder passes through us. We live such sensual lives in the South Seas, with Nature showering her felicities on us, that we forget the grim chances of life; we forget that there can be hunger, pain, death, until, all at once, it is brought home to us, appallingly, that these things exist.

Captain Thomson has given Mrs. McLeod his own cabin and put the children in the passenger cabin on the port side opposite his own. What a contrast they are to the other women passengers! We have three Penrhyn Island girls aboard, one traveling as cabin passenger. All day long they sit on the midshiphouse eating fruit and food prepared for them in Rarotonga. They throw the seeds and skins on deck, tie awnings of dirty quilts to the rigging, boom tackles, and halyards, and strew their belongings over the midshiphouse until the Captain and I froth at the mouth. Andy tells me that the greatest drawback in sailing an island schooner is in carrying Penrhyn women. When a squall comes, one has to untangle a confusion of lashings from the tackles and halyards before he can go to work; and if he treats the women with ordinary courtesy he is repaid by gaining the reputation for flirting outrageously.

We sailed from Atiu at 9 A.M. and sighted Manuae about dusk, lying dead ahead. The wind was over our starboard quarter, and to pass the island we had to lay off until it was nearly over our stern. It is difficult to steer with a following wind, and fat little Ropes, who was at the wheel, made a great job of it, letting the *Tagua* yaw back and forth, nearly backing the sails on many occasions.

Night came on quickly, with an overcast sky, and we lost sight of the island. At eight bells the Captain and I went on deck to watch for the land. The light from the hurricane lamp in the cabin blinded us, so we shut the porthole shutters, the shuttle hatch, and the doors. Immediately the Penrhyn cabin passenger started screaming complaints because it was close in the cabin, and asked if we had any intentions against her, and thus were closing the cabin in this outrageous manner. She threw open the doors and stood in the companionway with her arms akimbo.

I had the pleasure of giving her a piece of my mind as I slammed the doors shut; but this did not silence her. For half an hour we heard her coarse masculine voice cursing us.

The Captain sent Six-Seas up the rigging, but he could not make out the land, though we knew we must be very close in. Coral atolls are often invisible at night, their low fringe of trees seeming to merge with the sky and the sea, and a ship may easily run ashore before sighting the land. To-night we caught sight of white breakers on the reef dead ahead, not more than five hundred yards away. With a yell Andy leaped aft and jerked the wheel from Ropes, throwing it hard to port. I ran forward and let go the fore boom tackle, and then jumped aft, freeing the main purchase on the way, and helped the boys haul in on the mainsheet. We wore around, missing the reef by a matter of yards.

December 29. — We sighted Aitutaki at half-past four this morning, after three hours of careful watching, for the reef of Aitutaki, lying four miles from shore, is an ideal place to pile up a ship.

We were by the passage at noon, and I started sending cargo off, while the Captain went ashore to visit our trader, Drury Low. Boatloads of copra came from shore during the afternoon, and we had to work hard clearing space for it in the hold. This space was filled by evening; but at 6 P.M. two more boats came alongside, carrying about seven tons. We were all tired and irritable. I tried to send the copra back, but the boats would not leave. Finally I took it aboard, and as there was no room below I had to clear a space on deck, stack it, and cover it with tarpaulins. We were not through until after eight, when the Captain came back.

It was my watch on deck when the work was done, so I laid the schooner off from the land and paced the midshiphouse deck, rubbing my eyes and stamping my feet to keep awake. Just before midnight a tremendous black cloud rolled up from windward, with all the earmarks of a vicious squall. Eight bells rang. I chuckled as I had a last glance at the squall, now a mile or two away. Then I called Seaside and the Captain, and am now in my cabin writing my journal and ready to turn in for a well-earned four hours' sleep.

Captain Thomson has wore the ship around so as to get the copra on the windward side. The wind is howling overhead and the rain roaring on the deck.

December 30. — This morning we went to work emptying the hatches and stowing the copra that came aboard last night. When we sailed up to the passage at eight, three more boatloads were waiting for us. Captain Thomson took it aboard and sent word ashore that he would take no more. It was at last stowed, our cargo got under hatches, and we set sail for the seven-hundred-mile run to Manihiki, the first of the Line Islands.

January 4. — Last night we had our first long tropic squall. When I went on deck at midnight the wind was light, and the schooner barely had steerageway. I propped a pillow against the skylight and, lying on deck, watched ahead where a dense cloud mass blackened the sky. It merged with the sea, thickening and darkening until I could not tell where the cloud ended and the sea began.

Though it was still calm about the ship, shreds of mist raced past the moon; then it was lost behind the rising cloud, and darkness had smothered the sea. The cloud rose higher, and, as though giving us a moment's rest before bursting upon us, the wind died, and the reef points pattered against the booming sails as we wallowed in the trough of the sea.

I rose and went aft to shout to the Captain that I was going to take in sail. Then I lashed the wheel and took my watch forward to drop the fisherman's staysail and roll it up on deck. By this time the rain had started to fall and a light wind from the southwest was backing our sails. There was no time to lose. I ran forward to the jib topsail halyard, letting go the fore boom tackle on the way. Ropes and Six-Seas were at the topsail sheet and downhaul. 'Ready!' I sang out, letting go the halyard, and the sail ran down her stay. Ropes and Six-Seas sheeted the other head sails over, while I ran aft and swung the main boom over by easing off on her tackle. By now the wind was yelling in the rigging and the schooner shaking her kites up into the wind. I laid the wheel hard alee, the wind filled the sails, and the *Tagua* rolled on her beam end, raging through the water, pawing it and dashing it from her cutwater with a vengeance. Great stretches of foam surged out for fifty yards on either bow, the wind screamed, and the rain poured down. Still holding the wheel, I slipped off my singlet and *pareu* to let the rain pour in torrents down my skin.

Soon Six-Seas came to take the wheel. I ran into my cabin for a bar of soap, and returning on deck passed along the lee alleyway to the forward part of the house, where the water was pouring over the coaming in deluges. I soaped myself and washed off a dozen times. The whole crew was on deck by now, and the Captain was aft bellowing for the soap. Some of the boys sat in the weather alleyway where the water collected, washing their clothes, shouting and laughing like the seven naked savages they are.

It was a fine sight. The *Tagua* lay far over, plunging through the water as the rain poured over her decks. Soon the passengers were on deck, naked and yelling, grouped under the mainboom and the break of the house where the water poured down. But soon the squall had passed. Then the sails boomed, shaking spray across the deck until the faithful old trade blew again, filling the great sails and carrying us on toward lonely little Manihiki atoll.

After the squall I sat with Captain Thomson in his cabin, and though it was after 2 A.M. neither of us felt like sleeping, for the rain bath had thoroughly roused us.

Presently he said: 'I'm glad you took in sail in time, for we can't stand much of this kind of thing with our masts ready to fall overboard, and if we do get caught in a bad squall it may be the end of us.'

During a rain squall to-day a school of about a hundred small dolphins came alongside — I am referring to the *Coryphæna*, not the porpoises that landsmen call dolphins. We fished from aft, catching twenty in as many minutes. Food used a pearl-shell lure, while Andy fished with a piece of red bunting seized to a hook. Some of the fish were golden and some bluish-silver when taken out of the water. As soon as they flapped their slim bodies on deck a rapid transition of colors variegated their skins. From blotches of purple and gold they would change by perceptible degrees to other colors no less splendid — a prodigal gesture in death, beautiful and pathetic.

Some half-pound cock schnappers followed the school. They are the fish called *tamure* in the islands, and are distinctly a lagoon species, living in coral caverns and seldom seen over even sandy stretches of bottom where there is no shelter. But here they were, hundreds of miles from the nearest lagoon, the same little yellow fellows I have fished for with a waterglass and a hook baited with a bit of octopus tentacle. Why did they come to sea? Do they spawn here or do they follow the larger fish across the Pacific in search of new and better-provisioned lagoons? And does this explain why the same species of lagoon fish are found at islands with a thousand miles of open sea between them? Andy and I could hardly believe our eyes; we had to catch one to assure ourselves they were a reality.

To-night the wind is dead and the sky clear, except to windward, where a bank of clouds has been hanging the entire day. Seas are running from all directions; they meet in pyramids and razorback ridges, rolling the old *Tagua* heartlessly.

I worked four hours in the engine room, but could not get the confounded engine to go. I am afraid it will never go again. But perhaps it will, for at the end of four hours I found that the carburetors were full of water instead of gasoline. I left the thing in disgust.

January 5. — Calms and variable winds. There are more fish than ever about the ship. To-day we caught some small spotted trigger fish (*kokiri*). I hesitate to mention them lest I be charged with spinning longish yarns. Nevertheless there are several hundred swimming under our counter now, in as close formation as a school of mullet. When the Captain called me and I glanced over the side it seemed incredible; I should have been no more surprised if rainbow trout had been swimming under our counter. One might imagine a full-grown schnapper, or countfish, spawning at sea, resulting in the cock schnappers out here; but a little trigger fish that feeds in the coral labyrinths, and flips into his hole at the first sight of a larger fish! The thing seemed impossible. Andy told me that during all his years at sea he had never seen a lagoon fish in the middle of the Pacific. Thereupon we began speculating on the possibility of our being over some great and uncharted shoal.

The sea is massed with living things. We run into schools of squid that literally whiten the water; porpoises leap about us daily; there are hundreds of dolphins and thousands upon thousands of bonito. Yesterday we caught a five-hundred-pound shark, and every day several of the great brutes fin lazily past. It seems that we are sailing through a great convention of all the fishes in the seven seas; that the *Tagua* is a seamark they rally round.

At dusk an angel fish jumped out of the water a few yards over our stern — one of those monster rays with eyes on the tips of a crescent-shaped head. Andy and I were fishing for trigger fish with short hand lines when the great ray, with wings ten feet from tip to tip, soared fully six feet in the air, then, as though his momentum had been broken suddenly by some invisible obstacle, fell flat upon the water with a loud concussion.

January 6. — This morning it was glassy calm, but big rollers are coming up from the southeast, heralding the trade. I started the engine at eight and kept it running until three this afternoon. It was as hot as a Democratic convention in the engine room. At 3 P.M. wind came from the southwest in a grand squall. Stripping, I went on deck to wash the engine-room grease and the perspiration from me; then sat in the weather alleyway and washed a singlet and a pareu.

At eight this evening the trade touched us lightly, like a ghostly benediction, a faint breeze out of the south-southeast. I sat on the after house, chortling as it fanned me, watching the old lady get under way for her last long wind to Manihiki. The Captain came on deck to prance back and forth, glowing with keen enjoyment and flashing his gold tooth as he passed numerous platitudes about how fine it is to get out of the doldrums, and to feel the wind of the South Sea Islands.

January 7. — Captain Thomson and I have each taken star sights this evening. They agreed very well, showing us to be ninety-six miles from Manihiki. It has been many years since I navigated, but the trick came back easily enough.

Later I lay down with a volume of William Morris's *News from Nowhere*, and lost myself in his delicate and impossible Utopia. When I finally came to the end it was with a shock to find myself at sea, breathing air heavy with the rancid stench of copra, with two rotten masts hanging over me and ready to crash down at any moment. I wish I could forget those masts.

There is a superb transition toward

the end of *News from Nowhere* in which the Utopian world fades and the story teller returns to the old cockneyfied civilization. I think Morris's Utopia might be contrasted very well with Puka-Puka, for I know of no other place where a successful communistic civilization exists.

January 8. — 'Curse of Satan on me! Come up here, Ropati!' Captain Thomson shouted this morning from the main hounds. 'I have never seen a sight like this!'

I jumped into the rigging and was soon beside him, high up on the mainmast where I could get an extensive view over the sea. It was alive with masses of fish that reminded one of regiments in close formation. They were mostly small bonito interspersed with schools of albacore; but breaking through the ranks, zigzagging among the silver and blue bonito and cleaving the companies of golden-striped dolphins, were a few two-hundred-pound yellow-fin tuna. The larger fish remained close to the surface; but schools of innumerable small bonito would sound suddenly, seeming to dissolve in the water until all at once there was an empty space in the sea. For a moment they would be gone, and we would turn our attention to some porpoises leaping along the horizon, or to the trigger fish still under our counter; and when our gaze returned to where the bonito had been, they were there again, swimming along blithely, their backs gleaming like polished steel.

There was something magical about it that fascinated us. Andy would yell with delight when they appeared from nowhere; and when a monster tuna swam across our bows he took an almost childish pleasure in crying, 'There he is! Look at the monster! Did you ever see such a lump of fish-flesh? Hey, Food!' to the sailor on the bowsprit, 'land that big boy and I'll give you a tot of rum to-night!'

Food needed no bribing; he would rather catch that fish — for culinary purposes — than drink all the rum in Tahiti.

Second-Return crawled out on the jib boom with a fishpole and joined Food, one fishing from each side. Then Ropes climbed on to the weather guy with a landing net, and waited for action. It was slow at first, only small bonito snapping half-heartedly at the lures. But when one *was* hooked, a savage yell would come up to Andy and me; Six-Seas at the wheel would repeat it; Jimmy, scrubbing the cabin floor, would voice a sympathetic pipe; even the cook in the galley sang out as he manipulated Manihiki pancakes.

Presently we ran into a great school of flying fish; then such a mad scene followed as few men have witnessed. The sea whitened with foam as tens of thousands of fish flew after their prey, often leaping in the air to catch the flying fish on the wing. The ranks were broken; schools of small bonito mixed with the larger albacore; dolphins rushed wildly in every direction with such speed that one's eye could hardly follow them; the huge yellow-fin tuna churned the water with their powerful tails. On both beams, ahead and astern, was a confused, crisscrossing, leaping and plunging maelstrom of fish. Andy yelled as he watched them whirling, diving, rolling their sleek backs out of the water.

I wonder if a single one of that great school of flying fish escaped. Certainly few lived to feed the next army of bonito that should find them. We would watch one of the frightened flyers soaring a few feet above the water and almost imagine we could feel his body palpitating with panic fear. Beneath him a great albacore would whip the water, following every swerve of the flying fish. The flyer would hold out as long as he could, aware of the relentless enemy below; but finally he must return to his element, and then, often before he had touched the water, the albacore would leap in the air and catch the flyer in his hungry jaws. There would follow a milling of foam, a swish of a big tail above the sea, and the albacore would dart off after another of the little flyers.

Far out at sea, a mile from the ship, we could see foaming patches of ocean where the silver bellies of the bonito flashed in the sun. On the jib boom, Food and Second-Return were insane with bloodthirsty glee. In the excitement caused by the flying fish, the bigger fish jumped at the lures as soon as they touched the water; often when they were out of the water two or more fish would jump at the same time, fighting in the air for them. Then, for a moment or two there would be a turmoil in the water, a babble of yelling, struggling sailors, and a roar of curses from Andy on the crosstrees, until Ropes's landing net had swooped down and brought the fish on deck.

Presently one tremendous yellow-fin tuna took Food's lure. In an instant the pole was jerked downward so that it pointed directly into the water. Food held on for dear life, clutching the pole with both hands and winding his legs around the jib boom. With a tug the fish whirled him around so that he was hanging upside down under the spar. At the same instant Second-Return tossed a small bonito into the landing net; then, laying his pole along the jackstay, he jumped on to the stream chain and helped Food. Both held on with all their strength. Andy screamed from the hounds that if they lost the fish he would kill them; Jimmy left the cabin and ran forward; Six-Seas whooped from his place at the wheel; the cook dashed out of the galley, flour flying from his clothes, his hands daubed with dough. He climbed on to the bowsprit, but was too late. The *Tagua* rose on a sea, and at the same moment the tuna tugged downward. Both sailors were torn from the spar and fell into the sea.

'Man overboard!' Andy yelled, and threw himself on to the topmast stay to go down hand over hand almost as fast as though he were falling. I followed, climbing down the ratlins. Before we reached the deck Six-Seas had jumped from the wheel and thrown the free end of the mainsheet overboard. Then he laid the wheel two-blocks over, luffing the schooner into the wind. Both sailors caught hold of the mainsheet, and when the schooner had lost her headway they were hauled aboard. They were still holding on to the fish-pole, but the tuna was gone.

Andy and I glanced over the sea before going below for our noon meal. The flying fish were gone, and the sea had resumed its tranquil face. Again the close ranks of bonito swam near the ship; the schools of albacore finned lazily a few yards away; the great yellow-fin tuna broke through the ranks like officers inspecting their marching troops. The sea was serene. One could not believe that it ever had been, or ever would be, otherwise.

'There's your Kanaka sailors!' Andy growled as he climbed down the companionway ladder. 'Now if a white man had been on the jib boom he would have landed that fish. . . . I guess Food was n't hungry enough, considering all the fish he's been eating these days.'

We should be in Manihiki early tomorrow morning.

(*To be continued*)

YOUNG DIPLOMACY

BY E. BAX

I

Jonathan Jefferson Adams had made up his mind to be a diplomat, and to devote his talents — and maybe his life — to the service of his country. This was no haphazard decision, hastily arrived at, but had been made carefully, even prayerfully, not only by him, but by his father and mother. As they had watched him grow to manhood his parents had felt more and more that he was of the stuff of which diplomats are made, and that his exceptionally well selected background, his unmistakable talents in social directions, his faith in himself, and his well-known determination to preserve the status quo in every department of life made the decision inevitable.

So Jonathan, in spite of some discouraging rumors as to the fate of a 'career' diplomat, and the difficult climates and habits with which he might have to contend, had determined to risk it. He had been strengthened in his decision by the college adviser who had him in charge, and the headmasters of the schools which he had honored with his presence previous to his college days; in addition to which, as an up-to-date victim of up-to-date methods, he had submitted to both an intelligence and a metabolism test.

With his graduation certificate in his hand he went to Washington and took the appointed examination, and browsed a few weeks in the State Department there. At the end of that time he was told to proceed to London, where he had been appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, Third Secretary of Embassy at the Court of St. James's. Thus the die was cast, and Jonathan set forth.

Unlike Mr. Dooley's diplomat, he did not leave his country with the American eagle stamped into the soles of his shoes; nor, like that celebrated gentleman, did he go with only a clean collar in his grip. Feeling already that the onus of maintaining the prestige of his country lay heavy upon his shoulders, and that he must worthily 'carry on,' he set sail in the best ship, in the best cabin, with much baggage. This was all marked not only with his name but with the magic addition, 'Third Secretary of the Embassy of the United States,' a talisman powerful enough to stay the hand of the most rapacious customs officer and permit the young man — if he had any such low tastes — to thumb his august nose at that functionary without fear of consequences. For the baggage of even a Third Secretary is sacred and inviolate in the code of diplomatic etiquette.

Jonathan reached Southampton without any incident to ruffle his *amour propre*. For everybody on the boat, awed and somewhat chilled by his majestic solemnity, was overcome by the momentous thought that this superior being — though he looked young and innocent enough — might possibly some day avert war between his country and some barbarian horde.

It was even possible that he was now in the very act of transporting to the King of England a treaty calculated to upset all previous traditions of diplomacy and give the United States its rightful place in the sun.

Jonathan vaguely suspected the sensation he was creating, because, to be frank, he had worked hard to that very end. He wanted to make others see him as the unapproachable diplomat made familiar to them by the movies. He sat at the captain's table, and every time the conversation drifted round to international affairs he maintained a deep and impressive silence. He was courteous and perhaps even a little patronizing to the young women aboard, and to the elderly ladies he confided his fears that political conditions were not as harmonious in the world as the ordinary outsider seemed to think. He was indefinite and was careful to leave off with a significant pause at the right moment, not from any newborn diplomatic reticence, but because he knew less than nothing about the matter. But, as the days went by, a sort of hushed reverence seemed to hover around him as anxious-eyed dowagers meditated on whether it would be proper to ask him — strictly unofficially — whether they should take the next boat back home, and, if not, whether he would protect them if the worst came to the worst — whatever the worst might happen to be.

Sitting in his luxurious cabin, — he had withdrawn himself for official purposes, so it was understood, — he let his mind wander down pleasant paths. He had, of course, heard the base canard offered to this greatest profession of which he was one of the newest ornaments — that a diplomat is one who goes abroad to lie for the benefit of those at home. He knew that that was not so, but that a diplomat was a sort of field representative of his country, a political agent sometimes, again a personal representative of his President, and occasionally a mere sales agent. His job was not only to uphold the prestige of his country by mixing on terms of equality with the ruling classes and his fellow diplomats, but to do so in such a way that he would gain knowledge not only of what was actually going on in the country where he lived, but of what was likely to happen. With this knowledge he must keep up his country's end in the international battle of wits, and, if possible, make better than a bargain against all comers.

This was no child's play, as he realized, and if it had not been for the many advantages that the job afforded, very few 'career' diplomats would have been forthcoming. But to the average young man of good health, good looks, good background, and general appreciation of the fine things of life, the chance to move in exalted circles, to rub shoulders with kings and emperors, and taste to the full the thrilling — though possibly later cloying — joys of the social whirl, made up for all that. Indeed, the prospect was so fascinating that, in order to experience it, he was willing to live abroad most of his life and spend years in dull and stupid capitals where nothing much happened — less agreeable features which he must take along with more interesting work. Naturally his vision was limited, and the prospect of finding himself in the end an expatriated American did not enter his calculations, nor the fact that the specialized knowledge which he would have acquired would have little interest for his fellow citizens, and indeed would make him an outsider in the more Philistine circles which discuss the gyrations of the stock market and the latest prize fight.

The subtle glamour of the past had had its share in his decision also. He did not think of his profession in its twentieth-century garb of carbon copies, memoranda, and cables in code, but rather in terms of the doughty days of old when knights were bold and fair damsels were waiting to be rescued from skyscrapers or dungeons in old Madrid. He realized that the diplomatic service is the last stronghold of the old romance left in the world, and that it offers to men who love the past and its pageantry the chance to live vicariously in this twentieth century in the atmosphere of old beauty, old traditions, old rituals that have grown up through the centuries, and to take part in the ceremonies and picturesque survivals with which most countries strive to protect themselves against an ever-increasingly materialistic and drab world.

It was a great experience — even for Jonathan — to land on the foreign soil of his new post. The customs men treated him with great courtesy, after a glance at the ostentatious labels, for was he not one of the sacred clan? Personally escorted by the chief of police to the railway train that awaited the passengers, he swelled to his fullest height and breadth as, with studied coldness and with what he believed to be the correct touch of hauteur, he dismissed that official and settled down in solitary grandeur in his reserved compartment to make the trip to London. He could not help wishing that some of his old friends had happened to come by just then.

Arrived at Victoria Station, the Embassy assistant messenger, Frank, met Jonathan as he alighted and welcomed him with a smile and a 'How do you do, sir,' and a good-natured appeal to the waiting porters to take the bags. Frank treated him with the utmost deference — for were not Third Secretaries always more formal than Ambassadors? — and introduced him in turn to the station master, the newspaper men, and to the police on duty. Each carried out his part of the performance with entire solemnity — as though the arrival of a mere Third Secretary was a matter of any interest to them! Frank had brought a greeting from the Ambassador and a package of mail, and, having personally escorted Jonathan to a comfortable hotel near St. James's Street, announced that the Third Secretary was expected to dine with the Ambassador that very evening. A little flustered by this imminent assumption of his new status, Jonathan asked Frank a few discreet questions, but was afraid to be too curious, not being at all sure just how far he should go with this rosy-cheeked Englishman who seemed to know everybody, but was inclined — to Jonathan's way of thinking — to be a little too expansive. But Frank — with many previous experiences in looking after greenhorns — gave him brisk directions on how to reach the Ambassador's house, added a few hints as to the appropriate costume for the evening, told him how to get to the Embassy office the following day, and left him to make his toilette for the rising of the curtain.

II

And so the great career began. Jonathan took dinner with the Ambassador and the other members of the official Embassy staff, who talked pleasantly about general subjects, asked him questions about doings at home, and gave him some idle gossip of London. They seemed to him a rather dressed-up group, their accent a little on the Oxford side, and there was a quiet dignity about the entertainment which depressed him. He felt strange, and found himself glancing apprehensively a few times at the perfect machines behind the chairs who passed the dishes and filled his glass from time to time. All at once he felt young and inexperienced, that he had undertaken something disconcertingly new, and that the future was dark and full of perils.

Next morning, at an hour which he hoped showed neither too much eagerness nor too much dilatoriness, he started off for the Embassy Chancellery in Victoria Street. On his inquiring the best way, the doorman suggested that he walk through the Park, and, believing that the art of walking must be one of the first to be cultivated in order to fit in with the exercise-loving British, he decided to take the doorman's suggestion, and set forth blithely downhill toward St. James's Palace. Passing through the narrow street in St. James's Park, he felt a slight thrill — which he sternly endeavored to conceal — at the gray old pile with the soldiers on guard outside, and perhaps a little different sort of thrill at the rather ostentatious appearance of Buckingham Palace, with Queen Victoria's statue, from where he stood, seemingly plastered on the front of it. He crossed the Mall, went down the grassy slope opposite, round a small lake, up the opposite slope, and finally into Victoria Street with its crowds and the heavy lumbering buses surging along.

The amiable Frank met him at the door of '123,' the Chancellery of the Embassy — the official part, as distinct from the Ambassador's residence.[1] Here were kept the precious archives, the code books, passports, and all the other paraphernalia of office. He was not impressed with the rather dingy place, its heavy Turkey rugs, solemn-looking dark furniture of generous proportions, and lofty windows looking out on the street, with their shades pulled up to the top to catch the meagre sunlight. The only frivolous touch in the central entrance hall was the bust of a lady of ample charms and rather simpering expression, with a crown of stars round her hair, who seemed to be an American deity of some sort. Horrors! Was that the great Miss Liberty? He had never seen her so close before! Frank showed him the various rooms; he tiptoed into the Ambassador's sanctum and gazed mournfully at the portraits of the many good men and true who had represented his country at London, most of them dead now, and finally was escorted upstairs to a cheerful little room at the back of the establishment with a view of back yards and the district post office. Frank puttered round like an anxious landlady trying to rent a room, placed a new blotting sheet on the old pad, saw that paper, pens, and ink were there, opened the window to let in a sample of London's icy blasts with a dash of fog, put a match to the fire, and bustled out.

Jonathan's first morning was spent in persuading his fire to burn, writing two or three letters home on the Embassy's best official stationery, and initialing a cable to the State Department announcing his safe arrival, which the officious but kindly Frank, with an uncanny knowledge of young men and their personal ego, brought up for him to see. Frank also came along later with some formidable printed forms on which must be made a full report of Jonathan's expenditures in reaching his post (at five cents a mile). Seeing Jonathan's bewilderment, that amiable official produced from a pocket a form filled out by Jonathan's predecessor, in which the number of days and the number of miles had already been computed. With the report thus simplified to meet his mental chaotic condition, Jonathan was able to deal with his first official accounting to his Government for monies expended.

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[1] The informed reader will recognize that the old Chancellery is here described, not the present quarters of the Embassy. — Editor

After a few days of writing enthusiastic letters to his friends in America about his adventures, and rather timidly walking in on his superiors from time to time to see in what way he could serve them, he began to feel a certain sense of disappointment. To his American ideas the Embassy seemed to take itself far too casually. Not a single important matter had been mentioned in his hearing, there were no whispered conferences behind closed doors with anxious comings and goings, and the Ambassador did not wear that harassed look with which ambassadors seem to be permanently endowed in fiction. All was peaceful and content, letters were seemingly answered by someone, — giving as little information as possible, it seemed to Jonathan, — callers were attended to; and, as Jonathan glanced from time to time at incoming mail, it was borne in upon him that none of this material was what he would have considered particularly 'constructive.' No one attempted to tell him anything, or to teach him anything. Whatever information he picked up came mostly from the general messengers' room in which Frank and his father spent their days. This room was apparently the Mecca of everyone with a story to tell, a bit of gossip to retail, or a grievance to air, and it also seemed to be the open door to every newspaper man in London. To this office the postman delivered all mail, whether it was a letter from a remote village in Arkansas or the imposing Notes and letters from the Court and the Foreign Office. Even cables were received and deciphered in this room. It surprised Jonathan that mere clerks should have such great responsibility.

The Ambassador had done nothing more than hail him pleasantly and noncommittally. He had not been called in and solemnly initiated into his duties. He did n't even know what they were supposed to be. In fact the only time he did anything was when Frank asked him by telephone please to step down and see a caller, or informed him that one of the newspaper men would like a few words with him. And when he did step down he was at a loss to know what to do or say, so he got into the habit of spending some time in the general visitors' room and listening to what other members of the staff told their callers.

III

But diplomacy is not, in the final analysis, a profession that is practised in an office. It is a fine art that comes to maturity at dinner tables, at dances, in the give-and-take of social conflict; and it flowers in perfection only about once in a century. Real diplomats are very select specimens, very scarce, most of them now dead. For it takes not only the right parents and education to make a diplomat, but possibly also a talent for analysis, a 'nose for news,' a personality so engaging that it breaks down the reticence of others, and a persistence in the pursuit of an idea that is too exhausting for the majority. It also seems to demand an educated ancestry of several hundred years, and a somewhat diabolical cunning compared to which the cunning of the fox is amateurish.

Jonathan Jefferson Adams, however, comprehended little of this. He had indeed studied international law, written exhaustive treatises on obscure questions of citizenship, and done some research. And all the use he was making of this postgraduate study was to do a few odd jobs that could have been done just as well by an office boy.

But he was soon consoled and his time and energy engaged in more congenial pursuits. He became a personage sought after by the Fair Sex. Friends of old friends of old friends of his at college, or even previous to that time, got in touch with him without delay and murmured their delight that he had come to be among them, and would n't he come to dinner to-morrow? How did he like London, and how was everything in dear, delightful Washington? Having no official engagements whatsoever, the King having so far ignored his arrival, he accepted gratefully, and for several weeks he 'ate for Uncle Sam' at the many hospitable boards which made a practice of feeding the newer diplomats in turn as they arrived. He 'broke into society' via the dining rooms of the good old war horses of American hostesses who had lived in London for years and felt called upon to launch the new young men properly. In that way maybe they salved their consciences for being expatriates.

At these houses he met interesting people, among them many girls who looked almost edible, gave him shy glances as at a young god, and invited him to do many pleasant things, which he did. The routine work of the Embassy got less and less of his time as his social duties crowded in upon him, and he began to preen his feathers and think himself a great social success. In case he should feel neglected, the other members of the Embassy also 'wished on him' every invitation they either could not or would not accept, and boldly recommended him to hostesses as a nice young thing. This was aggravating for the disease known as 'swelled head,' which he promptly acquired.

Then came a day when, like Humpty Dumpty, he had a great fall, administered by his superior officer. He brought it on himself. A certain great lady of England, finding herself short of a man for an important dinner, had called up our young man, introduced herself as an old friend of his mother's, and asked him to fill the place that night. He thanked her, but coldly informed her that he was unable to accept, and gave no reason. He made it plain that his vanity was wounded to be invited at the last minute. That was bad enough for any young official to do, but he made the fatal mistake of boasting about it, and it got to the ears of the Councilor, who called him in the following day and said casually: —

'So the Duchess of X invited you to dinner last night. That was a very charming compliment she paid you, and I hope you are properly grateful.'

'I — I — I did n't go,' said Jonathan with some misgiving.

'You did n't! That was a pity, for she is known for her wonderful entertainments. Er — why did n't you?'

'I thought she should not have asked me at the last minute,' replied Jonathan with an attempt to brazen it out.

'Indeed,' said his chief acidly but firmly. 'Your vanity was wounded, was it? Too bad. Don't you realize that she would n't know you from Adam, would n't recognize you from a hundred others like you in the diplomatic corps, but, having a vacant place for a very interesting occasion, she took a chance of finding you disengaged and giving you an opportunity to be there? You should have gone and been as charming as you could. Then next time she would have invited you for yourself alone. Now she will never ask you again, and you have missed the friendship of one of the greatest and cleverest women in England. That was not a diplomatic move, my young friend.'

The Duchess never invited him again.

The great day arrived at last when he was to meet the King. He had been on tiptoe with excitement for the past week, ever since his engraved invitation had come. He was to attend the levee at St. James's Palace with the Ambassador and Councilor, his first official appearance in his new rôle. There was only one disappointing note — he was not to wear knee breeches. He had thought that they were part of his apparel, but it seemed that these beautiful nether appendages were reserved for evening functions. When in Washington he had looked eagerly at many pictures, in the books of the past, of gentlemen in gorgeous uniforms, with oak-leaf designs down the fronts of the coats, and the like, and had been amazed and delighted to find that these bright birds were Americans and this decorated attire the American official diplomatic dress. Why, then, was it not worn now? It seemed, on inquiry, that a gentleman named Jefferson had not cared for it, that he thought it was not democratic enough, and had therefore condemned the diplomats of his time and thereafter to the ordinary evening dress of ordinary society with knee breeches, undistinguishable from that worn by the waiters. For waiters in the houses of the great wore knee breeches too, and the difference between an American diplomat and a waiter was hard to determine sometimes. Only by arrogance of manner could they be told apart, waiters being a lofty race, especially those who have imbibed the royal atmosphere.

Jonathan drove with the Ambassador and Councilor to St. James's Palace, dressed in his new clothes and feeling rather impressed. It had not taken him long to shed his American clothes, like an old skin, and blossom out in the latest London styles. For all diplomats made the great change, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, but inevitably. Some of them even went to the length of monocles, and the appearance of spats had always been a sign to the initiated that the great transition from caterpillar to butterfly was impending. Jonathan felt very assured of his personal appearance, therefore, as he followed his chiefs into the levee, and as he made his bow to the King he experienced some flutterings that certainly had no proper place in his American heart. He would not be impressed, he thought to himself. Why should a king be any different from anyone else, or any better? But, notwithstanding his intellectual rejection of a difference, the defiant pumping of his heart showed that old ancestral ties were not quite dead. On the way out the Ambassador introduced him to several colleagues, and the act of his presentation to the King made him a fully accredited member of the Corps Diplomatique.

IV

This official ceremony over, the question of clothes off his mind, Jonathan began to settle down and express his personality. He found that diplomacy took young men in different ways. There was seemingly a precedent for almost any pursuit he wished to embrace, outside of the mere office duties that were his lot and that took so very little of his time. His predecessors had seemingly been men of versatile interests which they pursued unrelentingly. There was David Ellis, who had placed his affections and his money upon a very superior race horse named Portlight II, with direful results to his finances. The disappointments and tribulations in connection with that famous steed had a demoralizing effect upon his owner, for how could he be expected to get up the proper amount of wrath at supposed insults placed upon his traveling downtrodden fellow citizens when his own heart was bleeding at the hard kicks that were inflicted upon him by his equine favorite? His head might be bloody and unbowed, but undoubtedly his diplomacy suffered.

But Ellis was an eternal optimist about his horse, and not even a ribald acquaintance with whom he crossed the Atlantic on his return from leave could shake his faith. The gentleman, therefore, persuaded him to bet half his moustache on the success of his steed in a certain race that was imminent, and he arrived at the Embassy, a few days later, minus his natty little moustache and very sulky.

Jonathan discovered that there were many precedents also for leading the butterfly life simply and solely, and devoting himself to certain fair damsels, in the hope, presumably, that one of them might have a secret to divulge some day that would make up for the time spent. William Summers, Ralph Goodfellow, John Sayres, George Andrew Smith, and many others had apparently found this a good way to learn the intricacies of psychology and diplomatic usage. Of course in the end a hard-hearted Ambassador might state caustically that the occupation led nowhere, except sometimes to the altar — always a mistake in the case of a Third Secretary, as life was not easy for a young married diplomat unless he had money enough to take care of himself and make his own social life in a way that did credit to his country and for which his country was not prepared to pay. His Ambassador, indeed, was apt to be annoyed at having a married Third Secretary thrust upon him, as he relied on the young fry to fill up the ends of his dinner table and dance with the 'wallflowers' at his parties.

Ambassadors at no time see any sense in a married Third Secretary, and indeed prefer to have bachelor staffs altogether. But that is not always possible, so they state their preference and hope for the best. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was once much elated at being informed that new Military and Naval Attachés had been appointed to London who were both bachelors. But, alas, within three months of their arrival both the miscreants took unto themselves wives, without previously consulting him and certainly without his consent.

Closely allied to the petticoat-chasing brand of Third Secretaries was the type which saw in the extensive stretching of their diplomatic privileges a way to become popular and famous. Among these might be mentioned James Elias Johnson, Walter DeLancey Manners, and Cyril Arbuthnot Travers. This type went about the business in a serious way truly national. If there was anything to be given away, so to speak, they were not going to be left. They found that they were immune from arrest, whatever they did, for were they not personal representatives of the President? They could keep all the dogs they wanted without paying a tax, their houses were not taxable, and they could drive down the middle of certain London streets ordinarily closed to the public. Speed limits did not hamper the progress of a diplomat, for he was above the law. So if James Elias Johnson, *et al.*, were traveling fast and furiously down the peaceful English roads — as they undoubtedly often were — to the destruction of life and limb of many a good fat hen, and a watchful policeman put up a stern hand to stop them, the production of their visiting cards, and an announcement that they were on official business, brought an instant apology from the policeman for daring to interfere with the progress of a diplomat.

Later these young men found that it was not quite so simple after all, and that in the final analysis privileges must be conserved to have much value — that these privileges, in fact, were valuable only if they were reserved for emergencies. For a rule of the police made it necessary for a report to be made of the name of each delinquent, and after one certain young man had ninety-seven reports to his credit — or discredit — the matter was brought to the attention of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and he took occasion one day to remonstrate mildly with the Ambassador on this continued breach of good manners by a member of his staff. The Ambassador took steps that were not nearly so mild. He informed the chagrined gentleman that if he did not curb his love for speed he would probably soon have a chance to exercise his talents in the United States outside of the diplomatic service.

The diplomatic service also had seemed to attract, among Jonathan's predecessors, a smattering of young men who had entered the service with serious intent to learn diplomacy, who mulled over the books in the library, discussed matters of international law with their colleagues, and read the old files of Embassy correspondence with care and enthusiasm. Among these were William Reynolds Davis and Aaron Buckner IV. On these worthy souls the routine work of the Embassy soon devolved. More experienced 'higher-ups' heaved a sigh of relief when a man of this sort appeared, and turned over to him without delay the batches of letters asking for impossibilities, the cranks who were sure that there was a great estate for them hidden in the fastnesses of the British Museum, and the others who believed that they were descended from Edward the Black Prince and wished the Embassy to send on their coat of arms 'in time for Nina's coming-out party.' William Reynolds Davis and his like conscientiously set to work to attend to these matters in a businesslike American fashion, looking up precedents, making copious notes, calling up lawyers and newspaper men for advice, questioning the Embassy staff exhaustively, and plunging madly in the new morass of bewilderment of much detail and many importunate questioners.

The Embassy un-diplomatic officials — meaning the clerical staff, consisting of the two messengers and a girl stenographer, the only member of her sex in the sacred precincts — left Jonathan severely to his fate, their watchword being in good old British usage, 'Proffered services stink.' They did not volunteer any assistance or advice whatsoever, but contented themselves with answering questions and assuming an attitude of watchful waiting. They knew that, given time, a chastened young man would come to them to help him out and to show him a light in the maddening maze. And so it was.

V

Jonathan divided his time rather impartially among these various activities, and on the whole managed to enjoy himself. But he was full of life and humor and did not always uphold the great dignity of his Embassy in a way that he should. Someone always managed to save him, however. On one occasion the feminine member of the staff was useful for that purpose. She was amazed to see him walking toward the front door one afternoon with a beautiful bunch of roses in his hand. When he saw her he abruptly changed his direction and went instead into the messengers' office. Curious, she followed to find out what was afoot. Frank, with many giggles, finally informed her, to Jonathan's unmistakable wrath, that Jonathan had had such a marvelous manicure given him by such a marvelous manicurist that he felt nothing short of this bunch of roses would express his admiration both for her and for his brilliant nails.

'Better give them to me,' she said. 'Diplomats should show their appreciation more discreetly.'

'All right, grandma,' said the culprit with a sigh, as he handed them over. 'You know best.'

In the course of time Jonathan became quite useful in the Embassy. He discovered many printed form letters answering most of the regular questions. He found that the 'minor staff' knew all the passport snags. He discovered that tickets for various occasions were concealed in the drawer of the desk in the visitors' room, and that if there ever had been a Sir Francis Drake estate in England it had been dissipated more than two hundred years ago and there was no use for anyone in America to try to claim it.

The great questions of diplomacy never came Jonathan's way. It was true that he saw the various notes and dispatches that came in, and there was nothing to hinder his looking at the replies, but he had no hand in them and could not even express his views, for he was never asked for them. Instead, he interviewed persistent callers who demanded free tickets for everything and tried to make a dozen cards do the work of hundreds. He got a kind of comfort, when contemplating a group of rapacious people, from a story current that on one occasion, in the unregenerate days of old, a particularly offensive and persistent man who had applied successively for every free ticket the Embassy had, only to find that he had been forestalled, became so very obnoxious in his remarks that the Secretary gave him a ticket admitting him to Piccadilly Circus.

And so the months went by. Christmas — bringing a wistful feeling of homesickness; the 'Little Season' that comes between New Year's and Lent, with the early courts and levees; the forty days of Lent, which can be devoted to diplomacy as well as to fasting, for there is little else to do; then Easter, the beginning of the real season; the coming of the American tourists in their tens of thousands; courts, levees, garden parties, receptions to visiting sovereigns, Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes Regatta, and then August 12, the dead line when grouse shooting begins in Scotland and London empties overnight of everyone, including both Houses of Parliament, leaving the city to the workers and the tourists.

With the rest of the staff Jonathan passed restful week-ends and brief periods of leave in beautiful English homes, made friends with more and more English people, acquired the obnoxious tea habit and almost the beginnings of a British accent. His fellow diplomats discussed politics and other questions with him. And sitting in the Diplomatic Gallery of the House of Commons, or listening to conversations between well-informed men and women, the fascination of his profession grew on him. Almost unconsciously, underneath all the froth and the pageantry, he began to learn bit by bit one of diplomacy's greatest lessons — to wait in patience for the thing that is worth waiting for. He saw international matters absorbing the entire life and thought and aspiration of some of the greatest men. He noticed that his own country's hurry and bustle did not mean increased accomplishments in the big things, but that this rush seemed rather a relief from overstrained nerves. He learned that nothing can be done overnight and that the making of a treaty has no value except there is the spirit behind it to make it effective. He lost faith at some place along the road in the efficacy of the written word to change human nature, and began to take the leisurely view which would arm him successfully for that long pull when it came.

When, in due time, the fatal cable reached him ordering him to proceed to Siam as Second Secretary, he had a period of rebellion against this autocratic State Department which could step in and change his life overnight. Why should he leave London just when he was used to things, and when he had so many wonderful friends, and the Ambassador needed him? Had n't the State Department any sense, that they moved a man just when he began to know his job? He made up his mind to ask the Ambassador to cable and request permission for him to remain. But wiser counsels prevailed — for was he not a soldier, subject to orders? And if his life was to consist of a continuous series of comings and goings he must make the best of it and show that he was a good sport. He had the feeling, however, that, although his heart would be torn in many different directions, when he settled down in old age to relive the days that were gone his memories would be a panorama of journeys on sea and land, of friends made and lost, of failures and successes, making a scene of splendor in which lives were laid down, forlorn hopes carried to victory, and history made, in which he had played no ignoble part.

Frank became the heir to dozens of ties, socks, old shirts, and every bit of flannel in his wardrobe (the weather reports of Siam not being conducive to wool). He bade a sorrowful farewell to his friends, and his colleagues expressed regret at the whirligig which was to part them now, but which might — who knew? — reunite them in some sunnier clime further down the years. They gave him all the gossip of his new post and added a few warnings for luck. The Ambassador shook him by the hand and told him he had done well, and as he went out of the familiar door for the last time he had a lump in his throat and a mist before his eyes.

Back again at the same station, with Frank to see him off, favorable attention from newspaper men, station officials, and police, he entered his reserved carriage on the first lap of his journey. As he watched the country fly by, he tried to recollect the Jonathan Jefferson Adams of a year ago, and in that comparison realized what a long way he had come since then. He had found his footing in the new profession, and he saw light and a sort of fulfillment ahead. For the first time he was able to admit frankly to himself that it was not from books or from conscious teaching that he had become a diplomat, but that what he had learned had come from many sources, among them lazy afternoons spent in the messengers' office listening to stories, to anecdotes, and to gentle advice of a sort. 'Frank pure and simple,' as he called himself, had, perhaps through his very simplicity, through his genial friendliness and his unconscious helpfulness, been one of the best teachers. He hoped there would be another Frank to meet him when he reached Siam, to guide his feet as skillfully and as kindly among the rocks and briars of Siamese officialdom, but he feared there would n't, for there was only one Frank. Some day he would write and tell him so, and thank him, and with that thought revolving aimlessly in his drowsy mind he settled down for his afternoon forty winks.

TO-MORROW'S NEWSPAPER

BY WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL

I

SIGNS and portents are rising in the newspaper sky. Their promise is of extraordinary changes, some of which are already coming to pass. There is justification, indeed, for an expectation that before the process is ended the institution will bear small likeness to that we know now.

The newspaper really is an institution. Each day in the United States eight papers are bought for every five families — one for every two persons over the age of ten who are able to read. It harvests every field of human activity; the poles no less than the capitals of the earth are its threshing floors; each new device of science becomes another flail with which it may beat out grain for the most insatiable of all hungers — curiosity. Nobody *has* to read a newspaper, but everybody does, and there is more truth than belongs to most epigrams in Kipling's 'Journalism meets the first tribal need after warmth, food, and women.' If it should be taken out of our lives, social disruptions would ensue greater than those that would attend the withdrawal of any other agency of communication. Naturally enough, this importance has made the production of newspapers a major industry. In 1929, income from sales and subscriptions exceeded $325,000,000; from advertising, $900,000,000 — substantially more than one billion dollars.

These two factors of circulation and earnings are chiefly responsible for the changes that are under way. During the war and through the years immediately following, circulation grew swiftly and steadily. For a considerable period the increase was half again as great as that in population. That ratio came to be looked upon as fixed, and it would have been hard to find anyone who believed that such a thing as reaching a point of saturation was possible. Two amazingly fat years came, 1926 and 1927, when circulation increased 4,227,387 and population only 3,249,923. Belief became conviction that nothing could stop the tide — but something could, and something did. In 1928, morning newspapers lost 150,729 in circulation and evening newspapers gained only 156,555, so that the whole gain was 5826. The reversal was staggering, and for the first time saturation found a place in newspaper reckoning. Last year another reversal came, and circulation increased 1,453,127. This was much more like the old days, but thoughtless conclusions are not being drawn — for once. As a matter of fact, the face of these figures is as false as it is fair. For the past five years the population of the United States has increased on an average 1,869,900 a year; for the past three years the average has fallen to 1,544,966. In the past five years circulation growth has averaged 1,285,220; in the past three years, 1,141,272. Even at its sharply decreased rate, population has definitely outpaced circulation. Saturation is no longer a possibility, it is a reality.

Increased circulation, therefore, for the paper that is not content with what it has now is to be gained only through slow feeding upon growth in population or through such major acquisitions as come with consolidations. There is every likelihood that the present condition will bring about a marked increase in consolidations. Already these are under way at a rate far greater than even newspapermen realize. In the past five years ninety-five newspapers have passed from existence — one every nineteen days. In 1928 and 1929, twenty-five were established, but almost without exception they were in oil-boom towns of Texas and Oklahoma, and it remains to be seen how long they may last. Even so, there are seventy fewer newspapers than there were in 1924; the number now is 1944 compared with 2014 then. The mortality promises to be greater among morning newspapers; of the ninety-five that have gone, forty-eight were morning papers, and all the twenty-five new ones were evening papers; there are now 381 morning papers and 1563 evening, these evening papers enjoying two thirds of the gross circulation of 39,425,615. Sixty-nine of our cities of 100,000 population or more have but one morning paper, — Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis among them, — and twelve have none.

A second consequence of the present condition will surely be a still more persistent growth of newspaper chains. Already these have attained an importance to which little attention has been called. Three hundred and three of our newspapers are now under chain ownership — about one in every six. These are held in fifty-seven groups, and represent a capital investment of $600,000,000. Their circulation last year aggregated 15,820,523, a decimal more than 40 per cent of the circulation of the country. They are published in forty states; only Arizona, Delaware, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Wyoming have not been invaded. They are to be found in eighty-four cities of 100,000 population or more; only twenty-two cities of the same class do not have them. Eleven cities ranging in size from 75,000 to 600,000 have none but chain newspapers: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Rochester and Albany, New York; Akron and Canton, Ohio; San Diego, California; Flint and Grand Rapids, Michigan; Knoxville and Memphis, Tennessee; and Camden, New Jersey.

As an example of the effects of mergers and chain ownership, Pittsburgh is worth a moment's notice. For many years this city of 600,000 had four morning and four evening newspapers. To-day it has one morning and two evening newspapers — none of them owned by Pittsburghers. One belongs to the Paul Block chain, one to the Hearst, and one to the Scripps-Howard. Through this ownership they hold, too, a monopoly of the Associated Press, United Press, and International News services — as tight a barrier against new competition as could be devised or asked.

Scripps-Howard leads the roster of the chains with twenty-five newspapers. William Randolph Hearst comes next with twenty-four, but, with almost exactly twice the circulation of the Scripps-Howard papers, stands quite by himself in that rating. Nine other chains hold 102 newspapers: Ira C. Copley with eighteen in Illinois and California; Frank E. Gannett with fifteen in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut; Lindsay-Nunn with thirteen in Texas and New Mexico; Fentress-Marsh with eleven in Texas and New Mexico; Scripps-Canfield with eleven in the Pacific Northwest; Macy-Forbes with ten in Westchester County, New York, and Massachusetts; the Ridder brothers with nine in New York, New Jersey, Minnesota, and South Dakota; Bernarr Macfadden with eight in New York, Philadelphia, and various Michigan cities; and Paul Block with seven in Brooklyn, Newark, Pittsburgh, Toledo, Milwaukee, and Duluth. These eleven groups have one fourth of the country's circulation and three fifths of the chains' circulation. This is a concentration comparable in every way with that which has come in England and which we have been inclined to regard as unparalleled.

II

This spread of mergers and of chains among newspapers has been only in part a matter of choice; to a far greater degree it has been the result of outside influences. Extraordinary changes are being wrought in our whole economic structure. The evidences of this are on every hand, and of the profound effects they are having on our everyday lives. Not even in the 'trust years' at the turn of the century were mergers so much the order as they are to-day. They are going forward swiftly in industry and even more swiftly outside industry. What is happening in banking may be cited as a single vivid example. Last year 799 banks were absorbed by others. Steadily banking control is being concentrated — 1 per cent of the banks now hold 75 per cent of the country's deposits. Relentlessly the number of banks is being cut down — in the last seven years it has been reduced 20 per cent. (In this reduction, it must be made plain, mergers have been but one factor; the trend is the point I seek to emphasize.)

Closely allied to mergers is the chain store, and again banking may be cited as an illustration of its growth. To-day there are 272 banking chains in the United States with thirteen billions of resources. In trade (where, of course, the chain has had its greatest expansion) there is now, quite literally, nothing that cannot be bought in a chain store, and there are communities where nothing can be bought outside one. J. C. Penney reckons that 15 per cent of the retail trade of the country is done at chain stores; one grocery chain did more than a billion dollars' worth of business in 1929. Installment buying has become an equal factor in these economic changes. No one can say what its volume is, but it may be guessed from its dominance in our greatest industry — more than half the automobiles sold are sold on deferred payments. These things mean mass production, centralization of control, and standardization of products and policies — powerful factors, each of them, in social no less than industrial and mercantile organization.

It was inevitable that the newspaper should have been affected by this development — it touches upon and is touched by too many aspects of business to have escaped so pervasive an influence. Two interior factors hastened the yielding of the newspaper to this influence. One was the great increase in the cost of production — wages, materials, equipment — in the years following the war. As soundly informed an executive as I know declares that this cost has risen to a point where a variation of 10 per cent in volume of advertising would turn profit into loss for four papers out of five. Compactness of organization and concentration of competition are obvious objectives under such a condition. The second factor was the advertiser. Advertising has become a major charge on business. It has become, too, as fixed a charge as rent or pay roll, and like these must justify itself. Just as he found one store and one force of employees sufficient for serving all classes of his patronage, the merchant began to wish for a single medium of announcement. Having wished, he began to demand, and having demanded, he began, in many instances, to lend actual aid toward the consolidation of the agencies of appeal. Few negotiations toward merger, or even toward the advent of chain ownership, have been carried beyond the preliminary stages without consultation with the principal advertisers of the community. On the whole the change has been to the satisfaction of the advertiser. It is not always that he finds himself spending less money, but he is getting better returns.

Now and then he has been rather painfully hoist with his own petard; under consolidation, rates have been raised to a point where he himself, in turn, has risen — in rebellion. Such strikes of advertisers resulted in Cleveland and Dayton in the establishment of 'shoppers dailies' carrying nothing but advertising and, in a final stage, neighborhood announcements. Less elaborately organized strikes have been carried on in other cities. It is significant that victory — not always complete, but definite nevertheless — has rested with the newspapers.

The newspaper has proved especially plastic to two, at least, of the major elements of this trend toward mergers and chain ownership. Mass production is not yet feasible for newspapers; news must come molten from the crucible of events, and communities are too self-contained and distances in the United States are too great. Centralization of control, however, fits snugly into the newspaper scheme, and standardization has become a dominating trait of the newspaper of to-day.

Never were newspapers cut so true to a single pattern as they are now. They compete no longer in content, but only in form, and in form there is coming a curious similarity among them. In scores of cities one newspaper differs from another only in the head letter it uses. Features and illustrations will be the same, in kind at least, and not only will the news be the same, but, by the time the last edition has come from the press, the same 'stories' will have been chosen for display and the same themes and incidents for emphasis in the headlines.

New York, from which the newspapers of the entire country take their cadence, still leads in this emulation. No newspaper day is complete until the product of the competitors has been examined and the closest possible similarity has been achieved. In professional esteem that newspaper is the best which is most like its fellows. The newspaper of selection is passing swiftly from the scene and the newspaper of record is coming as steadily into preëminence. Quite definitely the function of the newspaper has become the merchandizing of news, its first page the show window and its columns the counters on which the widest possible array of goods is displayed.

Hardly half a dozen crusading newspapers remain. As in many another field, however, the crusader is born to his calling and exterior conditions affect him but little. An Ernest Gruening in Portland, Maine, voices a popular feeling; a Julian Harris in Columbus, Georgia, takes a position that is as opposed to popular as it is to vested interest. Nevertheless the American newspaper as an institution is now unmistakably on the side of the established order. Newspapers of militant political opinions, too, grow fewer and fewer. The number that classify themselves as Independent has risen until it is now 41 per cent of the whole number. Such labels do not always mean what they say — the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* calls itself Independent and the *New*

York World Independent-Democrat, yet it would be hard to make a choice between them for devotion to Democracy.

Where there is but one newspaper in a field it is not often either easy or wise to take a pronounced partisan position, and even where there are but two it is not likely to be met with unless competition demands it, or the temper of the community itself. Then may be found the apparent anomaly of a single ownership purveying both doctrines. Springfield and Worcester, Massachusetts, are excellent examples of this, and it would be unfair to seek insincerity in it; it is but another evidence of the merchandising function. Because a grocer does not drink coffee should not be a reason for its absence from his stock. Merchandising is not strange, perhaps, when consideration is given to the huge volume of news matter that pours daily into the offices. There is no longer any place in the world that is not a date line for news, and for news that happened within the last twenty-four hours. Within our generation the category of the things that are accepted as news has been increased a hundredfold. We have our own Mars Hill where we spend our time 'in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.' No metropolitan newspaper receives each day fewer than two words of news for every one it can print; most of them receive three. In so lush a field there may well be small provocation to forage elsewhere.

III

But it is not in general news alone that standardization is making headway. The news services are contributing mightily. To an extent not dreamed of ten years ago the Associated Press actually edits the papers of its members. Associated Press matter must go 'as is.' Even editorial interpolations for the sake of clarity are frowned upon, and the penalties for infractions are heavy enough to be real deterrents. Where Associated Press news is concerned it is, and must be, the same wherever printed. Now the Associated Press has gone far beyond the field of general news. It runs for its members a photographic service and a feature service that supply each week the equivalent of six pages of newspaper. It has just completed plans for a cartoon service, a daily service of comics, and a four-page comic section for Sunday papers. The United Press gives its clients a Red Letter Service that carries a minimum of 30,000 words a week, and the International News Service sends out each day seven columns of matter supplementary to general news. These special services go into 2800 offices, which means that every newspaper in the country takes at least one, and that almost half of them take at least two. The little that the news services have not done has been taken care of by the syndicates. If you have a favorite comic strip or a favorite columnist, a favorite cartoon or a favorite commentator, you need not deny yourself your daily indulgence wherever you may go.

Chain ownership, too, lends a strong hand to standardization. To a peculiar degree the newspaper still reflects the personality of its ownership. Sometimes the reflection is physical — a Hearst newspaper may be recognized as far as you can see it, no matter what city it is published in. Sometimes it is a manifestation of policy, as in the Scripps-Howard support of the candidacy of Herbert Hoover regardless of the preferences of individual clienteles.

We have, then, one reflection not in a single newspaper or a single community, but in five or ten or twenty-five. There are shortcomings other than monotony in the standardized newspaper. Often it lacks the outward and inward evidences of individuality — of its own individuality, at least. Often it lacks vigor and initiative, and sometimes the courage that is born of competitive need. Nevertheless, the newspaper of to-day, standardized or not, is a good newspaper. Factor for factor in its content, newspaper quality was never so high as it is to-day. The gathering of news has been brought to a magical perfection of scope and detail. Authority in presentation and interpretation is at the highest point that has ever been reached. The syndicate, and the news service, as they function nowadays, can furnish for a hundred newspapers material that in excellence and importance would be beyond the reach of any one newspaper, except, perhaps, a few of the greatest of them all. In every sense of the word the newspaper of to-day is the best bargain any man can buy. Regarded as a manufactured product alone, it sells for less than half the cost of turning it out. The value of the information it garners from a thousand sources and lays at your doorstep or on your desk is utterly beyond calculation.

There is still another aspect in which the newspaper of to-day has departed sharply from tradition. Again this is a change that is not peculiar to the newspaper, but marks business generally. The commercial loan is a diminishing factor in the financing of business. Its place is being taken, apparently, by issues of stocks and bonds, and now the newspaper security has made its appearance. This is a major change. To an extraordinary extent the newspaper has been the product of individual endeavor. There was really a great deal of truth in the ancient, and homely, formula for starting one — 'an itch to write and a shirt tail full of type.' From the days of Franklin and Bradford on down through the days of Bennett and Greeley and Medill and Nelson and Pulitzer and Ochs, the thing that made newspapers was one man's intensity and devotion and willingness to do the whole job, even if it took thirty hours a day. Sometimes families and partnerships succeeded these founders, but always the distinctive, individual control was unmistakable. Rarely, until recent years, was there anything approximating company ownership. The financial structure was in keeping with these conditions, and financial dealings were on the old-fashioned basis of the personal equation. But now the newspaper security has come to keep company with, for instance, the department-store security.

In the past three years forty-eight newspapers in thirty-six cities of fourteen states have issued stocks and bonds in the sum of $130,000,000. These are newspaper issues only; the securities covering magazines and other periodicals form an entirely separate classification. Also they are public issues, traded in on some public market. Except in two instances, where the purposes are commingled, they are exclusive of loans for strictly real-estate purposes. These are impressive figures. They are significant, too, of the newspaper's definite classification as a business. Behind each issue stands a corporation, and each issue has imposed on newspaper management a new responsibility. It is a responsibility that must be met in terms of earnings, of interest on bonds, of dividends on stocks. It is a responsibility that may not be taken lightly. The securities referred to are held by some 50,000 persons, which is another way of saying that, instead of one or two or three, there are a thousand owners for each of the papers covered by these securities. These owners came in as investors —

that is, for business reasons. It is only human that they should be interested in results rather than in the means by which those results are achieved; it is only human that management should be sensitive to the new conditions.

How much money a newspaper *must* make thus becomes a matter of first importance. Take, as an example, the *Chicago Daily News*. Four years ago it issued $8,000,000 worth of 6 per cent debentures to cover the purchase of the property from the Lawson estate. It has, as well, 60,000 shares of 7 per cent cumulative preferred stock outstanding, and 400,000 shares of common. It provides $250,000 a year for a sinking fund, and so has now only $7,000,000 of debentures unredeemed. These call for $420,000 a year in interest, and dividends on the preferred stock for another $420,000. With the $250,000 for the sinking fund, this makes a total of $1,090,000. For the five years immediately preceding the issue, the net profits of the *Daily News* averaged $1,500,000, so that these new fixed charges require two thirds of the net profits before provision may be made for common-stock dividends or any of the other demands arising from the change in organization. All the old obligations remain — pay rolls, materials, replacements; these charges are additional. The new fixed charges of none of the issues call for less than one third of the net earnings of the properties. Inevitably there has been a shift of emphasis from the editorial to the business side of newspapers. I do not say that this is sinister, but I hazard the guess that we have seen only the beginning of the change.

IV

Where will the change end? I wish I knew! It seems safe to prophesy that the number of newspapers will decrease until even those that are only moderately successful have disappeared. Ownership will be more and more concentrated until, quite probably, there are mergers of chains themselves. Concentration may, indeed, be carried to a point where mass production is both possible and desirable. Some of the agencies toward that end may be already in the testing.

There is automatic composition; perhaps that will bring about a great central office where all general — not local — news, all editorials, all features, will be gathered and edited, to be punched on a tape and sent direct to typesetting machines in a score of cities. The transmission of pictures by wire and wireless is now an established factor in newspaper production; perhaps the time is not far away when newspapers, centrally produced, will be photographed a whole page at a time, transmitted by these devices, engraved, and sent direct to the press without editorial intervention at the point of printing. Perhaps television may reach a quantity-production basis that will make feasible the throwing of a newspaper or its equivalent on a screen in the home or the office, or even in an automobile or a bus. Already this is being done experimentally.

Before the American Society of Newspaper Editors a year ago, William Allen White conjured up a vision of a day when 'a man as he goes downtown in the morning can, at the news stand, leave his order and say, "Send me ten minutes of the Tex Guinan cross-examination, ten minutes of the ball game with the pictures, and send me the fire at Boston," and when he gets home he will sit down and look at it. Where, then, will be all our pride and glory?'

Where, indeed!

THE FLIGHT FROM LIPARI[1]

BY CAPTAIN EMILIO LUSSU

I

WHEN I landed on Lipari, the director of the colony did not address a single word to me, but stood with bent head, as though ashamed of my situation and his office. My handcuffs were removed and I was given a booklet containing the regulations in force. The Carabineers who had accompanied me from Cagliari to Lipari appeared glad that their mission was accomplished; they had treated me with much kindness.

The director took charge of my money, leaving me three hundred lire. When this was gone I could draw the rest, little by little, giving each time an account of how it had been spent.

On leaving the director's office, I found friends who had been awaiting my arrival. Just as in prison, everything is known at the internment camp; news travels by mysterious ways and spreads swiftly. There were waiting to greet me with open arms a group of exiled members of Parliament: Beltramini, deputy for Como; Morea, deputy for Fabriano; Basso, deputy for Venice; Volpi, deputy for Rome; Picelli, deputy for Parma; Repossi, deputy for Milan; Rabezzana, deputy for Turin; Grossi, deputy from the Romagna; Binotti, deputy for Genoa. These were difficult times for members of Parliament! The lawyer Domizio Torrigiani, Grand Master of the Freemasons, also took part in the reception. For Freemasonry, too, the times were none too easy.

We quickly exchanged accounts of our different careers. It was pointed out to me at once that I was closely followed by plain-clothes men. This exceptional measure was applied only to Torrigiani and myself. Mussolini was afraid that international Freemasonry would abduct Torrigiani from Lipari; he was ignorant of the fact that Freemasonry is not a maritime power. No armored lodge ever came to carry Torrigiani away from the Mediterranean. The discovery that I too was being treated as a person of international importance flattered me not a little.

To be constantly shadowed seems a matter of little moment. It is, however, extremely irritating and painful. One's nerves have to be pretty sound to prevent one from becoming neurasthenic. To leave one's house, and to be followed; to approach a friend, and to be followed; to speak, and to be overheard; to stop, and know that the other too has stopped; to enter a café, a shop, a house, and always see the same face at the door; not to be able to smile, not to be able to shake hands with a passer-by, without your shadow taking note of it — all this becomes an oppression, a burden.

How many times, day and night, when in my own room I believed myself free at last of patrols and watchers, have I found myself face to face with my 'shadow,' who had made his way in to make sure of my presence indoors!

The surveillance was so vexatious that many of my friends advised me to complain. But where could one lodge a protest? The agents were carrying out superior orders, and were only doing their duty. The orders came from Rome; I should have had to appeal to the Duce, in his capacity as Minister of the Interior. I have always thought no spectacle more humiliating than that of impotence protesting. I refused to complain, and comforted myself with the thought that one fine day they would come to find me and I should not be there.

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[1] The events leading up to Captain Lussu's arrest and exile were described in June.— EDITOR

Accompanied always by my escort, I explored my new dominion, and made the acquaintance of all the others interned there. The zone beyond which we were not allowed to go was confined to about one square mile.

There were over five hundred people interned on Lipari, of whom about four hundred were political prisoners from all parts of Italy and belonging to all parties.

Among the hundred or so who were not political prisoners many figured as members of that party to which the authorities of their province thought well to ascribe them. A number of workmen from the Lazio and the Romagna, arrested for hostility toward Fascism but not belonging to any party, were officially assigned half to the communist party and half to the anarchist. Twenty citizens of Monterotondo (near Rome) were deported to Lipari for having attended the funeral of a workman well known as a socialist. Among them were two women — one the mother of five children, the other of three. They had never concerned themselves with politics, and had attended the funeral simply because they were relatives of the dead man. The police designated them all as the 'Monterotondo communist group,' and sent them to Lipari. A man who has set up a small shop for selling flowers, fruit, and fowls on the island was sent there because the police sergeant of his town passed him off as a communist, though the man himself has no idea what communism means. But the sergeant was his wife's lover. So the man says, and so say all his acquaintances, and everyone believes it.

Then, too, the brother of the boy Zamboni, who was lynched at Bologna for having made an attempt on Mussolini's life, had never been concerned in politics. He was doing his military service at Milan at the time of the attempt, but he was tried by the Special Tribunal for the Defense of the State, together with his father and his aunt. The latter were sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment because twenty years previously they had been active in the anarchist movement. The brother was acquitted, there being no evidence against him, but he was sent to Lipari for five years. His only fault was that of belonging to his family. What is most dreadful is that there is a general conviction in Italy that young Zamboni was innocent and that the attempt against the Duce was simulated.

Others in Lipari had been sent there, like Zamboni, by the Special Tribunal. This exceptional court, formed not of regular judges but of officers of the Fascist Militia, almost always sentences to prison, as a matter of course. If, however, the accused person is acquitted, it is the regular thing for him to be sent to the islands. The mere fact of having appeared before the Special Tribunal makes him 'a danger to the régime.'

A group of young men — lawyers, teachers, and engineers — were denounced to the Special Tribunal for having endeavored to form a secret society with the aim of reviving parliamentary institutions in Italy. The Tribunal intended to condemn them all, with or without proofs of their guilt, but several senators and ex-ministers were implicated in the affair and to avoid too glaring a scandal the

Tribunal acquitted them, and the police sent them to the internment camp.

The others on Lipari were common criminals — dishonest doctors and midwives, usurers, and the like. Besides them there was a small band of dissident Fascists — individuals who, having been too unruly or loquacious, had been removed by the political authorities in their districts for fear of their upsetting discipline. They committed the crime of revealing party secrets, and paid for the indiscretion by internment. Some of them had been sent to the internment camp as *agents provocateurs* and spies. The political prisoners despised and avoided them.

In 1928, the news spread in Italy that one of these dissident Fascists, Amerigo Dumini, had been put to death in prison. He was the leader of the gang that murdered Matteotti, but got off at his trial with only a few months more of imprisonment still to be served. Once free, he had the ill-fated idea of making allusions to the Duce's complicity in the crime, and was condemned to prison for fourteen months for disparaging the Prime Minister. Having served this new sentence, he was given a concession of land in Somaliland by the Government, on condition that he should make no further appearance in Italy. Not finding the life of a farmer in Africa to his taste, he returned to Italy and was arrested at Naples on landing, since when no more has been heard of him. A man who came to Lipari from the island of Tremiti, however, assured us that Dumini was by no means dead, but interned on that island, guarded night and day by police agents.

The mail of the interned is always opened, censored, and often confiscated. In this matter the police are implacable. The friends who correspond with the political prisoners have their names added to the lists of political suspects, and have no further peace. I therefore never wrote to anyone except my mother, or friends who, being already interned on other islands or imprisoned, had nothing to lose. To send letters except through the police is to incur the risk of imprisonment up to six months.

The five hundred people interned on Lipari are guarded by four hundred officers and men of the Fascist Militia, the Carabineers, the police, and the naval guards. In so small a space, the guards are thus to be seen on every hand. On the confines of the area reserved to the interned are stationary and flying patrols. The Fascist Militia is on guard day and night on the ramparts of the Castle, which is an old citadel containing the prisons, the Militia barracks, and rooms for the interned. A motor boat equipped with a gun, *mitrailleuse*, and wireless, three racing motor boats, and six oil-driven ships control the sea, and in the Castle there is wireless communication with the naval bases of Messina, Palermo, and Trapani.

The political prisoners are the real colony at Lipari. Brought together by the same fate, they lead the same life. The Government offers them free lodging together in large rooms in the Castle, but even the poorest undergo every privation to be able to live in a little room of their own, however squalid. It is permitted to rent apartments in the town, provided they are within the special zone. The Government allows each interned person ten lire a day, and the large majority have to procure food, lodging, clothes, light, and water with this sum. Water is brought to the island in summer by tank ships. Very few of the interned can avail themselves of private means or financial help from relatives, and very few can find work in the place — only one or two mechanics, shoemakers, tailors, and masons. About a hundred have been permitted to have their wives and children with them; in such cases the whole family lives as best it can on the ten lire a day.

The interned are not allowed to receive monetary assistance except from their own families; anyone helping them without being a member of the family commits a political crime and may be tried as a 'subversive' and opponent to the régime. The Republican Baldazzi of Rome was condemned to five years' imprisonment for having sent a sum of money to the sister of Lucetti, who, in September 1926, made an attempt against Mussolini's life.

The interned therefore have to help one another as best they can, and secretly. It is a life of wretched poverty, endured with dignity. Certain of the poorest families apply to the Ministry of the Interior to ask either for work or for monetary help. Now and then a subsidy of a few hundred lire is allowed them, and when this happens the newspapers announce the fact under the title, 'The Duce's Generosity.'

II

The crowd of five hundred men, unable to work, found relief in walking, talking, and reading.

Torrigiani, who suffered from incipient blindness and had to read as little as possible, became the king of the streets, and was known as 'the talker.' By walking up and down the same street of five hundred yards in length, I am certain he did not cover less than twenty-five miles a day. Around him there was always a confused crowd, moving in all directions.

The regulations state that 'it is forbidden to talk of politics,' on penalty of imprisonment up to six months. And what else should political prisoners talk of? Of everything. Even of politics, provided the terminology is appropriate. When they speak of politics, they have recourse to every metaphor to be found in treatises of rhetoric. It is quite possible to talk of Fascism for hours on end, for instance, without ever mentioning it by name. If you are a novice, you require some enlightenment; but after a little practice you will have learned the art.

I believed at first that my friends were discussing the growing of shellfish; instead, they were referring to the Monarchy. For the King a terminology hardly flattering is reserved, and for the Duce (to speak disrespectfully of whom is to incur imprisonment up to three years) an infinitely richer and more highly colored nomenclature is used. By means of this veiled language the most dangerous subjects can be touched on.

All the same, if the police should come and stand within a yard of you, you would do well to talk of something else.

All branches of human knowledge had a place in our discussions. Torrigiani, who had specialized in philosophy, would range from the *Summa* of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the expression of the mediæval spirit, to the pragmatism of William James, a product of modern industrial mechanism. With Torrigiani these two subjects provided material enough for a millennium of history and twenty miles of road.

The most scrupulous of the police agents intervened one day and inquired, in the name of the law, who Signor James was, and where he lived. It was explained that he was a most respectable person, who did not concern himself with politics, and that not one of us knew whether he was alive or dead. The policeman made a note of the fact and referred the matter to his superiors to make inquiries.

When Torrigiani obtained permission to be transferred, still under special surveillance, to a clinic near Viterbo, on account of his increasingly bad eye trouble, peripatetic philosophy lost many of its disciples on Lipari.

According to their different vocations, the interned have divided themselves into groups, among the most important being the historians, the literati, and the spiritualists, each group with its own leader and its own adventures.

To the historians only a few centuries are allowed as field for research. The interned had collected together, at their own expense, a small but well-selected library, but one fine day an inspection ordered from Rome discovered in it many things dangerous to the régime. Hundreds of volumes were confiscated: all the volumes on the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution; all those that contained the word 'revolution' in their titles; all the Russian literature, including Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Chekhov; all freethinking writers, among them Voltaire, Mazzini, and even Anatole France. Bernard Shaw was religiously respected, but it was a bad moment for his admirers. The historical group was not a little disconcerted by this incident, and recovered from the crisis by turning, almost en masse, to archæological studies.

Nearly all of the spiritualist group ended in prison, because they were surprised in 'doubtful attitude' around a table. This was expressly forbidden by the regulations. It is difficult to explain what a 'doubtful attitude' is, according to the regulations, but it incurs six months of imprisonment. In this particular case, however, the spiritualists were able to demonstrate the legality of their attitude and got off with three days in the prisons of the Castle.

The group of literati is made up of the men quietest in character, but it has the most violent discussions. It produces many poets who comment in verse upon the incidents, both sad and gay, of the colony. As always happens with art, the contemporaries have little appreciation for works of genius, and only posterity will render justice to the misunderstood masterpieces.

In the evening, when the bugles of the Castle sounded the retreat, each man would shut himself into his own dwelling, and in solitude think over the day that he had passed. Very unalluring was the prospect then of five years of such a petty life.

On the whole, I cannot say that the Militia made the surveillance worse by actual provocation, but small vexations were not lacking. There was one serious case. A certain Del Moro was constantly being made the victim of the jibes of the Militia; wherever he went, he was stopped and insulted. One day he lost patience and struck the captain of the Militia in public, knocking him down, whereupon he was arrested and horribly knocked about. We learned a few months later that he died in a madhouse in Sicily, although he was a man perfectly normal mentally and of exceptional physical fitness. His family was not informed of his death, and wrote to us for information concerning him.

After this incident the demeanor of the Fascists became less arrogant, but not a week passed without someone being arrested upon some futile excuse or other. When a motive was lacking, one was invented.

Christmas of 1927 was approaching, and the colony was preparing to celebrate it; Christmas trees and presents for the children were ready. Suddenly a warship arrived one night. There was general astonishment at this unusual occurrence. Two hundred Carabineers, Fascist Militia, officers, and police commissioners landed, together with the public prosecutor of the Special Tribunal. Two hundred and fifty of the interned were arrested during the night and taken to the Castle, and the next day the town appeared in a state of siege. The arrested men were all interrogated during the following day, and late at night two hundred of them were set at liberty. Only then was the mystery explained. A 'plot' against the safety of the State had been miraculously frustrated: four hundred political prisoners, closely guarded on an island, had endangered the security of the State!

The fifty most under suspicion were taken on board the man-o'-war next day. Squads of them, handcuffed and chained together, were marched through the town, and the rest of the interned were forbidden to see them off or to approach the quay. But the atmosphere was electric; all defied the order and thronged toward the wharf, and the cordon of armed police was powerless to prevent them. It was the first collective revolt against superior orders on the island.

When the fifty arrested men boarded the boats which were to carry them to the warship, one of them, raising his hat with his fettered hands, cried with a loud voice, 'Long live liberty!' A great chorus echoed his cry, from the boats, from the quay, from the houses, from the street. Silence followed this unexpected acclamation. The cordons of armed men raised their rifles, and the sinister metallic sound of the clicking of triggers was heard. Pale, and with an unsteady voice, a police officer ordered: 'Back with you, in the name of the law!' Everyone remained motionless and silent.

A tragedy seemed imminent. Only the half-suppressed weeping of some women and children broke the stillness. But the officer did not give the order to fire. The ship left with our friends, and the crowd slowly dispersed.

After a year the Special Tribunal closed the case against these fifty men by acquitting them all. Two spies had brought accusations against them in the hope of reward, but the imposture was too flagrant. After their year in prison, the fifty took up once more their life of internment.

Following upon these arrests, the coöperative eating houses which the interned had organized for the sake of economy were suppressed, together with the classes at which they took turns teaching various subjects, and the small sports clubs. Life became harder.

Two men, above all others, I came to know, admire, and love during my internment: Carlo Rosselli and Ferruccio Parri.

Carlo Rosselli comes of a family of patriots; Giuseppe Mazzini died in the house of his grandparents at Pisa in 1872. At thirty years of age, Rosselli is a veteran of anti-Fascism. His house in Florence was sacked by the Fascists in July 1925, and a few months later he was assaulted, unarmed, at Genoa, while on his way to lecture at his school. In the spring of 1926, when the opposition newspapers were everywhere being suppressed and their editors and their staffs imprisoned, Rosselli had the audacity to found an anti-Fascist weekly. In order to devote all his time to this he resigned his post as teacher of political economy at the School of Economics at Genoa. During the night of October 31, 1926, reprisals took place in Milan, as at Cagliari and other towns in Italy, and Rosselli's house in Milan sheltered several of the men who were being sought by the Fascists. His paper was suppressed in November 1926, together with all the other opposition papers that had resisted up to that time. In December 1926 he organized the escape from

Italy of Filippo Turati, the leader of the Reformist (right-wing) Socialist Party.

Ferruccio Parri was a young teacher of history in the secondary schools before the war, during which he was wounded twice and received four decorations for valor on the field of battle. He ended with the rank of staff major, having begun the campaign as a second lieutenant. He then joined the staff of the great Milanese daily, the *Corriere della Sera*, where he remained till the Fascists succeeded in getting rid of the editor, Senator Albertini. Then Parri, who had no other means or income, resigned. He was not a socialist; in England he would have been a follower of Mr. Baldwin; but he was indignant at the treatment meted out to the socialists, and he coöperated with Rosselli in organizing the flight of Turati.

The two 'accomplices' were arrested for this 'crime.' At the trial, which took place at Savona in September 1927, instead of defending themselves they took up the attitude of accusers. They reasserted their right to save from the fury of the Fascists their seventy-year-old friend, who had dedicated his life to the service of his country. In the most dramatic moments it seemed as though Rosselli himself had become the president of the Tribunal which had to try him. Parri declared that after what he had seen in the last few years he had a desire to tear off all the decorations he had won in the war and fling them in the face of the Dictator. A voice from the people cried: 'Bravo!' It was Parri's old father. The accused were condemned to ten months' imprisonment, followed by five years of internment.

To find myself with these two men on Lipari was compensation enough in my eyes for all my misfortunes; they were the personification of generosity, unselfishness, and daring.

III

I mixed little with the others who were interned on Lipari. I intended to escape, and from the first day I had to regulate my life with this end in view. No one interned on the island had ever succeeded in escaping, and what was difficult for the others was more than ever difficult for me, subjected as I was to special supervision.

A week after my arrival I picked out two spots on the coast within the zone reserved for us. Approach to the sea was intercepted by steep cliffs. No one ever attempted to break his neck by descending those precipices; and even if one had reached the sea, what could one have done? It was impossible to get away, because these two points were visible to the guards all along the coast. In consequence, the police wisely kept no sentinels in these places, but confined themselves to watching the access to them. Therefore I concluded, once reached, it was from here alone that escape could be attempted.

I went to live in a house a few hundred yards from both points. Should it be necessary to give up the idea of one, the other would still remain. I could escape from the house by way of the neighboring roofs in four different directions, and there was also a high terrace giving on to the sea. This choice subsequently proved to have been an excellent one.

I accustomed myself to leaving the house only twice a day — at noon, for exactly half an hour, and in the afternoon at five in the winter, and seven in the summer, for exactly one hour. If the weather was bad, as it often was in winter, I did not go out. I kept strictly to this schedule for a year and a half, and no one ever saw me outside my house at any other time. My friends used to say that the inhabitants of Lipari set their watches by my outings, as the people of Königsberg did by the walks of Immanuel Kant. I thus obtained two results: first, I was regarded as a man who for no reason in the world would change his life of study and his habit of sticking to a certain schedule; secondly, my guards came to think of me as a poor invalid who was afraid above all things of taking cold.

On my walks I always went the same way, along the principal and longest street of the town and on along the beach crowded with boats. The police considered this spot best adapted for an escape, and therefore made it an object of especial vigilance. Their suspicions were further aroused by my long pauses here, and they trebled the guards. But the place I had chosen for an attempt was in precisely the opposite direction.

Two weeks after my arrival I had already settled upon a plan of escape with two friends. It was to take place on Christmas night; I thought that at that time the surveillance would be less strict. As one of these friends of mine is now in Italy, I cannot divulge the details of our plan, which would have been relatively easy, swift, and audacious; but it fell through, owing to two unforeseen events. One of the friends, who was indispensable to the undertaking, was arrested for the 'plot' of the two hundred and fifty, of which I have already spoken, and I had a return of my pleurisy; on Christmas night my temperature was over a hundred degrees. News of my death reached the Fascists of my city, and they made great celebrations.

My illness prevented my flight for the moment, but it made it more easy for the future. Everyone was now convinced that I was a physical wreck, and I alone knew what reserves of strength I could count on. The watch upon me slackened. While I was forced to remain in bed, the police used to come to see how my malady was prospering, to be sure; but on the other hand my bedroom was the undisturbed scene of new plans of escape. Many times the doctor found me with a map of the Mediterranean in my hand, only to attribute my obsession for the sea to my longing for my own island home. Many times I fell asleep upon the lines which I had traced between Lipari, Milazzo, and the Straits of Messina.

When my illness was at its worst, in January 1928, Carlo Rosselli was brought to Lipari. The first time that we were alone together we discovered that we had the same idea — to escape. We took two others into our confidence — Francesco Fausto Nitti and another whom I will call Caio.

Nitti is a Southern Italian, and a nephew of the former Prime Minister. In December 1926, he was condemned to five years' internment on suspicion of having wished to form a secret anti-Fascist society; but his chief fault was that of bearing, without apparent embarrassment, the name of one of the men most hated by Mussolini. He belongs to the Italian Methodist Church, of which his father is one of the leaders.

Of Caio I will say only that he was to have been one of my companions in the escape which had already failed.

We undertook, on our honor, not to reveal our intentions to a living soul; in these matters confidences are the worst of dangers. For an Italian to be silent is, as a rule, somewhat difficult, but we kept our word. No one had the slightest suspicion of our intentions.

We thought of taking Parri into our enterprise. Who more worthy than he? But he had with him his wife and child, he was always unwell, his parents were old, and other family circumstances forced him to remain in Italy. He could not take part in the attempt. We held a small council of war and decided to tell him nothing.

In the spring of 1928, Professor Salvemini succeeded in getting in touch with us from abroad. For Salvemini, Mussolini reserves a hatred without quarter, and the professor, it must be said in justification of the Duce, certainly does his best to deserve it. To the list of all his other 'crimes' against the régime he thus added that of concerning himself with us, and in helping us he was able to rely on three of his trusted friends, one of whom acted admirably as chief of staff in the enterprise.

Given this external help, we abandoned all our former plans. The one intended for the previous Christmas was no longer possible; the others presented various difficulties of a complicated kind. We directed all our efforts toward the realization of the scheme our friends from afar were proposing.

Our plan was very simple: to throw ourselves into the sea at one of the two points I had designated, which were not watched, and to get picked up by a boat coming from the open sea.

The sun, disappearing at sunset behind the heights which dominate the city and the port to the west, left the latter in deep shadow, and from land nothing could be seen of what was happening a few hundred yards away on the sea. The two points I have mentioned were precisely within this area of shadow. We ascertained this by making innumerable observations, and checking them carefully one with another.

The zone remained in darkness only when, in the place of the sun, there was no moon to light it. It followed that the only time suitable for the undertaking would be the week after full moon, in which the moon did not rise from the sea until after sunset.

But after sunset we were obliged to retire into our houses, at seven o'clock from November to February, at eight in March, April, September, and October, and at nine from May to August. Half an hour later began the visits of inspection — that is, the rounds made from house to house in order to ascertain that everybody was indoors. To be seen in the streets after that hour was to be sent straight off to the Castle. The only time during the whole twenty-four hours that was suitable for the escape, therefore, was the half-hour between the disappearance of the sun behind the hills and the visit of inspection. The boat that was to take us off would have to arrive in the port of Lipari from the open sea neither before nor after that half-hour. Should it arrive before, it would be seen; if it arrived after, it would be too late for an opportune escape.

There was also the danger of the motor boats on guard, whose ways we studied carefully and reported to our friends. The boat which was to come and take us off must have a speed of at least twenty miles an hour; the motor boats which might follow us would attain at the most eighteen miles. Only if we had half an hour's advantage could we become unreachable and a difficult target for the machine gun, but we could count on this half-hour even if our escape were discovered immediately, for a certain interval of orders, counter-orders, and disorder was inevitable between the discovery and the pursuit.

The friends who came to fetch us would carry arms and munitions with them; if we were attacked, we should defend ourselves. Chance or luck would in any case have to play its part.

The plan was perfect; and, in fact, it succeeded. But it succeeded a year later. The first attempts failed.

IV

In March 1928, I resumed my daily walks at fixed times, but they were shorter, as I was convalescing from my illness. In public I always appeared muffled up to the ears, but at home I accustomed myself by means of cold douches to the long immersion in the sea which was to be an indispensable part of the new plan of escape. We hoped to get away in June.

In May four prisoners escaped from the Castle, hoping to take ship for Calabria. But their confederates failed them, and the fugitives remained on the island, hiding in the country. The whole garrison was in arms; motor boats and sailing boats searched the seas; flying squads beat up the island in every direction. After a day, two of the fugitives were recaptured, and shortly afterward the other two; the four unfortunate men paid for their temerity with imprisonment. After this the nocturnal visits became more frequent, and the surveillance on the island more intense.

As soon as the police heard of the escape, the detectives rushed into my house; I was held under great suspicion. But my undeviating walks lulled their misgivings.

During June, July, August, September, and October, our plans fell through. Each time, on the appointed day, some diabolic obstacle intervened. All our plans had to be remade, and a new and favorable phase of the moon awaited. My terrace became an observatory, and I learned to know all the constellations. How slowly pass the phases of the moon!

One night Nitti and Caio carried out a reconnaissance in the neighborhood of the first of the two points which we had selected for our departure. They only just avoided being discovered. We were afraid that the suspicions of the police had been aroused, so we changed our plans and chose the other point.

In September another prisoner attempted to escape. He secured a canoe, hoping to reach Sicily, a distance of thirty miles. A very strong swimmer, he relied largely on his powers of resistance, even if the canoe should fail him; but he had not taken into account the currents of the Straits of Milazzo and Messina. After a few hundred yards the canoe capsized, and the current forced him to return to the island. The alarm had already been given; it was impossible for him to return to the colony, and he disappeared into the bush. They searched in vain for a month. One night he plunged into the sea, and reached a German steamship laden with pumice stone. Climbing up by the chain of the bow anchor, crushing his chest in the ascent, he reached cover; but the captain did not dare to harbor him, and handed him over to the Fascists. He was condemned to three years' imprisonment in addition to the five years' internment.

The surveillance became closer than ever.

Our nerves were on edge, for on November 17 another attempt was to be made. We were due to meet our rescuers at 6.30 P.M., and by different routes we all reached our rendezvous. Owing to my change of attire, I slipped through my guards without being recognized, and the others were not suspected. We threw ourselves into the water and swam a hundred and fifty yards. The water was icy and the sea rough; the weather was as bad as it could be. We stayed in the water for over half an hour with only our heads above the surface, diving whenever a suspicious sound made us fear discovery. I never as a rule take spirits, but I was obliged to swallow brandy to resist the cold. We waited for half an hour.

Our rescuers did not come. What a disappointment! We returned in silence, profoundly discouraged. The bugles from the Castle had already sounded, and a few minutes later the control watch passed our house. In spite of our misfortune we could still consider ourselves lucky, for neither detectives nor prisoners knew anything about the attempt. We passed a despairing night, however; a whole year of waiting had ended miserably in failure.

The following morning we took every precaution to hide or account for the bruises and cuts we had received on the rocks. Rosselli had a black eye and looked like a defeated boxer; Nitti had a bruised hand; I had grazed my face, and had a cut on my left hand which took two months to heal. But I was none the worse for my icy dip.

Two days later, as had been arranged, we made another attempt, but we had little hope. Nevertheless we tried. Nitti and Caio went into the water, but Rosselli and I waited on the shore for the prearranged signal, for it was both useless and dangerous for us to expose ourselves when the chances of success were so small. This time, too, our luck was out.

If we had exercised more discrimination we should have realized that during those ill-starred days a storm such as had not been experienced for many years was raging in the Mediterranean. The violence of the sea was too much for a small boat. To those who were prepared during those days to risk life and liberty for us we shall remain eternally grateful, even though fortune did not smile upon their efforts.

The fair-weather season had passed, and the winter winds had taken possession of the Straits. We were obliged to give up all hope of escape for months. The usual surveillance went on, the usual schedule, the usual miserable life.

Caio finished his sentence that winter and returned to Italy. He volunteered to pass the frontier secretly, to organize another attempt, and to come himself to fetch us. No one knew as well as he our anxiety, the difficulty of the undertaking, and the geography of the place. He made this offer, so fraught with risk, very simply. He and the pilot of the motor boat are the real heroes of our enterprise.

When Caio returned home he was put in prison twice as a suspect, the suspicion being based upon his previous internment, which in turn had been the result of earlier suspicions. He did not wait to be arrested a third time, but passed the frontier.

To get secretly across the Italian frontier to-day is as difficult an undertaking as to get unseen into the strong room of a bank. Those found violating the law of expatriation are condemned to anything up to six years' imprisonment, if they escape being shot in the act by the Black Shirts who guard the frontier.

We arranged to make our next attempt in June 1929, and beguiled the time in making other plans in case this one also failed.

On the appointed evening — no longer four, but three in number — we retraced our steps of November 1928. We entered the water, swam out, waited vainly. Complete failure.

'It is written in the book of Fate,' said Nitti, dripping wet, 'that we shall die on this island or in prison. It is a brilliant career; why should we change it? I protest against this absurd obsession to die free. I shall not take another step. I refuse to become mad.'

We learned afterward that the motor boat had broken down en route. We had arranged with Caio to make a renewed attempt on July 27.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh, Rosselli came round to our house. Nitti was there. Rosselli related a dream he had had.

'I do not remember where I was —'

'In prison,' interrupted Nitti, gloomily.

'Suddenly a lion with a mane leaped out of a shell.'

'Africa!' I cried joyfully. 'That means Africa!'

'The mane was an extremely fine one. Suddenly, while I stood cleaning my nails with the broadsword of a Marshal of France —'

'It was really a Marshal of France?'

'Yes, without doubt a Marshal of France.'

'Excellent! From Africa to France. Second step.'

'While I was cleaning my nails,' he went on, 'I found myself playing roulette.'

'Roulette!' I interrupted again. 'Paris — third step.'

It is all very well to smile, but, given desperate straits, even a dream will rewaken hope.

I took my two walks as usual; I saw my guards and the little world of the prisoners. Rosselli was profuse in his salutations of the authorities. Nitti was gloomier than ever.

At sunset Rosselli and Nitti walked across the central square discussing philosophic problems like good, law-abiding prisoners; then they separated. Once back in my rooms, I disguised myself in a second; and the detectives, who ordinarily knew me a mile off, did not recognize me again this time. We arrived late at our rendezvous, for both Rosselli and I had found the patrols blocking our way. Rosselli had risked arrest.

The sea was exceedingly calm when we plunged in. There was nothing but darkness and silence. Then, suddenly, scarcely perceptible at first, there came across the water the throb of an engine, and a motor boat drew near. The signal given was ours and Caio was in the bow, but we did not exchange a single word. One after the other, by means of a rope ladder, we climbed on board. Describing a narrow circle, we shot away, leaving behind us a white, shining path on a sea as smooth as oil.

With doused lights the motor boat passed rapidly through a fleet of fishing vessels. We changed our dripping clothes for others which our friends had provided; dressed as sailors, we took up our duties on board. As the motor boat slid forward, Nitti passed up petrol tins to Rosselli, who kept the tank filled; I pierced the empty tins with a knife and threw them into the water. These were our instructions. The pierced tins filled at once and sank, leaving no trace to assist pursuit.

Soon the moon rose. For many hours there was still a possibility of being overtaken. But little by little, as the engine drank up the petrol, the lightened craft increased her speed, and after a time all chance of pursuit was left behind.

There remained only the danger of being intercepted from one of the naval bases along our route, warned by wireless of our escape. From dawn until 8 A.M. we lived in constant fear of this; glasses were passed from hand to hand, and the horizon scanned. Only the dark silhouette of a ship appeared afar off; we altered our course and disappeared from its view.

Finally, blurred by mists, the longed-for land was sighted. Danger, anxiety, and suffering were forgotten in the joy of victory. The tiny band of prisoners threw discipline and discretion to the winds and gave themselves up to unbridled rejoicing over their hard-won freedom.

WHERE LIFE BEGINS

BY HERBERT BUSHER

I

ONE of the most obvious questions about life is, Where does it begin? When a child first becomes inquisitive he rarely asks, 'Who am I?' in the manner of Socrates, but in practically every case he will ask his embarrassed mother, 'Where do I come from?' It seems that the question of life's origin suggests itself to the human mind sooner than the question of its essence. The problem of life itself is too deep for the average person. He observes it daily. He takes it for granted. But that it must begin somewhere he can understand. Witness the commotion aroused by the Tennessee debate on whether life began by special creation or by evolution — commotion not only among the theologians and scientists directly interested, but among the common people of every walk of life. On the other hand discussions regarding the nature of life itself usually take place in the seclusive halls of big universities, and seldom are reported in the front-page columns of newspapers.

Man, being alive himself, has always taken a keen interest in all other living things around him. Among the earliest attempts at art and decoration by our caveman ancestors we find more images of horses and trees than of lifeless rocks and mountains. And throughout recorded history man has had his ideas regarding the origin of living things. He could not help but notice that living things were not all alike. Some were smaller and simpler in their make-up than others. He followed life down the scale to the smallest and simplest thing he could see, and in so doing he was led to the conclusion that life began spontaneously in filth and dirt. Beyond that point he found no sign of life, but only lifeless matter like rock and water and air. In the scale of things on this earth, therefore, life seemed to begin with the worms and moulds found in rotting and decaying substances.

No more was known about this subject until the beginning of our present scientific age. When we consider that 90 per cent of what we know we have learned through the medium of our eyes, it is not surprising that modern biology dates back only to the seventeenth century, when the compound microscope was discovered. This literally opened man's eyes. The microscope made it possible for man to see things several hundred times smaller than his natural eyes had ever seen before. With the aid of the microscope it was discovered that all living things consist of cells of about the same size, but that large animals and plants are composed of a greater number of them than the small ones, as large buildings are constructed of more bricks and stones than are small buildings. The smallest animals, like amœbæ, and the smallest plants, like algæ, consist of only one cell. For many years these tiny creatures, found in the grime and slime of stagnant pools, were considered to be the lowest limit and therefore the beginning of life.

But in the last half of the nineteenth century Pasteur discovered bacteria. Bacteria are so much smaller than other cells that many of them can live and multiply inside of a single cell, like rabbits in a barn. Some bacteria are so small that even with the microscope one can hardly see them. It was soon noticed that bacteria were not all alike. Many species were found to exist. A few were disease-producing. Most of them were not only harmless but of great value — as, for instance, in breaking down dead animal and plant matter into useful soil for the growth of new vegetation. Bacteria vary in shape, the commonest being the spheres called cocci, the rods called bacilli, and the spirals called spirilla. They vary in size, but are all invisible to the naked eye.

Pasteur furthermore exploded the belief that life originates spontaneously during the process of fermentation and decay. He proved experimentally that every cell and every bacterium descends from a parent cell of the same variety, and he was unable to find any living thing springing from dead matter. Fermentation and decay he showed to be the result of the life activities of yeast cells and bacteria, and not the cause of such living things. Man had previously put the cart in front of the horse in that respect.

Bacteria were the smallest units of life the scientists could detect with the microscope. It had been hoped that a sufficiently powerful microscope could be constructed to permit still further investigation; but it was found that the human eye cannot perceive objects smaller than the wave length of light, and that limit had been reached. The hope of facing life at its very source seemed to be blasted. There still remained a gap between the bacteria and lifeless matter, an unexplored and alluring region of existence where scientists felt that life must begin. Darwin convincingly suggested that over a period of millions of years species of animals or plants could evolve from a lower to a higher order, even if biologists found that every cell descended from a like parent cell in the course of laboratory observation; because what is the human life span, and even the period of recorded human history, as compared with the millions of years of evolutionary development? Scientists have become more and more convinced that evolution is not only a thing of the past, a matter of history, but a going thing. Life is progressing right now. And if it is progressing all along the line, it should also be constantly beginning. So the problem of where life begins has had to be attacked from another angle than that of the microscope.

The chemists and physicists began to interest themselves in the problems of the biologist. They had methods of investigation in their bag of tricks with which the biologist was not so well acquainted. Living material, called protoplasm, was analyzed. It was found to consist essentially of a compound called protein, which could be split into less complicated molecules called amino acids. Starting from the other end of the scale of chemical complexity, they devised methods of synthesizing these amino acids, and even making some protein artificially. To be sure, they had to tax their brains to the utmost, because these substances are the most complex in chemistry; and the chemists are still a long way from having completed their job.

From the standpoint of physics, protoplasm was found to be a jellylike material, called colloid, the particles of which carry an electrical charge opposite to that of their environmental solution. The physiochemist now had visions of creating living substances. He seemed so close to it. Occasionally some enthusiastic reporter would tell the newspaper readers that the trick had been done. But up to the present time the chemists and physicists have not succeeded in getting farther than the lifeless protein molecules. At that point they also came to a blind alley. At that point in their study of lifeless matter, up the scale of complexity of molecules, they arrived at the same baffling gap which stopped the ambitions of the biologists in their study of living things on the downward scale. It became clear to all that there was a gap, yet all were convinced that life must begin in that gap.

Now gaps have been conquered before. The most interesting chapters in the history of science deal with such conquests of gaps. What can be more fascinating than the really true story of Neptune, that most distant and large planet of our own solar system? Leverrier, a French astronomer, noticed that Uranus was acted upon by something which nobody knew existed. He computed the attractions and repulsions so accurately that in 1846 Galle, a German astronomer, was able to point his telescope toward that gap and demonstrate the actual existence of a large planet. There was Neptune. He was not found by accident; Leverrier knew that he had to be just there. And in the field of chemistry, also, several gaps in Mendeléeff's table of elements, arranged according to their atomic weights and other properties, have successfully been filled. Thus in 1869 three elements, scandium, gallium, and germanium, were discovered because they had been missing in the scale of Mendeléeff. The gaps into which they fitted had been known. And even the discovery of radium by Madame Curie and her husband was at least partially made possible by the knowledge of an unfilled gap in the series of elements.

II

Life begins somewhere and somehow in a gap between the lowest of a series of definitely living organisms, the smallest and simplest bacteria, and the highest of a series of lifeless chemical compounds, the proteins, which are the chemical basis of living protoplasm. At least as far as size, complexity of physical construction, and functional activity are concerned, it is in this gap that living things first appear to our senses.

In reading about evolution we are told that at a certain stage, many millions of years ago, life began to develop from the lifeless materials of our earth by the combining of certain chemical molecules under ideal conditions of moisture, atmosphere, and sunshine. After that, life evolved very gradually into higher and higher stages of complexity and function. One gets the idea that life started only once many ages ago. That may be the case. But if evolution is a going thing at the present time, — as biologists and sociologists say it is, — and if life to-day is progressing toward better quality, is it not reasonable to assume that evolution at the lower end of the scale should also be in operation, and that life is constantly beginning, constantly growing out of the lifeless physicochemical background?

It is a well-known fact that there is an enormous amount of life activity in the regions beyond the limits of our natural vision. The soil, the water, and even the air, as has been recently shown at Cambridge, are teeming with bacteria of various kinds. And bacteria can multiply faster in a few minutes than the human race has done in the period of recorded history. Now just beyond the bacteria lies the gap where life must begin to make its appearance in the series of things on our planet, starting with the electron and atom on the one end and ending with man on the other end.

Do we know anything about this gap between the lifeless and the living things? Yes, we do. Within the last few years certain discoveries have been made which are not as yet known to the average layman. Thanks to the invention of the ultramicroscope and to the perfection of bacteriological, physical, and chemical technique, a new field of knowledge has been opened up which for years had escaped the searching eyes of the scientists. While perfecting the methods of studying the smallest bacteria, laboratory workers discovered the ultramicroscope and the porcelain filter. And as a result of the discovery of these two instruments of research man got his first glimpse into that mysterious gap between the lifeless and the living.

We have said before that objects which are smaller than the wave length of light cannot be seen directly even through the most powerful microscope. But, if illuminated from the side, they can be seen, because each particle becomes a point of light reflection. Just as dust in the air of a room, otherwise invisible, can be seen in the sunlight shining through a crack in the side wall — an experience we all have had. Based on this principle, the ultramicroscope enables us to see things hundreds of times smaller than the smallest thing that can be seen through the ordinary microscope. And then there is the porcelain filter, which is used to separate the microscopically visible from the invisible. The latter pass through and are called filter passers. By using filters of different grades of porcelain we can measure the size of these filter passers.

Life has been discovered in material which goes through filters. This form of life is the smallest known to-day.

III

The first intimation that filtrable living things exist was the discovery in 1892 that tobacco mosaic, a disease of tobacco leaves, was caused by an invisible germ that escaped through the meshes of a filter. Since then many other diseases of plants, animals, and man have been found to be caused by filter passers. Among them are such common ones as dog distemper, foot-and-mouth disease, chicken pox, smallpox, and measles. Altogether almost a hundred filtrable living organisms are known to-day. Some of them are harmless, probably even useful — like, for instance, the bacteriophage, a filtrable virus discovered in 1917 by D'Herelle of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, which destroys certain disease-producing bacteria.

To-day there are many scientists actively working with the different varieties of filtrable viruses, and some of them, who are philosophically inclined, are beginning to consider these filtrable organisms the connecting link between the non-living and the living things of this world. For, as we mentioned before, when we ascend the series of non-living things from electron to atom to molecule, before we can continue with our series of living things, starting with bacteria, we come to a gap in continuity. In this gap we should expect to find something which is not quite as dead as a brick, or quite as alive as a sunflower. And, lo and behold, scientists are not in agreement as to the 'aliveness' of filtrable viruses. Now, it has been shown that filter passers are not alike, but can be divided into species, some lower and some higher. We find that the lower species, like the bacteriophage, resemble in many ways the enzymes and are nearer to what we should call the non-living. On the other hand we find that the higher species, like smallpox virus, are definitely alive, which means that they eat and grow and multiply, show signs of adaptation to environment, and can be cultured in the laboratory.

When filter-passing life was first discovered it was thought that it probably was a liquid form of life. But the ultramicroscope disclosed the fact that it occurs in units of definite size, and that the size is smaller as the characteristics of the species approach the non-living, and larger as they approach the living. The size of all filter passers, however, is as much smaller than that of bacteria as a mouse is smaller than a dog. It is believed that all filter passers are parasitic in nature, and that they cannot live independently of their hosts. In some cases, as in smallpox virus, the human cells act as the host. In other cases bacteria are the hosts, in which case we are reminded of the saying, 'Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em.' The fact that among bacteria the smaller species live and multiply within the host cells, while the larger ones live outside the cells, together with the fact that filter passers apparently all live within the host cells, shows the close evolutionary relationship between the two and the immaturity of the little filter passers as far as their being independent living organisms is concerned.

Chemically, filter passers consist of protein as all other living things do. It is estimated that a unit filter passer consists of about three hundred molecules of protein compound. Each unit carries an electronegative charge. Exposure to heat permanently stops all manifestation of life among the filter passers as it does among all other living things. In other words, heat kills the filter passer. Cold, on the other hand, simply suspends the signs of life temporarily. Whether these tiny organisms are sentient, whether they are conscious, we do not know. But it is probable that any living thing, no matter how small, that knows its own habitat and pabulum and gets along in this world must have at least some consciousness and judgment. So when we take all known facts about these microscopically invisible things into consideration, we must come to the conclusion that they must be alive, some probably more so and some probably less.

Now, whether filter-passing organisms as we know them to-day are the smallest living things, we do not know. But they certainly fit into the gap between the largest and most complex non-living chemical molecule, the protein molecule, and the smallest and simplest living thing known until recently, the bacterium. The filter passer completes the series of units in nature, which starts with the electron and ends with man. Situated in the middle of the series, at the dividing line between the lifeless and the living, we find that it has certain attributes of each. If it is not the smallest and simplest living thing, then it must at least resemble it, because there is not enough room within the gap to allow for much else. At least in the light of present scientific knowledge, life begins with these filter passers to come to our attention as we ascend the scale of nature from electron to man. From some such simple origin the evolution of life on this earth at one time began. Or could it be that it is constantly beginning from something similar to these filter passers, even to-day?

NEW ENGLAND SKETCHES

VILLAGE SUNDAY

Downhill the rutted road runs through meadows rimmed with birch,
To the village green that's hedged in by the headstones of the dead;
Where old people sing in a white wooden church,
And the minister is saying what his grandfather said.

Across the square from the cotton mill the Sabbath has set free
Black-suited groups of mill hands who are garrulous and bored;
For they left the merry village inns and the wine of Tuscany
For a telephone, a radio, and a second-hand Ford.

The Higgins' tend an antique shop, the Smiths a sausage stand,
Down where the oily factory waste defiles the swimming hole;
But the Perkins' have a day of rest, they till ancestral land,
For the oldest child, Priscilla, is married to a Pole.

OLD HOUSE

There's a house across the hilltop that no one's living in,
With rotten rafters falling and windows hollow-eyed,
With weeds upon the threshold and nothing left within
But the ruins of a bedstead where the last possessor died.
The goldenrod is smothering dilapidated pickets
That protected the dooryard where the children played,
And the cow pasture's tangled with encroaching alder thickets
That obliterate the paths that the cattle made.

Strange incongruities the garden hedge encloses,
With rows of careful gardening obscured by random seeds,
With wild things from the meadows in the shadows of the roses,
And little Johnny-jump-ups that hardly top the weeds.
Birds in the dawn of day, dropping from the elm trees,
Call for the children that have wandered long ago;
And summer awakens it with riotous fertilities,
And winter makes it silent with a covering of snow.

EVENING AFTER THE HUNT

There's warm contentment in the barn to-night.
The tired mare munching her last sweet oats,
And a twittering in the rafters, from the throats
Of swallows waked by the swinging lantern light.

Come along, old hound, they are safe for the night and snug;
We are burned by the wind and somnolent from the sun.
Let us stretch our legs, saddle-weary and stiff from the run,
Mine by the fire and yours, just below, on the rug.

You're a brave dog; still a dog, and unsentimental
In love as in hunting. You'll muse of the fox in the ditch,
And grunt in your sleep as you dream of the spotted bitch.
But I am complex — in the field as in love, temperamental.

I'll suffer — we call it — and drowse between waking and sleeping,
And hope I may break my neck to-morrow — but ride
With the mare well in hand and my thighs close pressed to her side,
And my precious suffering safe in my cautious keeping.

R. S.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON[1]

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

In 1689, a son, christened Samuel, was born to a joiner who practised his trade in London. It is not likely that the father saw in his promising boy the future reformer of English fiction or suspected that he was to make the novel respectable, but the dreams of the industrious joiner were not as inappropriate as the dreams of a parent usually are, for he soon began to observe in his hopeful son traits which suggested a career in the church. In the first place the young Samuel was known to his schoolfellows by the cumbersome nickname of 'Serious and Gravity.' In the second place he had already, when not yet eleven years old, written to a widow of fifty a hortatory letter full of quotations from Scripture and directed against her alleged hypocrisy.

Nor were these facts the only ones which seemed to foreshadow success in the ministry, for the youth also exhibited at an early age that capacity for lending a sympathetic ear to female confidences which was later to stand him in good stead in a secular profession, but which has been the making of many a popular clergyman. Though a bashful boy, he was not, he says, more than thirteen years old when he used to frequent the sewing circles of the neighborhood and when three young ladies who had 'a high opinion of my taciturnity' came independently to him for aid in composing answers to their lovers' letters. He served them gladly and so much to their satisfaction that he had evidently already developed a capacity (later conspicuously exhibited) for writing feigned letters which seem authentically female by virtue of a certain modest ardor.

But in spite of these talents so early exhibited, financial difficulties made it necessary for the father to give up the plans he had already formed and to bind out the budding moralist to a printer. To the print shop he accordingly went, and, with a characteristic determination to 'do the duty nearest him,' he became, if we may believe his own improving account, the very model of the industrious apprentice. Though he had had only the most elementary of formal educations, his scrupulosity forbade him to use either the time or the candles of his master for any efforts at self-improvement, and thus the ideas which he imbibed in the establishment where he worked were uncorrupted by any thoughts or feelings unsuitable to the place. In due time he appears, as was eminently proper, to have married his master's daughter, and by easy stages he rose to be owner of his own publishing business. After bearing him six children, none of which survived beyond the age of four years, this wife died, but the loss was promptly made good by a marriage in the following year to the sister of a bookseller.

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[1] The most important single source for the facts of Richardson's life is the six volumes of *Correspondence* edited with a biographical account by Mrs. Barbauld in 1804. I am also indebted to the two best modern biographical studies — those by Austin Dobson and Clara Linklater Thomson. — Author

Richardson was leading what is called 'a useful life,' and it must be hastily confessed that he was not in any ordinary sense literary. He cared little for reading, and at the age of fifty he had written nothing for publication except a few prefaces and dedications composed as so many articles of trade. What he had done as financial competence and a certain amount of leisure were achieved was simply to move into a comfortable house just outside of London proper and there to exhibit with considerable satisfaction the virtues of his class.

Despite his eminent success in the city, he believed that he 'knew his place.' As innumerable passages in his writings show, he looked upon those whom it had pleased God to make his betters with a suitable respect, and he knew how to value, not only a lord, but a lord's second cousin as well. Yet he was far from displeased with himself, because he did not see how anybody could deny the exemplary character of his career. He had never, he said, been in a 'bad house' in all his life, nor ever, so far as he was aware, even in the company of a loose woman. He was honest, industrious, kindly, Christian, and prosperous. That members of his circle respected him was a matter for satisfaction, but hardly for surprise. He was obviously worthy of respect, and, since he had never set any example except a good one, he saw no reason for trying to seem unaware of the fact that his company and his conversation were of a highly improving sort.

Up to 1739 he had revealed no tendencies or talents not easily predictable by anyone familiar with his boyhood character. He still wrote letters with a fluency and a delight positively abnormal, but beside these harmless epistolary indulgences he was remarkable for nothing except his delight in mild conversations ranging over the narrow field which lies between moral discourse on the one hand and gossip on the other.

Thus at the age of fifty Richardson was the good man appropriately rewarded. He was also, to all appearances at least, both happy and content, and it is not likely that his beneficent influence would ever have extended beyond a narrow circle had it not been for the fact that a publishing firm happened to ask him to compile a sort of 'Complete Letter-Writer' for the benefit of semi-literate persons.

Now the Devil himself could not have conceived a trap more appropriately baited, since the proposal was one which invited Mr. Richardson to do the two things which pleased him above all others — namely, to write letters and to give good advice to inferiors. Accordingly, after making the characteristic proposal that the scope of the book be enlarged so that it might instruct the humble readers 'how they should think and act in common cases as well as indite,' he threw himself into the task with enthusiasm and produced a collection of one hundred and seventy-three letters, advertised as the work of a man who had given particular attention to the problems of courtship and marriage, and published with the following title: 'Letters written to and for Particular Friends, on the most Important Occasions. Directing not only the requisite style and forms to be observed in writing Familiar Letters; but how to think and act justly and prudently, in the common concerns of human life.'

The subjects of the letters are various and their moral tone as high as is consistent with their compiler's inveterate inability to dissociate righteousness from prudence. Most of the correspondents, whatever their sex or position, have the editor's penchant for the hortatory, and the feigned recipients are accordingly advised upon all sorts of subjects — the impropriety of following immodest fashions in clothing, the dangers to which a too ardent courtship exposes the young girl, and the inevitable vexations of all processes at law. There are, besides, letters of condolence which 'with small variations may be used to a husband on the death of his wife, and on other melancholy occasions of the like nature'; letters from 'a young lady in town to her aunt in the country'; and letters written back and forth between humble but modest lovers. All the correspondents are assumed to be very much alike in their fondness for commonplaces of all sorts, and hence all are likely at any moment either to launch into a sermon or to indulge themselves in the pleasure of making long observations not particularly original in character. Yet the book is almost fiction and is marked everywhere by a copious though undistinguished imagination.

II

Richardson did not profess to take much pride in the compilation. It was intended, so he said on a later occasion, 'for the lower class of people,' and he advised a friend that it was not worth his perusal. But it gave him an idea. In composing it he had discovered a perhaps unsuspected capacity to imagine incidents and a certain talent for writing in character. These were the gifts of the writer of romance, and, though Richardson had a very low opinion of novels in general, it occurred to him that he might turn the foolish and reprehensible taste of the generality of mankind to good account by preaching to them under the guise of fiction. One or two of the letters already written had been concerned with the conduct of a servant girl improperly importuned by her master, and when Richardson wrote them he began to remember an incident of the same kind which had been related to him many years ago and which had remained in his mind because of the instructive conclusion to which the events had led.

'I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and the parade of romance writing, and, dismissing the improbable and marvelous with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue.' The case of the serving maid Pamela seemed to him so remarkably edifying that he began to write it in the form which the *Familiar Letters* suggested.

Certain difficulties were involved, since the unfortunate girl had to be endowed with an almost superhuman capacity for epistolary composition if she was to be supposed, as is actually the case, to recount all her adventures as they occurred, and Richardson was sometimes put to such straits to explain how she obtained time and paper for her letters at certain crucial moments that Pamela is made to guard her pen and ink almost as carefully as she does her virtue, and to plan means for dispatching her letters with more ingenuity than she used in her efforts to escape the violent attentions of her master. But Richardson had never written anything but letters, and throughout his whole career as a novelist he was accordingly compelled to make each of his characters a victim of his own epistolomania.

In this species of composition his

fluency was, however, amazing. He began *Pamela* on the tenth of November, 1739, and finished the second volume (692 printed pages in all) exactly two months later. But from the beginning he had what he could never do without — female approval. 'While I was writing the two volumes my worthy hearted wife and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them some part of the story, which I had begun without their knowing it, used to come into my little closet every night with: Have you any more of *Pamela*, Mr. Richardson? We are come to hear a little more of *Pamela*, etc.'

Thus encouraged, he proceeded with enthusiasm, and the book was published anonymously in November 1740, under the following characteristically explicit title: 'Pamela: or, Virtue Rewarded. In a series of Familiar Letters from a beautiful Young Damsel, to her Parents. Now first published in order to cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes. A Narrative which has its Foundation in Truth and Nature; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of *curious* and *affecting* incidents, is entirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to *inflame* the Minds they should *instruct*.'

Pamela was not intended for 'the lower class of people' exclusively, but it was aimed straight at the great bourgeois public which cared more for respectability than for art, and its success was never for a moment in doubt. Only the existence of a great hunger never before fed can explain the amazed delight with which it was received, and almost from the day of its publication to the day of its author's death Mr. Richardson, that great and good man, was immersed (though never overwhelmed) in a flood of flattery more deep and soothing than any ever enjoyed before or since by fortunate penman.

Perhaps Rousseau and Voltaire made more noise in the world. Perhaps their renown was greater. But by the generality of mankind they were suspect. One admired their genius while one depreciated their tendency, and even as one applauded one entered caveats unnecessary in the case of the great champion of indubitably virtuous ideas. Here at last was a literary genius as understandable and as sound as he was brilliant — someone who could be taken to the bosom without reserve. He drew tears, not for Hecuba, but for his own readers, and that was much; but it was not all. In principles he agreed with the great public against the wits. He was as right-minded as he was great. And here, for once, was a man who had not been compelled to make the choice generally considered inevitable: he was both clever *and* good.

Hence the trickle of praise which had begun with the 'worthy hearted wife' gradually swelled into a torrent of admiration as persons farther and farther removed from the domestic circle of the author added their tributes. Shortly after publication Richardson sent a copy to Aaron Hill, — a minor *littérateur* who deserves to be remembered less for any of his writing than for the fact that he named his three daughters Urania, Astrea, and Minerva, — and to Hill's credit it must be said that he struck the right tone at once. On December 17, 1740, he begins coyly (while still pretending to have no suspicion as to the identity of the author) with an expression of pleased amazement. Who, he asks, would have dreamed to find under the 'modest disguise of a novel all the soul of religion, good breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thoughts and morality?' But who, pray, is the author, and 'how has he been able to hide, hitherto, such an encircling and all-mastering spirit? . . . If it is not a secret, oblige me so far as to tell me the author's name,' for the book will live and 'twenty ages to come may be the better and wiser for its influence.'

It is true that Hill expected and received from Richardson some slight return in the form of very moderate praise of his own work. It is also true that Hill was financially obligated to the author of *Pamela*. But his laudations were hardly less hyperbolical than those of persons who owed the fortunate author nothing whatever. Mr. Pope, to be sure, contented himself with saying rather ambiguously that the book 'would do more good than many volumes of sermons,' and indeed it was not as yet from the literary that the author received the highest praise. But ladies of fashion were said to carry the volumes about with them just to show that they too were reading what everybody talked about, and at least one preacher promptly recommended the book from the pulpit.

The further down one went in the intellectual scale the more touching were the evidences of the book's power to stir hearts and moisten eyes. Without doubt the 'new species of writing' had caught on, but the most remarkable feature of its vogue was the fact that the emotions which it aroused were not apparently æsthetic in character, but somehow warmer and more intimate. Richardson was at once overwhelmed with personal letters. Was the story true or false? Who was the original of the incomparable Pamela? Everybody was delighted, but everybody was also disposed to weep tears which seemed to be, in part at least, tears of relief. Something long awaited had been let loose upon the world. A new pattern of feeling had been created.

III

If the book which thus became not so much a literary event as the occasion of a crisis in the history of human sensibility had subsequently got itself lost, we might well have been excused if we had lamented our loss as one of the saddest in literary annals. But the marvelous romance — which many good judges believed unequaled by anything in its kind until the appearance of Mr. Richardson's second work — was not lost; it remains, on the contrary, to be read by any reader curious enough to peruse the pages marked by a certain fatuity effectively concealing whatever merits they may possess.

Pamela is a lady's maid left by the death of her mistress at the mercy of the latter's rakish son, Mr. B. Mr. B loses no time in proposing to set her up as a sort of *maîtresse en titre*, and when she retreats under a barrage of virtuous sentiments the young man is so impressed that he redoubles his efforts to obtain a prize made triply valuable by a resistance founded upon such honorable sentiments. An attempted rape is somewhat mysteriously frustrated by the indignation of the intended victim, and the villain (drawn in lurid colors) plans a stratagem. Promising Pamela that she shall be conducted in safety to her poor but virtuous parents, he has her carried instead to a farmhouse managed for him by a sinister female, and, soon putting in his appearance, he resumes his threatening importunity.

Poor Pamela is now in the most desperate straits. Her citadel is assaulted alternately by cajolery, by abuse, and by another attempt at violence nearly successful. Moreover her writing materials are almost exhausted when Mrs. Jewkes (the traitor's housekeeper) gives her 'a bottle of ink, eight sheets of paper and six pens, with a piece of sealing wax.' 'This,' says Pamela, 'looks mighty well,' and she can now continue to scribble at a desperate rate an epistolary account of her trials and a full exposition of her sentiments. Beset though she is, she will never, she assures her parents, forget either the humbleness of her position or that virtue which is her only glory. With great complacency she describes the admiration which her conduct has aroused among the better sort of people, and she recounts at length the frenzy to which her exemplary inflexibility has driven Mr. B. How great are her trials, but how great is her glory!

Mr. B continues alternately to flatter, to threaten, and to rail. He calls her by every abusive name he can think of. He loads her with obloquies. But this madness is merely the sign of a defeat not quite acknowledged, for suddenly, almost in the midst of his most venomous insult, he surrenders to an impregnable propriety. Will Pamela, who can be neither seduced nor violated, consent to marry him?

The reader is surprised, but Pamela is not. She is immediately mistress of the sentiments which she believes appropriate to the circumstances. She remembers her place and the gulf between her and her master which nothing can really bridge. She is overwhelmed and she is grateful. Can Mr. B, rich and elegant as he is, stoop to her? It seems that he can, and the remaining third of the book, devoted to Pamela's triumph, includes a full account of both her sentiments and her wedding dress. 'Mr. Colbrand being returned, my master came up to my closet, and brought me the license. O how my heart fluttered at the sight of it. . . . I made bold to kiss his hand; and, though unable to look up, said, "I know not what to say, Sir, to all your goodness: I would not, for any consideration, that you should believe me capable of receiving negligently an honor, that all the duty of a long life, were it to be lent me, would not suffice me to be grateful for."'

Such a synopsis — and indeed any possible synopsis — can reveal only the absurdity of the story. Nor is the novel itself — redeemed though it is by Richardson's remarkable talent for creating a convincing character — likely to produce upon the reader any impression except one of amazed incredulity at the humorless obtuseness of its feeling. Mr. B is so devoid of any reality as to make it impossible to discuss his motives or his character; and if Pamela is real enough, her complacent vulgarity is so completely beyond all description that even promiscuity would seem, beside her calm determination to resist all importunities until the monster consents to buy her off, at least commendably generous.

Moreover, it is possible to account for every detail of her behavior without any reference whatsoever to any principle belonging in the realm of morals. Like all maidens, she had a jewel, and the precious possession was one to be safeguarded with all the watchfulness of a traveler who passes through some bandit-infested waste. The thing — though to all appearances no more than a pretty trifle — has a value, thanks to which it can be bartered or sold; and therefore it must not be lost. He who allows it to be taken from him is criminally careless; he who gives it away is a fool. But in the end it must be sold. Thus, in the spirit of a dealer in precious stones, Pamela goes about her business. It is not the man but his terms she objects to, and when he meets hers she accepts them. She and her parents rail against the wickedness of those who cannot hold out as she has done, but by wickedness they mean folly. Skill in trade is a citizen's virtue. Pamela held out for a good price, and in the end she got it. Thus is virtue rewarded.

This word 'virtue' slipped as easily from Richardson's pen as it did from the tongue of Pamela, but there is no evidence that it had for him any awful or mysterious meaning. Usually it is merely a synonym for a technical continence mechanically maintained, and it never implied anything not definable in common-sense terms. Honesty, industry, amiability, and even generosity find a place in his creatures as they found a place in his own character, but these qualities are always useful to those who possess them, and no man was ever less capable than he of understanding anything which approached the quixotic. Perhaps he would have refused to equate virtue and prudence, — to admit that honesty and benevolence and continence are virtuous *because* they bring ease and security and competence, — but the fact that they do so is the outward sign of their character and the way in which God reveals his love for those who practise them.

Unable to distinguish between an inward state of soul and the conduct to which such a state was conventionally supposed to give rise, he used 'virtue' (that is, continence) as a mere synonym for chastity, and he was as incapable of imagining that a continent woman might be unchaste as he was of conceiving the possibility that chastity might be the attribute of a woman neither virginal nor married. Since Pamela resisted the seduction of her master she was inevitably both 'pure' and 'innocent,' just as a man who gave alms was inevitably 'benevolent.' Thus goodness became mechanically determinable and the idea of righteousness shrank into the idea of respectability.

The character of Pamela is one so devoid of any delicacy of feeling as to be inevitably indecent. She seems to have no sense of either her own or any possible human dignity, and she is admirable only if a dogged determination to resist violation is considered to be, by itself, enough to make her admired.

IV

Yet none of the objections which are so patent to any critical reader of Richardson appeared as defects to his enthusiastic admirers, since his moral feeling was distinguished from that of his middle-class fellows only because it was more perfectly typical than that of most. It was the bourgeois respectability of his century purified of all individual eccentricity, uncorrupted by any trace of either mystical enthusiasm or skeptical worldly wisdom. He thought what others thought in their most commonplace moments; he was not Bobus, but Bobissimus; and his readers relaxed with comfortable security in an atmosphere so much like that of their daily lives.

Among writers of robuster intellect, eighteenth-century materialism took other forms. An ironic skepticism developed in minds which had divested themselves of all concern with the transcendental and made them disturbingly critical. But the literal, unimaginative mind of Richardson stripped every idea of the aura which surrounded it and then rested complacently content with the bare formulæ of a dry convention.

A little later on he could dare attempt to draw a picture of the perfect gentleman, because gentlemanliness — like purity and virtue — was not to him an illusive quality, not something evanescent and indefinable which emerges as the result of a delicate balance or a spontaneous harmony in the soul, but a simple, mechanical obedience to easily establishable canons of rectitude and decorum. Right thinking (aided a little by the precepts of a revealed but simple religion) could, he believed, determine what a man ought to do — just how generous, how forgiving, how prudent, and, of course, how condescending to his inferiors he ought to be. Hence to create a model gentleman it was necessary only to invent an automaton perfectly obedient to all the rules. For him the flavor, the perfume, and that nameless grace which makes an individual charming, counted for nothing, and he would have been almost as much puzzled by the suggestion that his creation lacked the personality necessary to make him appealing as he would have been shocked by the suggestion that a trace of some human failing may contribute, when nicely placed, to the charm of a character.

And yet *Pamela*, considered purely as a novel, did have one great intrinsic excellence. The central character is delineated with a dramatic realism quite independent of the moral judgment which either the creator or the reader pass upon her. She is a creature solid enough to be completely dissociated from the personality of the man who described her and to be subjected to analysis again and again as standards change, for Pamela herself is a masterly objectification of unconscious vulgarity, to the completeness of which her vision of Mr. B contributes. Richardson seems to have achieved an imaginative identification with her which is admirably complete, and he knew so exactly how such a person would talk, act, and feel that he drew of her a portrait seldom equaled so far as sheer realism is concerned. Yet it is hardly to be supposed that either the enthusiastic encomiums which were heaped upon it or the international influence which it exerted is to be accounted for by the solitary and purely technical excellence which we have granted it.

Great popularity is seldom if ever the reward of mere fidelity to fact. To win it the writer, passing beyond mere imitation, must achieve some sort of pattern in which fact is balanced against fact, emotion against emotion, and end result against end result, in such a way as to constitute an interpretation of life and its laws satisfactory to his readers. This interpretation may be profound or shallow, and it may be essentially noble or essentially vulgar; but it is the pattern (often felt rather than intellectually comprehended) which takes hold of the imagination of readers and the pattern which is taken over by subsequent writers belonging to the same school.

Now Richardson did achieve such a pattern. It was, moreover, one which had been imperfectly sketched out again and again, particularly by the second-rate playwrights, during the half century preceding the publication of *Pamela*, and he had, therefore, over and above both the merit of his skill in portraiture of a certain kind and the accidental advantage of his conventional respectability, a great charm for his contemporaries — the charm, that is to say, of a new pattern which had long been struggling into existence without ever having been so nearly achieved before.

But since Richardson, in the most impressive of his novels, was later to achieve a more complete mastery of this emotional pattern, we shall postpone until we have come to that work any attempt to analyze or evaluate it, pausing now only to remark two things: first, that the vague word 'sentimental' is the one most generally used to describe the mood which the pattern evokes; and second, that it was destined both to dominate fiction for a long time and to survive very conspicuously into the literature of to-day.

V

After *Pamela* had been published and praised, Richardson, like the sober man that he was, made some attempt to return to the humble occupations which had formerly been his. The pen which had depicted the apotheosis of the serving maid consented to employ itself in editing a new edition of Defoe's *Tour through Great Britain*, and the brain which had conceived so generally acceptable a reward for virtue busied itself with making analytical summaries for a volume of the diplomatic correspondence of Sir Thomas Roe. But destiny, aided by an inordinate love of praise and an imagination doubly restless because it had been so severely curbed, again drew him irresistibly toward independent authorship.

He was now living, not far from London, in a comfortable house to which his admirers resorted to pay tribute to his genius and to contemplate with an almost religious awe the domestic life of a man whose example was universally admitted to be no less valuable than the precepts which he gave under the guise of agreeable fictions. Here he could make 'ten beds' for such fortunate intimates as were permitted to spend the night under his roof, and here in the garden was a summerhouse to which these intimates might repair to hear the latest pages of manuscript read aloud by the author himself.

The time was to come when Richardson, even though at the height of his fame, could fish shamelessly for compliments, and he was ultimately to die, as Dr. Johnson bitterly remarked, 'for want of change among his flatterers' — to perish 'for want of *more*, like a man obliged to breathe the same air until it is exhausted.' But now, at the period of his greatest creative activity, he was living not only in a state of perfect domestic bliss, but under conditions which assured him a plentiful supply of the life-giving element.

It is true that his wife was generally supposed to be of a rather unusually self-effacing disposition, and true also that one of his intimates even brought herself to observe that the daughters behaved in a manner which suggested that they might be less at ease than would have been anticipated with so perfect a father. But Richardson hastened to assure them that even this was also well. 'A mixture of fear with love' was, he said, necessary to make an obliging wife, and as for the 'stiffness' of the daughters he could only reply that 'too much reverence is not the vice of the age.'

Nor did any of these friends fail to accept as more than adequate such explanations. 'Most of the ladies that resided much at his home acquired,' it was remarked, 'a certain degree of fastidiousness and delicate refinement which, though amiable in itself, rather disqualified them from appearing in general society.' And if this was the result of a formal association, it was not surprising that the wife who shared his bed and the daughters who had had, from earliest infancy, the benefit of his corrections exhibited to an even greater degree this amiable inability to feel at home among more frivolous companions. But surely the constant presence of the author of *Pamela* was more than enough to compensate for the absence of less improving associates. Give 'my love to Mrs. Richardson and to all who have the happiness to be under your roof,' wrote Miss Fielding, sister of the author of *Tom Jones*. 'Methinks, in such a house, each word that is uttered must sink into the hearer's mind, as the kindly falling showers in April sink into the teeming earth, and enlarge and ripen every idea, as the friendly drops do the new-sown grass, or the water-wanting plant.'

Mr. Richardson now began, however, to extend somewhat the range of his acquaintance, and sometimes consented to absent himself from domestic bliss for the sake of a short exploratory tour into that world of fashion of which he felt himself more ignorant than was wise for one who hoped ultimately to instruct it with tales of virtue in a higher place than that from which Pamela had been so deservedly lifted. Into his circle he admitted the rakish laureate, Colley Cibber, because of Cibber it could at least be said that he professed an admiration for the virtues which he admitted his inability to practise. More surprisingly still, the laureate was allowed to remain even after he had scandalized his friend by finding the latter's admiration for male virginity irresistibly risible. And upon at least one occasion Richardson paid a visit to Tunbridge Wells, where he strolled with a timorous delight in the midst of a gay company and did not remember (until near the end of the letter in which the visit was described) his duty to remark that 'modesty, humility, graciousness, are now all banished from the behavior of these public-place frequenters of the sex.' 'Women,' he concluded, 'are not what they were,' and he seems to have been so struck with the observation that he made it the subject of a paper which he contributed, some three years later, to Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*.

It has been shrewdly suspected that Cibber supplied some of the traits for the portrait of the fashionable rake who was to play a prominent part in the new novel, and so much superior is this portrait to the previous one that the mere critic is impelled to wish that Richardson had abandoned himself more freely than he did to the society of people less ready than the members of his inner circle to agree with everything he said and to adjust their manners as nearly as possible to what he considered the ideal. But his love of a sort of flattery which only inferiors could give, his need to be immersed constantly in an atmosphere which could only be generated by the soft, almost sensual adoration of ardently inexperienced females, drew him always back to the charmed and isolated group of his intimate worshipers.

From the outside world he could get recognition as a writer, and the approval of the rich and fashionable must have been sweet to one who never ceased to be acutely aware of all class distinction. Yet what he enjoyed most and needed most was not recognition of the sort appropriate to a man of letters, but the assurance that his excellence was primarily the result, not of merely literary talents, but of the perfection of that character which he had no doubt begun to console himself by cultivating while still playing the rôle of industrious apprentice. Avid for flattery of any sort, he liked best the compliments which implied that the conspicuous virtue of his heroine was drawn from some inexhaustible reservoir of goodness within his own heart, and the inhabitants of his private little world were experts in this sort of thing.

Nor is it, under the circumstances, very surprising that he sometimes turned from precept to practice when his benevolence was repaid as amply as it was, for example, in the case of one Letitia Pilkington, a literary adventuress, who came to no good end, but who could repay a charity with a poem, which included, among other similar tributes, the following couplet:

Angels enthroned in bliss with rapture see
Their own divine perfections live in thee.

(*'Samuel Richardson and His Clarissa' follows in August*)

WASTE OF BRAINS

BY M. ROY RIDLEY

I

WE hear a great deal about waste of man power and the conservation of material resources. But there are things much more vital to a country — waste of brain power and the conservation and development of intellectual resources. The United States is often criticized for what seems to the outside observer its lavish waste of what it appears to think are limitless material resources. But the question might well be asked whether the United States is not even more blindly, and in the long run even more disastrously, wasteful of its intangible resources, not least among these the potential brain power of its youth.

Much, probably too much, has been written in the last few years about American education, and comparisons, flattering or the reverse, have been drawn between it and other systems, both by outside observers and by internal critics. But there is one point of contrast between the American and English systems of education which is seldom alluded to, since neither type of observer sees it. To the English observer it is so much part of his natural background that he accepts it, as he does so regrettably many things in his own country, as a law of the universe, and so is not on the alert for its absence elsewhere; and for the same unintelligent reason he fails to draw his American friends' attention to it as an essential feature in English education. Yet it is fundamental.

There are various aspects of English education, and from one aspect, no doubt, the aim of the system — if there can be said to be a system — is the provision of education for all. But from another aspect the aim is to sift out the best brains of the country and secure that they shall be developed to the full extent of their powers. And perhaps the most essential part of the machinery whereby it is attempted to achieve that aim is the system of competitive scholarships, which applies a perpetual intellectual incentive, not only to the individual able boy, but also to the educational institution of which he is a member. The great public schools offer scholarships to those seeking entrance from the preparatory schools; the winning of one of these scholarships, particularly at one of the three or four schools where the standard is notoriously highest, is not only a feather in the cap of the winner, but also a free advertisement for the preparatory school from which he comes. The individual colleges at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge also offer competitive scholarships to those seeking entrance, and again the winning of such scholarships, particularly at one or two of the most famous colleges at each university, is a matter of the keenest rivalry, both between individuals and between schools.

With many of these scholarships the actual emoluments vary according to the need of the winner; and some few of them are 'close' — that is, are open to limited classes, sons of clergy, sons of men killed in the war, residents in a particular district, and so on. But the winning of the very great majority of them, and of all the most distinguished, depends upon one thing and one thing only — that the winner has better brains than his competitors. Poverty is no disqualification; but equally it is no qualification. It is merely irrelevant. The institution which offers the scholarships is out to attract to itself the best brains it can get. It does not suppose that the son of a miner is likely *a priori* to have either better brains or worse brains than the son of a wealthy aristocrat, or to be more or less deserving of opportunity. It proposes to determine this by allowing them to compete, with only one criterion by which to judge them.

What is the result? The result is that the able English boy is working under a spur. He goes to his first school at the age of about nine. His ability is recognized; he is told, and his parents are told, that he is capable of winning a scholarship, let us say at Eton or Winchester or Rugby, and he is educated with that in view — which does not mean that he is 'crammed,' since examiners are much too skillful to be deceived by the results of cramming, and the process defeats its own ends. The boy finds himself in competition with others whose ambitions are the same — or perhaps it would be truer to say for whom the school's ambitions are the same, since the English small boy is much the same as others, is not a prig, and is more excited by the prospects of making his school team than by academic success. But he does at least know that the winning of the scholarship will make a great difference to his parents' pockets, may make the difference of how good a school he can go to, and will bring honor to his present school. So that he and his teachers work together with that end in view.

At the age of about fourteen he goes with his scholarship to his 'public school.' Here from the start he is a marked 'man'; he has come as a scholar, and he is to leave with a scholarship to the university, or he and his teachers have failed. The internal system of the school tends to make his progress as rapid as is consistent with soundness. There is no question in an English school of more or less automatic promotion at yearly intervals. As soon as he has covered a particular piece of ground the able boy moves on to the next 'form' in the school, as a rule moving up one step at the end of each of the three terms into which the school year is divided, leaving his slower companions to take two or three terms over the same piece of ground. He thereby reaches the top 'form' two years, and sometimes three, before the end of his time at school, and there spends his time in prosecuting his education with greater freedom and with the specific aim of winning a scholarship.

The winning of any scholarship will be a financial saving to his parents, and a distinction to himself. The winning of one of the half-dozen or so 'Blue Ribbon' scholarships will be a high honor to himself and his school, and will be later a marketable asset in his record. Even at the university something of the same sifting and grading of brains continues and something of the same incentive is in operation. The final examinations grade the students in 'classes'; the numbers in the first class are strictly limited, and to have secured a first class gives a cachet which in many careers will be of great value.

In brief, then, from the time when the able English boy goes to school at the age of nine till he leaves the university at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two there is no period at which the strong incentives of consideration for his parents, personal ambition, and the spirit of competition with his fellows are not urging him to develop his powers to their limit.

II

The position in America — so far as a pretty intensive nine months' study of educational institutions entitles an observer to speak, which is no doubt not very far — appears to be in the sharpest possible contrast. There are, of course, scholarships, but many of them are limited by conditions of poverty or provenance; and even those which are not so limited seem to be not so much distinctions for outstanding ability, which anyone, whatever his means, maybe proud to win, as methods of enabling the poor student of ability to get through college without too much waste of time in working his way through. Such scholarships in themselves are fine things, but their whole impact on the general educational system is entirely different from that of the English scholarship.

Further, the American boy normally proceeds by stages which are adapted to the capacities of the mediocre, and in very few schools can his own efforts do much to accelerate his progress. No automatic incentive is applied to the able boy to stretch himself; as he can do his work in half the time that is allotted to it, and human nature being what it is, he does very easily what is necessary and his brain gets flabby for lack of exercise. Much the same is true of many of the universities and colleges. The curriculum is adapted to the capacities of the average. Again and again I heard from undergraduates themselves some such comment as, 'Of course, I can get by, hitting on two cylinders instead of six.' And one undergraduate of a famous Eastern university put much of the matter in a nutshell when he said, 'We think we have democracy in education; we feel vaguely that to separate the able from the mediocre is in some undefined way undemocratic. So we say we aim at equality of opportunity, and what we secure is equality of achievement.'

If that is true — and I believe it is far too true — it implies a staggering wastage of brain power which even so great a country cannot permanently afford. For the achievement on one side of American education, the provision for all citizens of educational opportunity, and for most of them of educational opportunity up to an age and at a level far beyond what the corresponding youth in other countries can hope for, no foreign observer can feel anything but profound admiration. But that achievement is not, as seems sometimes to be assumed, in the nature of the case incompatible with the full development of the picked brains of the country. If national education means anything at all it means that the State cares that the best of its youth should be so trained that they can contribute to the service of their country the best that is in them. American youth has potentially a 'best' to contribute, and actually a readiness to contribute it, inferior to none in the world. But the training, for want of incentive, is lacking, and the wastage grave.

The problem is a complex one and will no doubt be solved, if at all, along more than one line. But it would be interesting to see what would happen if some of the money which is lavished by generous benefactors were devoted to the foundation of a new college (or, less promisingly, to the modification of an existing one), strictly limited in numbers, of which the endowment should be such as to secure in the first place that in each year a number of completely open competitive scholarships could be offered to at least one third of the total year's entry, and in the second place that the faculty could be hand-picked for the task of educating these picked students, and not merely filling them with information. That is not a mere utopian chimæra. It needs money, of which there is no lack, and a readiness to experiment, which is increasing. A man with generosity, wisdom, and courage enough to translate that fancy into fact might be moulding the future beyond his dreams.

THIRTEEN

BY SHERRY MANGAN

I

'I THINK it's getting worse, Martha.'

'Oh, it must n't! It's too bad, it's too bad!'

Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton continued to stare out of the living-room window into the almost darkness. It was raining. Torrentially. There was no way of deceiving one's self about it. The lightning and thunder were the worst that summer. And the rain was settling down to a steady downpour, with something vicious and personal about it. A few hardy souls whose business or temper made haste exigent could be seen through the dusk and rain fighting their umbrellas into the wind.

'I'm very much afraid it will keep people away,' admitted Mr. Stoughton, miserably enough.

'Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!' not helpfully replied his wife.

A mantel clock, with preliminary whizzings, struck the half-hour. The single stroke echoed through the house, and, dying away, was drowned by the gusty tattoos of rain on the windows.

'Half-past seven. We must be starting soon,' announced Mr. Stoughton.

From the floor above came the sounds of a flute, runs and trills that made apodeictic the metaphor of running water.

'He keeps at that little fast part even while he's dressing,' said Mrs. Stoughton. 'He's a little worried about it. I do hope it will go well, that little fast part.'

'The presto,' automatically specified Mr. Stoughton, turning gloomily back to the window. 'Lord, what a storm!' There was for a moment only the sound of the rain; then he added: 'He'd better finish dressing and trust to luck on the presto. It's getting late.'

The flute, after thrice running through a more complicated flourish, was silent. In the renewed silence the two parents looked fearfully out at the dismal street, at the rushing gutters. Again no sound but the driving rain.

'Of course, I'm a business man and not an artist,' began Mr. Stoughton, thus forestalling his wife's usual objection, 'but I think he should have put the ticket-selling end of this concert into the hands of a professional manager or at least someone who knows about business. Having a concert in the summer when so many people are away is bad enough; and especially I don't think this way of putting window cards in shops and leaving a few tickets on sale inside is really the best way. I dropped into a few drug stores in the last few days, and they'd only sold one or two tickets each.'

'But, Arthur, it would have cost money to hire a manager, and he did n't want to put you to any more expense than he could help.'

'The ticket end of this is a business matter, Martha, and in business you've got to spend money to make money; you've got to advertise. As it is, there's considerable expense for the high-school hall, and the printing, and the accompanist, and the dress clothes, and the supper, and so on, and it does n't look like much return.'

'But, Arthur, he said his mind was so preoccupied with the playing part of it that he could n't be bothered with the commercial end.'

'Yes, yes,' answered Mr. Stoughton, drumming on the sash and staring at the undiminished rain. A sore point.

'Besides,' added his wife, 'surely his old school chums will turn out for him, and then — It's only this storm that bothers me. What a pity, what a pity!'

There was again only the dismal sound of the rain, a sound that makes even the most lived-in house seem deserted.

'Well,' drawled Mr. Stoughton finally, 'I guess I can spare the money. But it's the turnout I'm thinking of. Damn this rain!'

The two again were silent. The rain rained. The darkness deepened. The wind blew, gustily. The rain rained. Rained. And rained.

At a quarter to eight Gordon came downstairs, his only-son manner heightened by virtuoso tension. Assiduous brushing and a minute application of vaseline had given to his mouse-colored hair form if not distinction; his twenty-year-old face was shaved and excited; a new dinner jacket sat with apparent fit upon his relative thinness. On the handle of his flute case his right palm was damp.

'Oh, Gordon, how lovely you look!' exclaimed his mother.

His father grinned and nodded: 'Not bad, son. Well, are you all ready? Got that presto?'

'Got it cold, Father. I just want to get at them.'

'Good. I'll get out the car, then. It's a rotten night, son; hope it won't keep many away.'

It was obvious that Gordon too had been watching the storm, and had reacted to it. He answered, with a trace of bravado: 'If the mere matter of a storm would keep people away, then they are n't really interested either in good music or in me. Why, the movies are full on rainy nights.'

'It's unusually bad, son.'

'Damn the weather. Who cares? I guess my own good friends won't let a little thing like weather keep them away.'

His father shrugged slightly, got into his raincoat, and opened the front door. The first gust blinded him.

'Little thing like weather!' said he to the wet. 'Well, I can't do anything about it.'

II

At eight o'clock, his windshield wipers hissing with only relative success, Mr. Stoughton was negotiating the driveway into the high-school yard. The left rear wheel going over the curb, there was a jolt.

'For heaven's sake, Father, I'm feeling on edge as it is. Don't do that.'

Mr. Stoughton rubbed his lower lip over his moustache twice before answering gently over his shoulder: 'Excuse me, Gordon. It's hard to see.'

They turned up at the stage entrance. Mrs. Stoughton broke silence: —

'Are you quite sure you would n't prefer us back-stage with you, Gordon?'

'No, I've told you plenty of times already that I want to be alone with the accompanist, so I'll not be distracted.'

'Very well, Gordon.'

He got out, dashed the few feet through the rain; the black door swallowed him. Mr. Stoughton parked the car.

'Have you the umbrella back there, Martha?'

'Yes, Arthur.'

They opened it and ran to the hall entrance. Inside, they shook themselves, blinked at the lights, saw Henry Ranger, Gordon's closest friend, sitting at his little table before the auditorium doors.

'Good evening, Henry. Wretched weather, is n't it?'

'Never saw anything like it. Tough luck on Gordon.'

Mr. Stoughton coughed. 'Many here?' he asked.

Young Ranger coughed. 'Well . . . no. In fact,' — he tried to grin, — 'only three so far.'

There was a moment's silence, modified only by Henry's ruffling a pile of three hundred programmes. Mrs. Stoughton clucked to herself. Mr. Stoughton and Henry looked at each other.

'Well,' said Mr. Stoughton finally. 'Well, that's pretty bad.' He looked at his watch. 'Still, there's eight minutes to go.' Upon which the outer door opened, and a wet gust blew in an old gentleman, Mr. Daventry, Gordon's former grammar-school principal.

'Good evening, Mrs. Stoughton. Good evening, Mr. Stoughton. Good evening, Henry. Frightful evening, is n't it? I hope you're all well.' He neatly put his ticket on the table, took a programme, and went in, looking old and rather wet. He had walked from the car stop.

Mr. Stoughton said 'Four' to himself. Mrs. Stoughton swallowed the lump, watching the door close behind the principal, who reminded her of many things, among them Gordon's teacher at the Conservatory, away in Europe for his vacation.

'There's another,' announced Henry.

'Yes,' answered Mr. Stoughton. There seemed nothing else to say.

Another gust blew in Miss Phyllis Cartwright.

'Oh, how do you do! Mother and Father did n't dare come out, though they had tickets. But I could n't let Gordon down, so I took a taxi and here I am. What a dreadful night it is out! Shall we go in?'

They went in.

The hall seated four hundred. The four were spread a little.

They sat near the front. On the stage was a piano.

They waited.

III

What sounds emptier than an empty hall? When Mr. Daventry, who was catching cold, coughed, it echoed so hollowly that subsequent coughers simply rasped their throats in soft and apologetic wise. The echo of the cough having at length died, there was silence and waiting. The bang of the outer door penetrated to them; then voices; the padded door of the auditorium thudded. Though Mr. Stoughton succeeded in not looking around, Mrs. Stoughton from the corner of her slued eyes saw her old friend Nellie Hayes, a thin, kindly spinster of fifty, walk quietly down the centre aisle and seat herself.

'Nellie Hayes, Arthur.'

'Specially nice of her, considering her health.'

Programmes rustled. The three

high-school friends who had arrived first whispered hoarsely among themselves.

Following another bang, everyone tried not to notice too pointedly the voices in the corridor. Another thud. There entered two Conservatory classmates. Less ill at ease, they talked in more nearly normal voices. Their arrival improved the atmosphere. Mr. Stoughton was able to nod to Miss Hayes. But, somebody reversing his crossed knees, the sound of the foot scraping was sufficient to renew the embarrassment. Mr. Stoughton, having, unseeing, read the programme for the fourth time, looked up at the tall windows, black and uncurtained.

'Counting ourselves, that makes ten,' he reflected.

Mrs. Stoughton looked alternately at the two stage doors. Both were tight shut; no one was peeping. What could Gordon be thinking?

One Conservatory student corrected *Addagio* on his programme to *Adagio*, glancing quizzically at his companion, who said: 'Guess I'll wait another year.'

'Be better. Funny — home town and all.'

The next bang was loud, and the subsequent voice plainly audible: —

'Yes, of course it's a rotten night. Quite right. Lousy. But it's my business to hear this concert, and it's not raining in the hall, is it?' A pause. 'Damned good programme — not a blithering bird-call on it.'

Most of them frankly turned at the thud of the auditorium door to regard the speaker. A tall heavy man of, say, thirty, he had an air of caring little about people, places, or manners. He went halfway down the aisle, coughed, listened, moved back five rows, listened, and, sitting down, proceeded to read a paper-covered book. Nobody knew him; everybody, wondering, asked his neighbor. Followed a mild susurration of speculative whispers.

Mr. Stoughton looked at his watch again: eight-fifteen. Two deep breaths did not relieve his muscular tensity; and either way he crossed his knees they were uncomfortable. No one having peered through the stage doors, he realized that Gordon, unprepared, was going to take it on the chin. Mr. Stoughton was frankly afraid. What could the poor devil be thinking and feeling back there, shut up, waiting, looking at his watch?

In the scattered audience watching the stage doors there was silence and waiting. But another thud announced another entry — another high-school friend, who with much embarrassed laughter and much unnecessary handshaking joined the other three. Again silence and waiting, broken by two coughs and one dropped programme. Cyclically: first they were waiting, then they forgot they were waiting, then they were waiting again.

Catching them forgetfully off guard, the stage door (simultaneously with a gulf under Mr. Stoughton's feet) opened suddenly, briskly; and it was briskly that Gordon Stoughton walked without hesitation through spattered and distinct applause across the stage to front centre. He was undeniably pale. But on his face was not too desperately fixed a pleasant sour little smile; and his bow was half to the audience and half to fate. Mr. Stoughton took a deep breath, feeling his heart grow hot with pride. Gordon's simple entrance, unheeding as a sleepwalker's, had overcome the programme rustling, the pale embarrassment, the applause, the emptiness, and even the hollow echo of his own steps across the wooden stage.

He turned without too great haste, raising his eyebrows in inquiry, toward his accompanist, who was still rubbing his hands on a stage handkerchief and moving the non-adjustable piano bench meticulously backward and forward. Mr. Stoughton held his breath as Gordon held his position. The accompanist hastily completed his manœuvres and nodded. Gordon nodded, turned back, raised his flute to his lips. Looking once, in a quick flash of eyes, over the audience, he took breath, and began. From the flute streamed an introductory trill, strong, firm, confident. The piano struck the first chord on the opening beat as the flute went into the statement of theme. The concert had begun.

As it began, so it went on. To thirteen nervous people engaged in the benevolent conspiracy of pretending that they were three hundred, a young man, who, somnambulist, cared little whether they were one or a thousand, played in three sections, with unhurried intermissions, flute arrangements of alive and agreeable pieces by such as Rameau, Couperin, Scarlatti, Cimarosa, Bach, and Mozart. Each time he played, the audience enthusiastically clattered with distinguishable hands; each time he met their kind applause with the same crisp bow, better than it had been in the mirror the preceding month by the extent of his tautness and hurt. As a matter of historic fact, Gordon Stoughton played that evening with considerable technical brilliance; as for the dubious presto, there alone his obscure anger at the long hours spent in preparing for these thirteen fiendishly kind people breaking out in action, he struck into it at a tempo that nearly paralyzed his accompanist with fear that he would go to pieces. He did not; by some miracle of youth and cold anger he raced breakneck through its convolutions to a brilliant conclusion that made even the little audience, ignorant though it was of the technique of the flute, breathe quickly at a genuine *tour de force.*

This does not mean that Gordon played in a masterly manner. The emotional possibilities of the flute are slight even in great hands and under the most favorable circumstances; and it is cold inspiration for an 'artist' to play to thirteen people in a hall for four hundred, even if that 'artist' is just an earnest young man from the Conservatory giving his first recital, in his home town's high-school hall. It may be argued that there was perhaps not much warmth to Gordon's renditions, but there was a certain angry brilliance of technique; and that was something.

Thus it went. He played; they applauded; and eventually, when the sympathy and embarrassment wore off sufficiently, it is to be presumed that the audience actually enjoyed itself. The stranger applauded loudest of all, louder even, perhaps, than Mr. Stoughton, who was admiring his son for more things than flute-playing.

When the last nice piece was nicely rendered, and the pleasant young man had pleasantly bowed to the almost too prolonged applause of the little group he had entertained, and had left the stage not running, Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton, accompanied by Miss Phyllis Cartwright, walked across the hall, where the people, anxious in renewed embarrassment to leave, were talking together and were putting on their raincoats and placing carefully folded in their pockets the programmes which they would throw dog-eared away the following rainy Thursday — walked through the hall which was again seeming empty because the young man was no longer obstinately and skillfully playing his flute on the stage in the front part of it, to the door connecting with the back of the stage; and fear was upon them. Not only generally, but, in addition, before the concert they and Gordon had arranged a congratulatory supper party to celebrate Gordon's success, which situation was now badly bothering Mr. Stoughton, who was by nature less delicately diplomatic than he at this awkward moment earnestly wished. Mr. Stoughton was moreover afraid that he could not show his son why he admired him at that moment more than almost anybody without hurting his as he knew oversensitive feelings; Mrs. Stoughton was more simply afraid that Gordon would be feeling badly; and Miss Phyllis Cartwright was feeling something or other obscurely unhappy which she could n't express, which did n't matter, because she would n't try to, but predictably would kiss Gordon good-night in a pleasant young way when they took her home, which is what Gordon mostly needed in that particular quarter, because young men are rather more than likely to have odd notions about young women like Miss Phyllis Cartwright, who was almost blonde and had kind hands and was n't much good at algebra. These three, then, opened the door and fortunately found Gordon shaking hands good-night with his accompanist, who, having to catch a train back to the near-by larger city, went out into the night, where it was raining not so much. Gordon turned in the empty passage to greet them.

'You played beautifully, and everyone enjoyed every bit of it,' said his mother — which was probably the best thing she could have said under the very special circumstances.

'You stood up to it, too, son, in a way to make me very proud of you,' added his father. Which was perhaps awkward but appropriate.

'Oh, Gordon, it was wonderful!' said Miss Phyllis Cartwright. And though this was hardly a significant comment, it did n't matter while she was looking at Gordon, for young men, as above, have the oddest notions.

Gordon exhaled a hearty lungful of a training-breaking cigarette and took a deep breath.

'We all agree,' he said, with still a trace of bravado, 'though you have n't any of you mentioned it,' — he paused half a moment, — 'that the audience was ridiculously small, that I have fewer friends than I thought, and that I rather made a fool of myself. But I know that I played damned well, that I'll have more practical sense next time, *and*,' he ended with an almost normal smile, 'that I'm hungry. Let's eat.'

Mr. Stoughton felt strongly that it was pleasant being a father, Mrs. Stoughton breathed in relief, and Miss Phyllis Cartwright went down the corridor to the greenroom to help Gordon pack up his flute.

So, joined by Henry Ranger, who carelessly or tactfully forgot to turn in his tickets, they went out to Curtis's Florentine Grill, where a table had been reserved. They were not tragically gay. Gordon had all the things he liked to eat, and looked at Phyllis mostly. He moreover thanked his father for his expenditures on the concert, which thanks his father pooh-poohed less delicately than he might have done, being proud and excited and never very good at turning a phrase gracefully. Henry Ranger rendered himself as agreeable as he could, and suggested the pleasant speculation that the mysterious and apparently musical stranger could be none other than a sort of scout, like a baseball scout, looking for big-league talent. A dance orchestra, moreover, played several pieces of soporific music, which Gordon and Phyllis danced with their mouths tasting of chicken à la King. The waiters treated them just like any other pleasant party, because, not having been at the concert, they did n't know whether it was tragic or comic or anything special. Nor did anyone else, properly speaking. Nor was it.

They drove Phyllis home, dropping Gordon to kiss her good-night in the manner in which it was done in this city, and picked him up again after they had delivered faithful Henry Ranger at his ordinary house. And went home to Barclay Street, where again Mr. Stoughton tried to show pride without offense, and Mrs. Stoughton was rather too devoted for Gordon's adolescent taste, which saw sentimentality in anything.

IV

Gordon's gasping sobs were plainly audible in his parents' adjoining bedroom; they could hear the creak of his bed as he flung himself about on it. They lay motionless, looking with slitted eyes at the wall flickering in the faint light from a distant arc lamp shining diagonally through the window, each pretending to the other to be asleep.

Mrs. Stoughton finally got noiselessly out of bed.

'Where are you going, Martha?'

'Gordon's crying. He *was* hurt, after all. I knew it.'

Mr. Stoughton got out of bed and went up to her.

'I should n't, Martha; really I should n't. You remember three years ago when he failed to play in that Thanksgiving Day football game at high school. You remember it only made it worse, and he held it against you for weeks. He would n't want us to show we knew.'

'Well, perhaps you 're right, Arthur. But his own mother! . . . And it breaks my heart to hear him and not be able to help. It just breaks my heart, it does,' she repeated, getting back into bed and pulling the bedclothes around her impatiently.

'I don't feel good about it either,' said Mr. Stoughton with deceptive gentleness, as a particularly desperate sob penetrated to them. 'I don't know,' he concluded, standing at the window and looking diagonally across at a light in the house where Doctor Mahoney was supposed by gossip to have lost his mind on account of his wife. 'Poor kid. Nothing we can do. Too bad. I don't know.'

There was no sound in dark Barclay Street save, in the next room, Gordon Stoughton's young sobbing, diminuendo.

THE SERPENT IN THE ORCHARD[1]

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

HANS, who had accompanied the car of apples, met me at the railway station. His rough brown cap with 'storm doors' fastened above, to be lowered in cold weather, was drawn down over his peering blue eyes. From this I argued that Hans was in a low state of mind. Not that his cap was ever jauntily over one ear, as a lighter nature in a holiday mood might have worn it. But I had learned that when the cap was close behind his ears it signaled that the market for apples was unsteady, and that there was little inclination to deal. Pushed back on his round yellow head the brown cap announced that the market was firm. When, as to-day, the visor was just above his eyes, it portended creeping paralysis of the will for Hans, and consequent initiative and referendum for me. A somewhat vivid imagination supplied initiative, but referring any unexpected plan to Hans called for courage and patience.

Now, in spite of storm signals, Hans fulfilled his customary obligations to me and to the weather. 'Howdy. It is yet clear but cloudy, and the rain might hold off till night yet.'

We paid the agent a quite ruinous freight bill, and Hans guided me across the labyrinth of tracks to the box car that housed our hopes. The car was well placed, and in spite of signs and portents my spirits soared. For in the frequent switchings we had undergone with the previous car I had learned the value of an accessible location.

'Fine!' I exclaimed.

But Hans choked out: 'There is three cars of apples on track here. This town ain't more'n 'bout fifteen thousand. They are all on demurrage. Be'n here more'n a week, and can't sell.'

So that was it. And here was a maximum carload of our best hand-picked apples, and an appalling freight bill just paid!

'What kind of apples are they?' I quavered.

'I don't know. I did n't want to see 'em. We better move on right away now.'

'But, Hans, the freight bill! Let's visit the cars and look at their old apples.'

We found that two of the unfortunate cars held Ben Davises, not at all a popular variety — and they were seconds at that. The other car was of apples unknown to me, but by their dull color I was certain they were 'drops.'

'Who's afraid? Do push back your cap, Hans. We'll sell. A dollar and a half the bushel. Don't lower the price one cent. Have the agent unseal the car. Cheer up — you'll sell. I'm going to breakfast now.'

'Hold on yet!' cried Hans desperately. 'You stay a minute and start selling. I'll never make it. Whenever you light out to do anything impossible, it's always me has to do it. That price is twicet as much as the other cars are asking.'

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[1] Earlier chapters in this series appeared in May and June.—EDITOR

'And our apples are twice as good. You sell! I'm going to breakfast. I'll come back at once.'

'Breakfast? It's mighty nigh dinner time, ain't it?' And Hans blinked mild disapproval. This matter of breakfast always irritated him. Breakfast, after hours of work in the faint dawn, should be a substantial meal, supplemented by all that was left from yesterday's dinner. A cup of coffee on rising, with fruit later, — raw fruit! — or, worst of all, a radish, was little short of immorality to Hans.

But breakfast this morning was but an excuse for flight. For always the very hardest thing for me to face was the railways, with their freight cars. An irrational horror had ever possessed me as I watched those reluctant segments of a fiery-eyed serpent that writhed and hissed across the land. As if awaiting a blow, I was always expecting a carload of crowded, frightened cattle. Never again would they drink the sweet water in quiet pastures, or lie beneath the willows and watch the wabbly calves with proud, contented eyes. And homesick chickens, wont to croon about the yard or tap timid feet across the shadowy old barn, now huddled together on their way to a worse fate. And above the shining rails, clinging for life, I knew were often men, desperate, friendless, homeless.

How I had hated these sullen clattering Robots that distributed the necessities and the luxuries of civilization! Now, in all this sordid wretchedness, I had taken my place. I 'must sell my soul to save my life.' Now each day before my work I must wrestle with this morbid weakness; though always I comforted myself by reminding my soul of the probable limited consciousness of apples!

II

After a silent prayer, and a good cup of coffee at a little café, I set out blithely to present my banker's certificate, for raising such fine unconscious apples, to the mayor of the city.

He was fat, and fishy-eyed, and he asked me many questions which scarcely seemed pertinent. At last he sighed, and swelled, and smiled, and said: 'Well, I can't give you a written permit to sell, but I'll ask the police to let you alone. The city council has a new law that lets them charge any license they like. But you go on and sell. I guess we'll leave *you* alone. Where is your car? I'll drive down after a while and see your apples.'

Suddenly the mayor's face grew cherubic in my eyes. I thanked him warmly and hurried back to the car, where I found Hans with his cap at half mast sacking York Imperials for admiring customers not familiar with our showy apples, which I regret to say I have heard experienced horticulturists call 'whopper-jawed bluffers.' For Yorks, though large and highly colored, are always larger on one side, because of an inherent defect in pollinization; and to me they are about as palatable as a raw potato. Though really, with us, fall apples, they keep well, and are supposed to mellow with time. Truth to tell, I have never lived long enough to see one mellow. Still, they are liked as table apples, and except for the Rome Beauty we have no better baking apple.

Hans had held the price; we were selling well, and I looked about for a helper. A tall limber man in a discouraged suit of thin gray clothes — it looked as if it had tried its best to fit him, and had given up in despair — approached me and said: 'I ain't engaged in doing much just now, and I thought I might advertise for you.

House to house, you know. I know every woman in this town. Fixed up puffs for 'em.'

Puffs? Puffs? I wondered. Cream puffs, now, or newspaper? So I hazarded: 'Oh, a baker. Cream puffs?'

'No'm; hair puffs — like they used to wear. I've made puffs and switches for everybody in town at one time or another.'

In spite of Hans's warning frown I engaged him, for I felt that his former occupation would inspire confidence.

'I'll hire you a truck cheap to deliver my orders,' he said, and shambled away determinedly, sending in enough orders for a truckload in an incredibly short time.

Late in the afternoon a man from Minnesota with a carload of potatoes appeared on the track next us. I heard him ask Hans what license we paid, and before I could make Hans understand the wisdom of silence he boasted: —

'We don't have to pay no license. We raise these apples ourselves.'

'Well, then,' said the potato man, 'I guess I raise these here spuds, too.' And he unsealed his car and began to sell. It troubled me; but here came the mayor in a most elegant car, and Hans sacked him five bushels while I smiled my thanks. Hans, who has an exaggerated respect for anyone representing the law, gave him the finest apples, and presently whispered: 'See that there man with the fine gloves on? His hands is both false. He's the police judge.'

Gaunt and pale, with great pained eyes and two perfectly gloved hands that seemed to mock his restless arms, the police judge seemed an alien in this crowd of buyers, testing the apples and watching the measures — for in this state we could sell by measure and not by weight.

That night at a pleasant hotel, Hans, who preferred to lodge near the car, sat in my little sitting room and announced that he had 'a awful gloom, and trouble was a-comin'.'

Hans's prophetic powers were, I knew, unerring; but, while preparing my mind for the worst, I tried to cheer him by offering to listen to the last number of *Hicks' Word and Works.* Hans refused to read. He said that I did n't have the right consciousness that the world was a ship sailing through space. Then I asked him to watch the sailing moon from the balcony. This was ever my best card in moments of stress. Presently, from the balcony, he said: 'I'm a-goin'. The moon looks just like a big yalla York Imperial to-night. I wisht I had a little more physic. I just got enough to trouble me.'

It descended early — the trouble.

The following morning at the car, when every prospect pleased, Hans suddenly sat heavily in an apple bin and hissed, 'You're goin' to be arrested! You're goin' to be arrested!'

And there stood the chief of police with a shining star and a haughty mien.

'Is this your car?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Have you paid your license to the city?'

'No. I raise these apples myself.'

'That don't cut any ice in this city. The council sets the license, and this time it is fifty dollars a day.'

'Have you seen the mayor?'

'It's not his business. I'm chief of police. I don't need to see the mayor.'

'Well, I do. He has bought apples at my car. He promised to protect me. I have not the slightest intention of paying the city fifty dollars a day.'

'All right. Then I'll have to arrest you.'

'You have a warrant?'

'I don't need a warrant. I've caught you in the act.'

Little did I understand city government. It seemed to me that, could I but see the smile on the cherubic face of the mayor, my troubles would vanish. So I said: 'Will you go with me to the mayor's office?'

The chief smiled ambiguously, but he said, 'Yes, I'll go.' He politely concealed his radiant star, and we set out at once, followed by amused bystanders.

'Here's a lady that says you gave her permission to sell a carload of apples without a license,' said the chief to the mayor.

'Me?' cried the mayor, glancing uneasily at the group of men behind us. 'Me? That's the council's business.'

'But,' I cried, 'you promised to keep the police from interfering with my car! You told me to go on and sell. And you bought apples yourself at the car.'

Someone chuckled behind me, and the poor bedeviled mayor, who no doubt had yielded to an unwarranted impulse of kindness and was now reminded that a mayor should never yield to anything outside his own particular sphere, turned his fishy eyes upon me and said, 'It must have been someone else you saw, lady. I don't remember that I ever met you before.'

Again the mayor sighed and swelled, but this time he did not smile. Instead he turned his back, walked to the window, and lighted a cigar.

With a high head and a desperate attempt at dignity I walked past the grinning crowd, accompanied by the chief of police. Outside he said, 'I hate to see a nice lady like you bothered like this. You see, we wanted to let you off, but that potato man from Minnesota — we could n't get him without getting you. He swears he raised the spuds himself. I'll bet he never saw a potato growing in his life. But we got him all right. He gave bond, and his trial is set so far off he'll never get back to it. So his bond is forfeit. Now I'll tell you what you do. Just give me twenty dollars and we'll call it square, and you can go on and sell out.'

'Not twenty cents!' I snapped.

'Aw, now — ten, then?'

'Not a postage stamp.'

'Well, then,' sighed the chief, 'I'll just have to take you to the calaboose.'

'Without a warrant?'

'I tell you,' said the patient chief, 'I caught you in the act. But here's what I'll do. I'll give you till three o'clock; then if you don't pay up or shut up I'll just have to run you in.'

III

I found poor Hans with a 'heart spell,' ran for hot coffee and tablets, and watched until the blue left his lips. Then I sat on an apple bin and tried to think.

In the evening paper I had read a reference to a lawyer known throughout the state for brilliant defense of the poor and friendless, who found themselves unjustly accused or suddenly found out. He lived in this city, and I wish that I might give his name here, for not only did he prove a friend in need, but to this day he looms in my mind as a great and good man. He has gone now, to a world where the poor and the friendless need no defense, but his name is still hallowed in more hearts than mine.

Admonishing Hans to make hay while the sun shone, and warning him that fifty dollars a day loomed, perhaps, before us, I set out to find this lawyer. He was not in his office, and would not return for hours. I hurried back to the car, sold apples, and after two hours talked with the lawyer, using the telephone to tell my troubles, much to his disgust and against his will. He advised me to let myself be arrested and taken at once to the police court.

On the way I must telephone him, and he would meet me there.

At any rate the populace was on my side. For at three o'clock, when the chief of police appeared, he pushed his way through a jeering crowd assembled before the car door. The chief invited me to pay a fine for two days. I refused. He said rather pathetically, 'Lady, you are making a monkey out of me. Why n't you be reasonable? Come on, then, to the calaboose! You'll like it there. It's in the very prettiest part of town. It's a historic place, where the old fort used to be. I can see it's just the kind of place you'll like.'

I did not answer, and carefully tied a sack of apples that Hans had just sold.

Hans, white with apprehension, whispered, 'Better go with him right now. He'll put handcuffs on you, then we *will* be plumb disgraced!'

A hollow-eyed, bearded man, who looked as if he might be a preacher of the gospel, cried: —

'Make him take you! Make him take you, lady! We'll swear he took you by force. It'll give you a stronger case against the city for illegal arrest.'

As I watched the deepening disgust on the countenance of the harassed chief, the advice appealed as an amusing idea. So the exasperated officer of the law dried his beaded forehead with his handkerchief, and, amid the hisses of the crowd, gently and decorously lifted me from the car.

I called to Hans to ask the preacher to help sell — I expected the chief to order the car closed, but he did not — and waved a cheerful good-bye, answered by cheers from the populace.

It was a short if unpleasant walk to the calaboose, and the chief granted me permission to telephone my lawyer. I thanked him by unfeigned admiration of the historic part of town. There was a mellow beauty about the place where once the gallantry of the state assembled, and where, no doubt, the gaunt old trees look down on many a rebel heart with less secure defense than the old fort.

The police station seemed to be so full of people that I asked the chief softly in surprise if they were all criminals. He replied sourly that he guessed they were — they looked it. Beside me on the bench sat a somewhat disheveled sister in crime. In a social effort I asked her in a low tone if the pale man with the gloved hands was the police judge.

'You bet he is!' cried my sister in a loud and contemptuous voice. 'You bet he's the judge. You just wait till he swats you with one o' them plaster o' Paris hands o' hisn!'

A flush suddenly diffused the pallid, suffering face of the judge. I turned away my eyes, and when I looked again his great eyes met mine with a smile.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the room, a hush, and men stood aside as a burly figure with a massive head of iron-gray hair entered, searched the room with his eyes, approached me without hesitation, and invited me to step outside.

We stood under a tree behind the calaboose while he asked me questions and read my certificate, always peering into my very soul with shrewd but kindly eyes. Presently we returned to the courtroom and he demanded immediate trial for me.

At first blush this may seem a trivial occasion, and an opportunity, perhaps, to play politics. But, first and last blush, it was no trivial occasion to me; and as the man's deep voice filled the room the people ceased to smile, and I grew suddenly ashamed of my own petty troubles. For the counsel for defense used this opportunity to plead for the poor and the unfortunate, and to denounce greed and corruption in high places. As I listened, my own struggle with poverty seemed such a very little thing, in all this welter of woe and injustice. I wanted to go out and sell that I had and give to the poor. Besides, no lady such as my counsel described — a poor and worthy widow who had brought her little all to a sister state and who was trying feebly but courageously to defend it — could fail to live up to such a reputation for gallantry. I all but resolved to go forth and present the car of apples for distribution among the poor of the city.

No one appeared against me. (Afterward I heard that the city attorney drove out of town to avoid appearing.) The police judge, pale and stern, said that this arrest was persecution instead of prosecution, and I was free. My lawyer refused a fee. He said it was pleasure enough to fight injustice. But in the gentlest voice he went on, 'My child, you have chosen a hard road. Is it necessary?'

'I chose it,' I answered, 'and my orchard is all I have. But "necessary"? "Necessary" is such a hard word to define.'

He laughed with unexpected hilarity and, disavowing all thanks, strode away.

Outside, the world looked somehow different. My horizon had widened. It was not the effect of my disillusionment as to mayors, or of my harrowing experience of arrest and trial. I knew that it was the spell cast by an unusual, a great personality. But who can define the mystery of human personality? It always cheers my bewildered mind and doubting heart that, like Heraclitus' 'pleasant voices' and 'nightingales awake,' science 'he taketh all away, but that he cannot take.'

Lost in thought, it was some minutes before I noticed that the chief of police walked beside me.

'Say,' he said, 'I'm a widower — everybody knows me. How'd you like to go on to a movie?'

I fear the kindly chief instantly regretted his invitation; for at that moment my frayed nerves gave way. I laughed for a whole half block, and wept shamelessly the remaining half. Having expected to enter a new world of higher ideals, instead I called a messenger, sent the good news to Hans, surreptitiously powdered my nose, and went with the chief to two moving pictures. At each of them I arranged for a slide every ten minutes, reading:

APPLES!

STRAIGHT FROM THE PRODUCER
TO THE CONSUMER
Track 3
Union Station

At dusk I joined Hans at the car, paid the worthy preacher, to whom Hans had become much attached, asked the 'puff man' to help to-morrow, and we closed the car. Hans was all for 'running a revenge' on the city for illegal arrest, and the preacher strongly advised it. Instead, the preacher, Hans, and I celebrated at a supper in a near-by café, afterward looking at the moon through a telescope a man had set up on a street corner.

To-morrow would be our last day without demurrage, and half at least of the apples were not sold. Demurrage was, I think, only a dollar a day, but it was a matter of pride and of expediency to get away. One cannot take up a residence in a box car, though Hans ungenerously advised the custodians of the three other apple cars to put in lights and heat for the winter.

The following morning it was pouring rain, and I taxied to the car in rather low spirits. But Hans announced at once that 'the stars was n't agin us no more.' They had 'blowed the whistle at the Works,' and a man had made a speech about us, and the Works had sent in orders 'most enough to sell us out.'

At noon, in the spiteful rain, an Apollo in overalls brought us a most delicious luncheon in two shining pails with curious compartments. Hans found a box, Apollo a clean newspaper for a cloth, and we sat on inverted peck measures. I found a box of marshmallows in my pocket for our hot coffee, and we talked of the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, and I promised to learn to be class-conscious, and we were so merry that the haughty railway clerks that passed under their dripping umbrellas looked in at us with contempt and, I am persuaded, a spice of envy.

The whistle blew at the Works, Apollo bought some apples, and we thanked him and told him we should never forget him. And we never have.

At dark we were sold out to the last apple, and I had what seemed to me a great deal of money in my hand bag. It was still drizzling rain, and as I could not find a taxi I started to walk on toward the hotel, hoping to find one in a safer neighborhood. A man stepped from the shadow of a vacant building, drew something from his pocket, and in my terror I thought he pointed it straight at my heart. To be robbed! After all our work and 'plumb disgrace' of arrest! I tried to scream, but my throat would not work.

'Lady,' said a timid voice in a sweet familiar Southern drawl, 'lady, here's the papers all about the lodges I belong to — so's you'll know who I am. I been watching you for three days, and I heard that lawyer say you was a pore and worthy widda woman. I don't live here. I live in Kentucky, and I got a mighty fine farm there. I'm going back to-morrow and I've found the woman I want to marry. You just look over these papers, and I'll come round to the hotel directly.'

Relieved at my escape from a robber, I stood in the rain, reckless of my Sunday hat, and explained that my heart was buried, that I had a most outrageous temper, and that I was in an extremely precarious state of health. I thanked him warmly for the honor and walked on with the wilted hat a little higher. For, after all, a proposal is a proposal.

IV

The next morning Hans and I boarded the train for home with joyous hearts and a most eloquent check. Patient Bird whinnied to us from the livery barn at Clintonville; and how happily we loaded the shackly old cart with wildly extravagant supplies of food! Hans celebrated by buying a pair of shoes guaranteed to last him six months — they looked as if they were resolved to live that many years — and I by purchasing magazines for myself and little gifts for the caretaker's children.

Bird ambled happily the nine miles home, and as we reached the orchard the sun set and left a long line of palest gold at the edge of a pearl-gray sky. My five thousand trees, like an assembly of gray Quakers, waited, each with its curious air of patient expectancy, for the call of the Spirit. Answering, each soul would sleep in the warm earth through all the winter's cold. Alone with a tree, I always feel that, could I but listen aright, it would willingly explain the never-failing springs of happiness beside the bitter waters of evil. We have learned that 'the flower in the crannied wall,' even though we were on conversational terms, can scarcely in a 'random' universe tell us the secret. But a tree knows not alone the rapture of sun and summer rain, the birth of leaves and the glory of their death; but, too, it knows the torture of thirst and the distress of storm, and many a cry of pain it hears from little feathered folk or scurrying furry forms. Wise with the wisdom of years, it drinks of deep delight and defies with pride the challenge of evil. 'Under my sheltering arms the birds nest, and flowers bloom, and weary men rest, and children play. Beneath it all are everlasting arms that shelter you and me.'

I spoke something of this to Hans, who was usually patient when fantastic thoughts bubbled up. But, jealous for the supremacy of man, Hans scouted the idea of any consciousness other than our own. 'Man,' he said, 'was elected to conquer, and to run a revenge on all nature. The Bible says that man must even subdoo the animals — let alone try to talk to trees.'

Vexed, I seized the lines, pretending that he might 'subdoo' Bird; but I forgave him instantly when he cried, 'See our smoke for our kitchen yet! It's the prettiest blue smoke in the world.' And there it rose, exquisitely blue, slowly and serenely to the cold sky above our home.

The caretaker gave me the receipts, accepted his wages and the gifts for his children, and set out at once, promising to return early Monday for the loading of our next car, glad indeed that it was Saturday night.

It had turned suddenly colder, and I gave Bird an extra feed and talked to her as she ate. Hans, who pretended to despise the fireplace for its devouring greed, cried, 'Wait till I bring in a acre of wood and start you a fire!'

And what a supper we had! Hans, as ever, tipping and tilting on his chair, and always falling backward in some breathless moment of excitement or hilarity (a habit that proved embarrassing in accounting to hotel managers for mysterious smashes in my sitting room).

'Remember,' cried Hans, 'when Judson butchered a beef and they made fun of us because we could n't buy nothing but a ten-cent soup bone? And that time Miz West give me a cracked egg on her way to the store?'

'And,' I answered, 'how we boiled it very hard, divided it exactly, and ate it together on the south step?'

'And sassafras tea! That was the worst. Have another cup of cocoa? Whoop!' And over he went, long practice enabling him to retain a hold on an unbroken cup. Ah, those are good days and nights to look back upon!

After supper Hans read aloud a chapter in his Bible about how the Lord had spread a table for him before his enemies. Then he greased his new life-insured shoes, yawned, and climbed the stairs to his attic of legless furniture.

Deep waves of silence beat upon the little house between forest and orchard. I take from the dusty mantel *Amiel's Journal* marked by little aged hands forgotten now by all the world save me alone. And I follow awhile an exquisite mind through paths of beauty and of doubt to sad plains of resignation. Suddenly I am inexpressibly weary, and my heavy eyes look into the glowing cavern of the fire: and the violet flames that float above the red coals are violet shadows on a summer sea; and the bright flames from the oak's heart are fields of yellow poppies that stretch away from ocean's shore; and the whisper of the fire is the chuckle of the water beneath our boat that rocks at anchor beside the little lost island where our camp fire burns.

DEFICIENT

BY HELEN GARNSEY HARING

I

OUR boy was three when a nerve specialist said to me abruptly, 'The child is deficient.'

I knew that diseased parents frequently condemn their offspring to mental and physical deformities, but I had not until that moment imagined that 'people of our sort' might have deficient children. Of course we refused at first to accept such a diagnosis, and consulted successively, with less and less hope, many diverse specialists. Even now (and the boy is twelve) I can scarcely credit it. I have never been able to say the word 'feeble-minded' at all — but I have had to learn a great deal about feeble-mindedness.

Perhaps the fact that has seemed to me most singular is that the deficiency which cannot be accounted for by heredity or disease is *not* an extraordinary phenomenon. On the contrary it occurs so often that every child born runs the risk of being afflicted. The general state of health of the parents, their worldly status, their attitude toward the expected baby, the existence of other normal children, the care given the mother, weigh not at all. As one physician put it, 'You buy two watches made by the same firm for the same price: one keeps perfect time, the other can never be regulated. No one knows why.'

Such children in the state institutions alone are counted by the hundreds. The correlated astounding facts are that, despite the prevalence of feeble-mindedness, physicians do not know why it happens and so cannot prevent it. And they do not know how to cure it.

There are types of deficients easily classified, — that is, the idiot, the moron, the cretin, and so on, — some recognizably incapable of any development whatever, others whose progress and limit of attainment may be accurately forecast. But there are many like our boy who fall into no category. The plight of the classified is heartbreaking enough, but at least there one is not groping in the dark — searching for a clue, tortured by the fear of just missing it. For, one hears, a deficient child *has* been cured — glandular secretions, adenoid growths, or cerebral pressure were found to be responsible for the trouble. Sometimes even he simply 'seemed to outgrow it and now is perfectly well.'

The parents of a child that exists only as a living organism have but one problem to consider — its physical care. The parents of an essentially vicious or totally irresponsible child can have no choice about its disposition. But the questions which parents in our situation must decide are complicated indeed. A few apparently answer them as it was once suggested that we might: 'Put him in an institution and forget that you ever had him.'

It can easily be done — all but the forgetting. Most physicians say, however, 'We don't know what the future may bring forth. Hope — and give him every opportunity.'

Our boy is personally attractive. I have always been thankful that he is. Many subnormal children are, for one reason or another, unpleasant to look at. He is extremely affectionate. He adores music, appreciates color, has a neat sense of humor, is a keen observer. His faults are serious lack of concentration, of ambition, of that self-control which emanates from the normal, innate conception of what is or is not 'done.'

Such a backward child is pathetically a real child of nature, with the frankness, the unconsciousness, the innocence, and the flashes of insight which inspire the beautiful Irish fancy that they are dear to the fairies. But such qualities certainly make adjustment to civilized daily life most difficult.

If someone says in company, 'One of my children was born blind (or deaf, or lame),' the greatest sympathy and interest are displayed. 'How are you teaching him?' 'Is he happy?' 'There are compensations, after all!' But if one says, 'My child was born deficient — he is twelve years old but only seven mentally,' a curious restraint paralyzes all tongues. This attitude, the result of very general ignorance, must be endured unless one adopts the protective policy of silence, of 'forgetting that you ever had him.' Yet how unreasonable it is that to the sorrow of having borne a helplessly handicapped child should be added the burden of undeserved humiliation!

It seems to me that this is almost the hardest obstacle to surmount when trying to shape a life for the deficient. No allowances are made for him, no one wants to help him — he is an outcast. And that is why the unclassifiable, the border-line, cases are really the most tragic.

II

There is the paramount problem of education. A tutor at home is not the desirable solution. All human beings must have companionship, and one of the things the backward child often has to learn is how to get on with other people. He does not coöperate easily; he may be stubborn and selfish because he lacks the social sense. But he cannot attend the schools designed for his normal brothers and sisters. There are some 'special' classes in the public schools (but very few), there are private special schools, and the public institutions. The financial capacity of the family must be considered here. How much should the normal members sacrifice to give the subnormal one his chance, when the hope of real benefit is at best very doubtful? Yet, again, if anything is to be accomplished it must be in the early, plastic years. And instruction short of the very best obtainable may mean irretrievable opportunity lost.

Most doctors advise sending the child away to school. They believe that he either receives too much attention or is ignored at home, that he may disturb family harmony, deprive the other children of a natural home atmosphere, be unhappy himself, a conscious misfit. At school he will be under the direction of instructors trained to cope with his needs, on duty for short intervals and so not hurried or impatient. He will be among his peers, some of whom he is bound to excel. He will not be reminded that he is 'different' by restrictions peculiar to himself. And his family at home are unhampered.

The private special school is very expensive. Wealthy parents, willing to pay more than generously for expert instruction, make a sliding scale possible, but still, for people of moderate means, with the education of other children and the probability of providing lifelong care for the deficient to consider, the fee may be almost prohibitive. The alternative public institution is probably far better equipped from an all-round educational standpoint, but it has (at least in our state) very disagreeable features. The child becomes really a state ward. The parents may visit him only on set occasions. He has but one short vacation at home a year, in midsummer. He may or may not be 'paroled' when of adult age.

In order that he might have special medical treatment, we sent our boy at three and a half to a private sanitarium for children; but removed him after six months when we were convinced that the treatment was accomplishing nothing and that in every other way he was being neglected. The woman physician at its head was constantly away, attending conferences or lecturing. The nurses were unintelligent. Our baby could not express himself, but it was only too apparent that he was unhappy. Thereafter, until he was eight, I taught him at home with sporadic assistance. Then we finally decided to send him away to a private school.

It is, I am sure, one of the best in the country, conducted by a physician of experience and high ideals. But it has the faults which we have come to believe are inseparable from any attempt at mass education of the subnormal, whether under public or private control. If the head of such a school is a big person, clients will flock to him. With outside demands upon his time for consultations, and so on, and the administration of a large plant, obviously he must depend upon others to carry out his ideas. However well conceived and planned these may be, the patience, enthusiasm, and personality of the teacher count for everything. To find willing, capable assistants for such exacting work is a very difficult task. For the director to check their success by keeping in intimate touch himself with fifty children or more is a practical impossibility. Yet it is absolutely essential that the deficient be studied, controlled, understood by someone he trusts, who *wants him to develop* and is always there to help him. That vital interest cannot logically be very strong in a casual, no matter how conscientious, instructor.

Then the whole routine of life as it must be arranged for so large a specialized group is unnatural — not really fitting the child to adjust himself to the world outside. He is not called upon to face unexpected situations, he need never make personal decisions. He becomes 'institutionalized.' At the same time, he is exclusively surrounded by other subnormal children, his peers but not his exemplars. He is imitative, and, as he knows no better, is prone to acquire the undesirable qualities he sees in others. And because he is admittedly queer, it is only too easy for him to form, unreproved, bad habits which he *could* overcome.

Perhaps some of these faults could be done away with in a very small private school, but if it were a really good one it could not avoid growing. Every sort of pressure would be brought to bear to permit the admittance of additional pupils — because there are so many children of this sort whose parents do not know what to do with them!

III

Now, after three years of boarding school, we have our boy at home again. He was always very homesick — he had reached the point of asking, with tears, why he must go away, while his brother could stay at home. He did not seem to be progressing enough to justify his (and our) unhappiness. We foresaw the difficulties when we decided to make the experiment, but we felt that we could never be satisfied until we had given him his chance, here in the environment evidently most congenial.

Our immediate household has easily made the slight readjustments. His brother leads the distinctly separate life of any older child, yet his very presence stimulates the admiring younger boy. The children who run in and out become to his subconscious mind patterns for behavior — even their naughty reactions are normal ones! Since we have made no secret of his 'illness,' their attitude toward him is an incurious one, and, as a rule, chivalrous. Like all properly brought up children, our boy realizes that if he is good he will be rewarded; if he is not, he will have to be disciplined. He falls into line because everyone else he is associated with does. Thus, to my mind, in dealing with this type of the subnormal, the important thing is not to search for a square hole to fit the square peg, but to ease it into the round hole at hand by smoothing off its corners. It may never fit, but perhaps it won't fall out!

In making plans for the family as a whole, when we finally decided to have our boy permanently with us, we determined that it would be wise to relieve any strain by a definite separation from him each year. So we send him to a special camp for two months in the summer. This temporary change of authorities is also good for him, and he is freer and enjoys a larger variety of activities than we could provide at the average seashore resort.

The question of having him taught has for the moment been solved by entering him as a day pupil in a very small special private school in a near-by town, one of the few schools which will consider day pupils at all. Its head is a quite unusual young woman; I can only hope for the sake of the children that she will be able to keep the enrollment down. Her personal talent for teaching, her intimate knowledge of each of the dozen boys and girls, are accomplishing a great deal.

But our boy is not being trained here in handicraft, in any occupation that he can use as he grows older. So I have investigated other avenues. Near enough for daily commuting is the state's great school for the handicapped, a model for the rest of the country: practically self-maintaining with its farms, dairy, and many shops; where a boy, if he cannot learn to read, may become an expert cobbler, where a girl who could not manage a typewriter weaves lovely scarfs on a loom. The ideal combination for our child — to live at home and go to a school like that! But we cannot enter him except as a resident, subject to the drastic restrictions of visitors at stated times, of one two-week vacation a year, 'because,' as the superintendent explained to me, 'we cannot run the risk of the contagious diseases that might be brought in by a day pupil.' I offered a list of such diseases successfully weathered, — including all but the most rare! — but to no avail.

We have thought too of arranging for manual instruction at home. It is difficult to decide without a trial what trade might attract our boy, and the necessary apparatus and the services of an instructor for one individual are costly.

There are other problems. Public prejudice, as I said before, has to be braved. The child must be really a sharer in our family life if he is to benefit from it. He cannot always be rushed off upstairs when callers arrive. His social training is even more important than his brother's. If he is to have a place in the world at all, he must behave outwardly as the rest of us do.

He cannot afford to become excited and lose his head when the unexpected happens. Therefore, also, he must be taken out of the quiet home routine sometimes — shopping, to the movies, traveling. All of this basic training means patient effort and determination on the parents' part, and it is made harder by the embarrassment frequently suffered because he is 'different.' A blind child stumbling in the street arouses universal compassion; an 'innocent,' too often, covert amusement.

On the other hand, I do not advocate for one moment the freedom from watchful guardianship of any subnormal person of any age. His cross is that he can never be independent. But granting that, like our boy, some are temperamentally fitted to be members of a household, have certain abilities which, developed, will give them occupation and perhaps at least partially support them, should their families feel forced by economic necessity or social pressure to put them into institutions?

The Governor of our state, in his recent address to the Legislature, said: 'In so far as it can be done, retarded and slightly defective individuals should be trained in special classes in the public schools. It should be borne in mind that only a small percentage [of such children] require segregation in the institutions. . . . Children who are receiving such training can live at home. By living at home, the children enjoy more normal lives than is possible at any institution, however excellent. Furthermore, families are saved the pang of separation.'

In the same address, the Governor quotes what the Children's Bureau in Washington has said of the child-welfare activities in this state: 'Most significant in this development have been the increasing differentiation and classification of those requiring care . . . and the use of the family home instead of the institution as a means of providing for dependent and neglected and certain classes of delinquent children.' The Governor adds that the state maintains no orphanages.

A Juvenile Court judge expressed the opinion that separation of the delinquent child from his home, 'even a very bad home,' should be the last resort.

Welfare organizations now utilize foster homes for orphan babies whenever possible in preference to institutions, because experience has shown that the babies thrive better, even if less scientifically cared for.

The old saying has it, I think, that 'we live by admiration, hope, and love.' No technical terms quite explain what it is that we feel, that seems to wrap us safely about and sustain us among our own people, — those who are nearest, those unquestionably dearest, to us, — but there is *something*, definite, almost tangible. If perfectly normal, responsible grown-ups, with absorbing interests and far-flung contacts, need and long for this sure support, how much more essential must it be for the happiness and development of the groping, dependent child, usually inarticulate, often conscious of his shortcomings, but unable wholly to overcome them? 'Admiration, hope, and love'!

The parents who find themselves, as we did nine years ago, suddenly face to face with tragedy, inescapable, can only try to alleviate it with such courage as they can muster and such knowledge as they may gain. But one hopes that public sympathy and coöperation will aid them more in the future than in the past to adjust, to a life they cannot avoid living, these pathetic little outsiders.

ANIMA CANDIDA

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I

LIFTED by gentle hands, Virgil had been brought from his sick room to the portico opening upon the garden, and made comfortable on a couch of tortoise shell and ivory, covered with crimson silk cushions which warmed a little the pallor of his long thin face. It was an afternoon of late September, and the sun over Brindisi was still almost as hot as that sun over Megara which, ten days ago, had seemed to drop a burning shaft upon the poet's head. But in this house of Tullus, near the sea, there was every defense against the blazing sky and the heated streets. Within the protecting wall the large rooms were kept shaded. The slaves who waited on the invalid day and night seemed to know just when to bring him cooling drinks, just when to change his position, just how to bathe his body without exhausting him.

Racked from the journey across the Adriatic, Virgil had accepted without question the arrangements made for him at the command of Augustus. With gratitude he found himself the guest of Tullus, an intimate friend of a member of the imperial entourage. The emperor, who in Athens had persuaded his best-beloved poet to turn back with him, and who had been responsible for the sight-seeing tour among the ruins of Megara, had ordered his physician, Antonius Musa, always the attendant of his travels, to remain in Brindisi, keeping with him several slaves especially skillful in nursing. It had been evident that Virgil was in no condition to take the journey to his home in Naples, even in the most comfortable of carriages.

The fever had quieted down, and to-day, in spite of the invalid's great weakness, Musa had decided to try an hour's change in the fresher air of the portico. Virgil lay very still, the cool splash of the garden fountain soothing his ear. 'Rest yourself now,' he had whispered weakly to the servant who had put the pillows so comfortably under his head, and the man looked half-asleep, there on the marble bench, his patient, kindly face relaxed from its habitual attentiveness. But Virgil did not sleep. Thoughts followed each other through his mind, like a flock of migrating birds.

So this was Brindisi again, and he was sick here, instead of in his own sweet Parthenope. Outside of this wall there was no blue bay of Naples, no familiar Vesuvian cone, no shore of Capri, to catch the rose and daffodil from the sunset. The harbor of Brindisi had never attracted him, in spite of the gathering of ships from lands beyond the horizon. Perhaps it had looked its best to him that morning — could it be so few weeks ago? — when he had set sail with high hopes of happy travel in Greece.

The sun had been shining brilliantly, without betraying its hostility. He had been hoarding for the journey his none too great allowance of strength, so that he had felt comparatively well and able to cope with ardent enjoyment. The *Æneid* was at least in its first draft, after much agony of spirit, and he had believed for the first time since the inception of the work — the sudden inspired hour ten years ago — that after drinking of Greek fountains he would be able to bring it to a final form.

To-day he felt so weak, although the fever and pain had gone. Musa had said that he had a good fighting chance for his life, but who was he to fight? Life had rarely seemed to him worth the struggle, and now that he had passed the half century, fulfilled his ten lustrums, why should he struggle longer? It was not as if anybody cared very much whether he lived or died. No wife, no child, to hold him. Years ago his brothers had died, as well as his father and mother. There was nobody nearer than a friend, and even the closest of them — Horace, Varius, Tucca — could pursue their accustomed ways without him. Gallus, the dearest comrade of his youth, had already preceded him to the world of shades. Perhaps if they met there the tragedy of this friend's wrongdoing and self-inflicted death could be forgotten, they could tread the asphodel together and talk once more of the holy Muses. As for Mæcenas, as for Augustus, these bright stars would shine on in the firmament of Rome, losing no ray of light because a poet died. Their friendship was beneficence, not dependence.

It was odd that the emperor should be sheltering him now in Brindisi — how extraordinary such an idea would have seemed when he first saw the place twenty years ago! The emperor was only Octavian then, and Mæcenas, journeying down from Rome to mediate between him and Antony, had made up a pleasant literary party in order to sweeten politics with draughts from the Pierian spring. Horace had started with him, and Varius, Tucca, and Virgil himself had joined on at Sinuessa. Horace had written it up in his inimitable way. Who else would have thought of informing the public that when Mæcenas played ball he and Virgil took a nap!

The sick man with an effort lifted his thin hand and looked at it. Yes, always, always, he had been shut out from rough-and-tumble physical exercise. Neither had he been able to be a soldier, in those young days when Horace left his Athenian studies and fought with Brutus. In a way, it was odd that he, too, had not gone to Athens for more study after the student days in Rome. Perhaps even then the effort of travel had seemed too great. Suppose he had gone, and sickened and died before he had written as much as an eclogue? In that would there have been cause for tears? Not for others, surely, but he would have missed those wander-years among Italy's hills and lakes, her beautiful fields and vineyards, and the storied towns reared on hilltops above her ancient rivers. Whenever he had wanted to be young again, it had been most of all to recapture the first sweet ardor of knowing the Italian country, from the north, where snowy Alps wore the coronals of the morning and the evening, to the south, where Sicily took the sea to her warm breast.

To be young again! Really young — not even a youth in love with Italy, but a child at home! Virgil's eyes closed weakly. On tired wings his thoughts slipped back to his boyhood on his father's farm near Mantua. It was there that he had first watched the flush of rose come on the far-off Alps. And there were friendlier hills, too, where the shadows lay, when the smoke rose from the little homes in the clear evening air, and a homely river — he could almost smell the reeds and hear the hum of bees in the willow trees on the banks. Such swims as he and his brother had had after the spring rains! And in the woods they used to build beech-wood fires and cook bacon when their father took them on a picnic. The woods bordered a large field, where in the spring narcissi and hyacinths and violets grew in thick clumps. Once he had plunged his hand down among purple hyacinths and touched a snake — even yet he remembered its slimy coldness. Apple trees were safer — the red fruit was so firm and fresh in the hand when you had stood on tiptoe and pulled down a heavy bough. Always there had been something interesting, from the spring ploughing and planting to the autumn vintage. The cattle and even the bees were playmates. On rainy days the farm hands welcomed help in mending the tools or parching the corn or plaiting the baskets, and filled the hours with old country stories and songs.

But even more clearly into the sick poet's memory slipped the silver music of his childish dreams of Rome, that distant city of whose temples and streets and hills his father had often told him. The only town he knew was Mantua, to which he was taken on market days, and he had merely enlarged it into Rome, because he had seen that puppies looked like dogs and kids looked like their dams! How could he guess the magnificence of a city which carried her head as high above all others as cypresses rise toward the blue sky from among low hedgerow trees?

Rome! In her service he had been long enlisted. She was his commander, his goddess, his mistress. Virgil stirred restlessly and opened his eyes. The servant, sensitive to the least sound, came hurrying to him, and was frightened by the excited flush in his face. A deep impulse had wrested Virgil back from the past, into which he had almost lost consciousness, to a feverishly practical anxiety. He must accomplish his purpose before it was too late. The *Æneid* must be destroyed. It was not worthy of Rome. Incomplete, imperfect, it must die with him. Yesterday he had asked for his packet of papers, to tear in shreds the manuscript, but they had put him off with excuses. He was helpless, for he could not stand on his feet. Hoarsely, he asked for the slave who took letters. When he came with his wax tablet and stilus, the poet's voice held out to dictate to Varius a strict order that none of his unpublished works should be allowed to reach the public. His voice died away. The flush in his face changed to pallor. His breath could scarcely be detected. But the household hung upon that breath. Before midnight a swift courier was dispatched northward along the Appian Way to Rome.

II

The elder Sosius, head of the chief publishing firm in Rome, was taking an October holiday in Baiæ, and gladly accepted an invitation from Varius and Tucca to spend a few days with them in Virgil's villa at Posilipo. The two friends, fortunately, had been spending September at Capri, so that the news of the poet's death, which shocked and grieved rich and poor alike in Naples, reached them quickly and they were able to perform the last offices of friendship when his body, under military escort, was brought home from Brindisi. Now they were staying on to make the necessary arrangements about the house and slaves.

The most valuable part of the villa was the library, for, simple as the country-born poet's tastes were in furnishings and manner of life, he had given free rein to indulgence in books. Every golden line of Greek literature that he could put his hands on he had gathered in. Latin literature was completely represented, many of the contemporary manuscripts being gifts from the authors. Of historical and antiquarian material there was no end. Virgil kept twice as many copyists as kitchen slaves, and they never were idle.

In this library Varius, Tucca, and Sosius were discussing the publication of the *Æneid*, which the emperor had commanded. A slave had brought a bowl of wine and the silver cups decorated with lilies in bas-relief which Octavia had sent to Virgil after hearing him read the description of her dead son, Marcellus. The sixth book of the epic was among the few portions which the poet had revealed in private audience, and the emperor's sister had been deeply moved.

Varius had been distressed over the fact that they must go against Virgil's wishes, when he had trusted their friendship. 'Well,' said Tucca, practical as always, 'we have no choice, since Augustus says "publish." And, after all, Virgil undertook the epic as an imperial service. It was n't his private affair.'

'Not when it was his lifeblood poured into the hexameters?' asked Varius. 'His brain, his nerves, his heart, have known no peace for ten years. And then an incomplete work passes from his dead hands to the barking critics!'

'Why so incomplete?' asked Tucca. 'There are twelve books. If he had lived forever, he could n't have completed Roman history. The books as they are — I have been studying them — seem to me supremely well done. In the name of Apollo, why was he so worried?'

'That has puzzled me, too,' Varius answered, 'but I believe I can give you three reasons.' He began to check them off on his fingers. 'First, there are really incomplete lines and passages. To us they seem negligible, but you know what a craftsman he was. One roughness and the marble was gravel. One flaw and the jewel was not precious. His own comparison is even better — a bear licking her cubs into shape. We found him gentle, but in his creative labor there was a curious fierceness. Second,' — the middle finger went up, — 'I believe he wanted to rearrange some values, change his architectural design. Just before he went to Greece, he told me he was afraid he had overdone the legendary material in the later books, and that the individual combats were too prolonged. Years ago he told me that he meant to get twelve books done, and then weld them into a harmonious creation before going on.'

Varius held up his third finger and looked meditatively at a handsome intaglio ring, a cornelian incised with a tragic mask. Then, letting it relax, he went on: 'The third reason, I am convinced, was due to nature instead of art. Virgil could no more help being distrustful of the quality of his work than he could help being frail, or gentle, or having a beautiful voice or a heavenly disposition. He was destined to write great poetry and have no joy out of it. His effort to destroy the *Æneid* sprang from an inner iconoclasm. The very intensity of his love for Rome kept destroying his confidence in his own power to serve her. We are a patriotic race, but most of us are more sure that we match our country!'

Sosius had begun to show signs of being restless. As Varius ended on a smile, he filled his cup again from the bowl of wine, and said, 'Could you two adapt your alternate strains to telling me more about the *Æneid?* I have had only snatches of it. Is it really greater than the *Iliad*, as the younger poets are prophesying?'

'You can't compare heroic sagas with

a conscious artistic creation,' said Varius. 'The *Iliad* was made by the people and lay at hand for the poet, who then gave it back to them transfigured. The *Æneid* has been deliberately made for the people by a poet inspired by patriotic and philosophical purposes. But three things he does take over from Homer: the rich, golden civilization of the Trojan age, the presence of the gods and goddesses among men, — sometimes, I must say, overdone for our modern taste, — and the use of similes.

'By the way, these are most interesting. I read on and on last night, — poor old Syra had to fill my lamp three times! — and I was struck by their freshness. Men building a city work as hard as bees in the early summer fields. When a boy dies in battle his neck sinks and settles on his shoulder as poppies bow their heads if they are overweighted by a shower. A woman smitten suddenly by love is like an innocent deer, wandering free in the woods and being smitten by a shepherd's arrow. Flowers and birds and winds and storms, fire and stars, a working woman busy all night, a boy spinning a top — can't you see how out of the matrix of his rural life he has fashioned jewels for a crown for Rome? This epic, I do assure you, Sosius, has a dignity, a grandeur even, that is Roman to the core. The hexameters are marvelous, even statelier than those of the *Georgics*. You will find them taking Rome by storm.'

'But what about the subject?' persisted the publisher. 'We are an agricultural people, and the *Georgics* reached the popular heart because fundamentally it yearns toward the life of the farm. No matter how high the poet lifts his eyes, his feet are on the soil that we live from. The most air-born hexameters do not sweep away the solid information about how to raise the crops! Is the *Æneid* going to reach beyond the intellectuals? Can't you give me some outline of this epic that turns you into a lyricist?'

Tucca rose and went over to a table on which was laid out, in twelve rolls, the copy of the *Æneid* which had come back with Virgil's body. 'Let me run through these for you,' he said with a smile. 'I can keep to the highroad more steadily than Varius can.' As he proceeded with his long task, his fingers seemed to stroke the unrolling papyrus, as if he felt his friend's hand.

'Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Italian realm and built the destined town;
His banished gods restored to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.[1]

'Well, there in the opening lines you have it all — the philosophical interplay of man and destiny, the epic device of gods, the dangers and troubles, the wars and conflicts, the final triumph of our progenitor, the foreshadowing of the greatness of Rome. But having pushed himself out to sea on these lines, our Virgil had the inspired good sense to plunge from them into the salt currents of a story. Carthage is the scene — the tale of her origin will pleasantly remind us of how we destroyed our proudest enemy! I would not have credited Virgil with so keen a dramatic sense.

'Carthage is new and fresh, founded by Dido, widow of Sychæus, an immigrant from Tyre. Æneas, in the seventh summer of his wanderings, is driven here by a storm, brought about by the malignancy of Troy-hating Juno. Queen and court hospitably receive him and the companions of his seven ships. Hosts and guests feast together, and Dido begs Æneas to tell her the tale of his wanderings. By the will of Juno, helped by Venus, she has already fallen in love with the princely stranger.

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[1] The verse passages are from Dryden's classic English translation. — AUTHOR

III

'So much for the Prologue. The next two books give Æneas's story to date. I assure you, you will never have a more brilliant description of the sack of Troy and an exile's escape. It is not only Homeric, but Euripidean in its humanity. As the morning star rises over the high ridges of Mount Ida, Æneas finds himself the leader of a pitiful group of refugees, his city destroyed, his wife dead, his feeble old father on his back, his little son dragging at his hand. They put to sea, to wander for seven ill-starred years.

'I must hold you up with one of the earlier episodes when they have entered a harbor of Epirus. Æneas has heard that Andromache has been married again to Helenus and is living inland. His heart is kindled with a desire to see an old friend, and so he leaves his ships and makes his way to her. Their meeting, her memories of Hector, her first love, the generous hospitality of Helenus, the happiness of Æneas in living once more in a city made to look like the Troy they have loved and lost — I still remember the cadences of Virgil's voice when he first read all this to me. His voice broke on Æneas's farewell speech to these friends: —

'To you a quiet seat the gods allow;
You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase,
Deluding visions and a vain embrace!

'Well, on the wanderers sail, until one morning, just at daybreak, they see the dim hills and low plains of Italy. All seems well. But Polyphemus, the Cyclops, must be reckoned with, and Scylla and Charybdis. Only a few ships escape. Anchises, the old father, who had made every care and danger seem light to Æneas, dies — you remember, Varius, how deeply Virgil loved his father?

'But I must not linger here. The next book, Sosius, would make your fortune, if you put it on the market separately. You have heard about it, I know — the love story of Dido and Æneas. It has amazed his friends, because we have never known of Virgil loving a woman. The frenzies of Propertius and Tibullus used to trouble him — often he would say he wished they might see Rome as their true mistress. But here he has portrayed a proud, passionate, impetuous woman as perhaps even Catullus could not have done, had he liked high themes.

'A high theme this certainly remains; Dido, the victim of love, is still the queen who led her people from one land to another and built a great city. Juno, hoping to keep Æneas from Italy, brings the love to consummation, and queen and guest pass the long winter together in revelry, regardless of their public trusts. The towers and bastions of Carthage remain unfinished. By day Æneas forgets his god-given mission. But his dreams are troubled. In them his young son and the ghost of his old father reproach him.

'Finally, Jupiter exercises his will. Mercury comes to remind Æneas that he was not rescued from Troy to dally in Carthage, but to rule an Italy teeming with empire and to lay all the world beneath his law. The man of destiny prepares to depart. Reproached by Dido, he can only say that he does not go of his own free will. The tragedy culminates. Æneas sails before dawn. When morning breaks, Dido from her watchtower sees the empty harbor and the sails far out upon the sea. On a pretext she has built a funeral pyre, surmounted by the marriage bed.

Upon it she kills herself with the sword of Æneas. Her soul passes out upon the winds that speed him toward Italy.

'Well, after all this tragedy, we come back to the epic mood. A storm drives the Trojans to the same Sicilian harbor from which they had set sail for Carthage. It is the anniversary of Anchises' death and Æneas celebrates it by athletic games — you will recognize the *Eighth Book of the Odyssey*. This is a pleasant interlude. But Juno busies herself again. She drives the weary women mad so that they set fire to the ships which threaten once more to take them out upon the sea. Only three ships are left. Æneas divides his forces, leaving in Sicily the women and all who are content to have none of glory. The chosen remnant are ready for the last dash for Italy.

'The sea is calm, the sky clear. As night comes on, the sailors nod and sleep. Even Palinurus, the helmsman of Æneas's own ship, drowses and is washed overboard. The leader must take the helm himself. As he guides the ship through the night of waters he mourns his friend: —

'For faith reposed on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doomed on shores unknown to lie.'

Tucca laid down the fifth roll, and came back to the mixing bowl. 'You know the next book, Sosius, the divine Sixth — you heard Virgil read it himself. Here in Naples the world of the dead seemed near to him. From Cumæ, almost at his door, he plunged down among the shades. Certainly to us now, in this hour, the journey of Æneas does not seem as imaginary as it did that day on the Palatine.

'Talk about Æneas's journey being modeled on that of Odysseus! I suppose this book contains the quintessential difference between Virgil and Homer. Our poet uses the legend of Hades as a vehicle of philosophy. For one thing, he lets Anchises give his Platonic views about the nature of the soul. The old father informs his son that within man there is a fiery glow, a heavenly nature, a struggling against the clogs of corrupting flesh. The lapse of ages will cleanse the ingrained stain and leave a residue of heavenly intelligence. For another thing, also Platonic, he lets Anchises rehearse the list of the unborn souls who are to appear on earth. So he inverts life and death. It is a roster of our national heroes, down to Augustus Cæsar himself — born to restore the Golden Age and to extend our sway beyond the solar path, beyond the starry way. But fate has deprived him of a successor in the young Marcellus. These very cups we are holding mark Octavia's feeling when her beautiful son was described. "Heap lilies with ungrudging hands" — Virgil's voice was like a lute among spring flowers — you remember how our lady broke down in tears.'

Having drunk his wine, Tucca went back to the table and took up the rolls again, moving more quickly this time. 'Five more books, Sosius, and I wager you know practically nothing of them, and yet they contain a galaxy of portraits. The coloring is Iliadic; Æneas has to fight his way to win Latium, which at last he reaches. Our poet sings now of "grim wars, embattled lines, kings whom honor drove on death, and all Hesperia enrolled in arms." He uses our dim legends, our immemorial customs and ceremonies, as epic material. The substance of our national origins he embroiders with rich details.

'But the opening of Book Seven is as idyllic as any passage in the *Eclogues* or *Georgics*. After a moonlight sail up the coast, Æneas describes in the early morning, just as the calm water is reddening under the sun, a richly wooded shore and the river Tiber flowing down to the sea. The birds are filling the bright air with song. Joyfully the wanderers turn their prows and glide into the shady river. Latinus, the king, receives them kindly, and because of favorable omens promises to give his daughter in marriage to the princely stranger.

'Then again Juno interferes. The young prince of the Rutuli, who is betrothed to Lavinia, declares war. Æneas goes for assistance to Evander, who rules at Pallantium — our Palatine, you see. I know that Virgil spent months of research on this portion, tracing back the Capitoline, and the Campus Martius and the Forum. But he never forgets the story. Evander gives troops under his son Pallas, praying that if fate has death in store for the boy the thread of his own life may be snapped now while he still holds him in his arms. As Æneas carries off the boy to fight for the destiny of Rome the servants are seen to lift the old father from the ground.

'Always the "pity" of tragedy, is n't it, Varius? Youth dies all through these later books. You could make a score of plays out of them. Take the Trojan Nisus and Euryalus, for example, friends such as Euripides drew in *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The mother of Euryalus had refused to stay in Sicily, when he was chosen to accompany Æneas. He is killed here in Latium like a purple flower severed by the plough. That's Sappho, I suppose, but Virgil saw it as often as she did. Nisus avenges him and dies. And Euryalus's mother, hearing the news at her loom, wails so bitterly that the martial spirit of all who hear her flags and faints.

'Then there is the young Mezentius, King of Etruria, and Camilla, the Amazon princess of the Volscians, a beautiful creature. They all have to die, that Æneas may triumph. Finally, Turnus himself is killed by Æneas. The gods desert him. He fights on as in a nightmare, moving as we move in dreams when we try to run and cannot and our tongues try to speak and cannot. Wounded, lying on the ground, he reminds the conqueror that he is loved by his father, as Æneas was loved by Anchises. But he is wearing a trophy taken from Pallas, who had been sent back dead to his father. In rage Æneas slays him. The soul of Turnus flies groaning into the dark.

'The *Æneid* ends! My friends, will our Virgil tread the same asphodel with Homer? Where is his joy in combat? True, the great Mæonian felt the pathos of humanity. As are the generations of leaves, so also are the generations of men, burgeoning in the spring, only to fall in the autumn. But it seems to me that Virgil saw each leaf as it fell. And now he, too, has fluttered to the ground.'

Tucca slowly rolled up the last papyrus. Neither Varius nor Sosius spoke. But from the door a harsh sob broke the silence, revealing the presence in the shadows of grizzled old Geta, who had been Virgil's chief copyist for many years. Sosius beckoned to him, and he crept in like a dog deserted and forlorn. 'Come to Rome with me,' said a kind voice, 'and help me to make your master still live.'

IV

Horace to his Mæcenas. Greeting

The evening air is clear and the smoke is going up from the little farmhouses. Sabine quiet is falling on my own farm. We were busy to-day in the vineyard, harvesting my modest store of grapes. With the warm work went the usual merriment. But I kept thinking of the day — how long ago! — when Virgil went about my few acres with me, to pick out the best exposure and test the looseness of the soil.

Dear friend of mine, pride and glory of Rome's poets, what limit can be set to our longing for him? I cannot read to-night. I have told Davus to admit no guests. And yet in this last month my neighbors here have comforted me more surely than I should have been comforted had I gone back to Rome. They accept the decrees of fate with a patience which is more tranquilizing than the equanimity of the philosophers. They say farewell to their dead with those old rites which seem to unite the generations of men, and then, without speculation, without complaint, they go about their business. Virgil used to say to me that it was because they know the processes of nature, and, as unconsciously as the cattle or the trees, submit to the beginning, the maturity, the end of all that lives.

He was really a countryman, was n't he? How shy, how sweet he was! Do you remember his embarrassment that day in the theatre when the audience rose because one of his lines was quoted on the stage? And on the street I have seen the blood rush to his face if he realized that he was being pointed out to a stranger. The acclaim of Rome — for whom else in our generation has it been so loud and clear? — seemed never to sound for him above the inward voice of his own ideals. Your golden friendship, the emperor's divine favor, issued in love, in gratitude, in endeavor, never in self-assertion, scarcely, alas! even in self-confidence.

In this hour I want only to talk of him, as if through the gate of horn, a real presence, he could come back to us, for a space, from the Eternal Sleep. I asked him once why he had Æneas and the Cumæan Sibyl return from Hades through the gate of ivory. Was it all a false dream — that triumph of the heavenly nature? But he only smiled, a little sadly, and said, 'Certainty belongs only within the eye's radius, does n't it, Horace?' He could follow Plato in hope, but not in the assurance of a soul which has made its way from the shadows of the Cave to the sunlight of Truth.

And yet, how beautiful, my friend, was our Virgil's hope! Straight through from the *Eclogues* to the end of the *Æneid* he kept his vision of a better age for us all, of peace and goodness prevailing among men. But it was not a mirage. Out of the body of the Roman character he fashioned it. Do you remember the delight of Augustus in that superb passage in the *Sixth of the Æneid*, where he chisels the face of Rome as distinct from the face of Greece? Grant to Greece all her arts and sciences, yet Rome, too, has a destiny. To govern nations justly, to impose the rule of peace — 'These are imperial gifts and worthy thee.'

But his intense patriotism was not without fear. I suppose that only the one who hopes most for Rome can know the full measure of terror for her shortcomings. How many do you suppose hear with spiritual ears that impassioned call in the *Georgics* back to the rural gods, back to home and hearthstone, to the natural employments of the seasons, to simple virtues and sweet content? The turmoil of the Forum seemed mad to him, as if it all meant evil ambition, and greed, and poisonous luxury. Fundamentally I know that his desire for a purer life among the people made him malleable to the emperor's wish for an epic to glorify Rome. He believed that if we could be brought back to a reverence for the early strength which started us on our road to greatness, we should work more ardently for a noble future. You and I know how he immersed himself in that early history which is based on the idea that Rome was predestined by the divine will to become mighty. He believed the past to be a fount of inspiration. Who knows?

Yet he could not accept the power of Destiny in our approved Roman way. My peasant neighbors, your senatorial neighbors, you, I, say at most, 'It is hard, yet patience makes it bearable.' But Virgil! How divine his pity was! Did you ever know him to fail to think of the weak instead of the strong, the unhappy instead of the happy? The tears in things he never forgot. Marvelously the *Æneid*, which is a glorification of Rome, is also a setting forth of compassion. Every triumph of Æneas means another's defeat. And in his destiny Æneas takes no joy. When Dido begs him to stay in Carthage, he tells her that his real choice, were he free from fate's desire, would lead him back to the Trojan shore.

Ah, yes! Our Virgil was the whitest soul among us. Greed and lust and meanness slunk from his sight. If I said so in our youth, how much better do I know it now! One day on the shore at Naples, he read me his lines on the woodland princess, martial Camilla. As I listened — we shall never hear that voice again — I thought to myself that in her he had unconsciously projected his own spirit, in which virility and virginity met and mingled. I do not wonder that the Neapolitans called him Parthenius!

I have been writing with my own hand, as you see. The autumn wind is rising, prophesying rain. The brazier grows cold. My friend, my guard and my defense, such part of my heart as our Virgil has not taken with him I dedicate to your service. Farewell.

THE RISE OF THE FAR WEST

BY SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

I

> SEEN from this angle, history offers possibilities far beyond the ambitions of all previous research, which has contented itself in the main with arranging the facts of the past so far as these were known . . . the possibilities, namely, of overpassing the present as a research limit, and predetermining the spiritual form, duration, rhythm, meaning, and product of the still unaccomplished stages of our western history; and reconstructing long-vanished and unknown epochs, even whole cultures of the past, by means of morphological connections. — SPENGLER, *The Decline of the West*

All readers of the *Republic* are struck by those passages in the sixth book where Plato ceases to speak as a Greek and becomes a Messianic prophet. In them, preëminently, the universality of his genius becomes apparent. He transcends the very culture of which he was the grand and final summarist, and dreams a culture that is to be, when the One Man, the King's Son, the Philosopher, will lay the foundations of the City of Righteousness upon earth, and persuade the multitude to dwell in it. In much the same fashion, the universality of Saint Augustine's genius becomes apparent in his vision of a world of will which was never realizable in his own 'Magian' culture, but which came to be in the soul of the Western

'Faustian' man, born half a millennium after the eyes of the Bishop of Hippo closed forever.

Goethe also had his instant of clairvoyance: the instant in which he ceased to be merely the final symbolic spokesman of his culture, and became the prophet of a child-soul wherein was radically contradicted all that his own soul knew. To the contemporary European, the solution of the problem of Faust seems terribly tame and unconvincing. Goethe's hero, his figure of Western man, it will be recalled, sets himself at long last to the redemption of a tract of seashore from the sea. Blind and old, he loses at length his wager, and implores the passing moment to abide: —

A marish skirts the mount, whose smell
Infecteth all the land retrieved.
To drain the festering sump as well!
That were at last the best-achieved.
I open room for millions there, a dwelling
Not idly sure, but to free toil compelling;
Green fields and fruitful, men and herds at home
Upon the earth new-wrested from the foam;
Straight-settled on the hill-strength, piled on high
By swarming tribes' intrepid industry.
Within, a paradise, howe'er so grim
The flood without may bluster to the brim.
And as it nibbles to shoot in amain
Flock one and all to fill the breach again
My will from this design not swerveth,
The last resolve of human wit,
For liberty, as life, alone deserveth
He daily that must conquer it.
Thus childhood, manhood, and grey old age here,
With peril girt, shall spend their strenuous year.
Fain would I see such glad turmoil,
With a free people stand on a free soil.
To such a moment past me fleeing,
Tarry, I'd cry, thou art so fair!

Nützliche Tätigkeit, useful activity, was the lesson Faust had to learn. If the European finds it tame and disappointing, the American, the Far Western man, is inclined to ask whether it was really necessary for Faust to resort to black magic in order to learn what seems to him the most transparent of life's facts. He conceives himself, before all else, as a doer, and of things which he measures always by their usefulness. With him, an idea only has meaning when 'something must be done about it.' When nothing can be done about it, the idea fades into unreality and unimportance. 'Actions,' he insists, 'speak louder than words,' and means that useful activities are the chief symbols by which his being finds expression.

'How do you react to this proposition?' 'My reaction is so and so.' These are no mere vulgarizations of a laboratory term. They are meaningful symbols of the Far Western soul. Thought itself is a sort of action. When it is not, it is worthless. Those in charge of American education are more concerned over the control of 'activities' than they are over the imparting of erudition. A student who is not interested in activities is at best an eccentric, at worst a disgrace.

Behaviorism is a plaything of the schools in Europe. In America alone it has meaning, is a crude attempt to rationalize a deep, inner sense that will and consciousness, with all the intellectual faculties of the old psychology, are an immoral explanation of life. Life is a series of disjunct doings, behavior particles, in automatic response to a demand from without, not from within. The existence of this demand from without must be posited, for the activity must, somehow or other, be useful. If one acted upon an internal stimulus, a will, or a rational purpose, his action might be useless. One raises an umbrella because it is raining. Lo! his action is useful, and the rain is kept off. If he raised it because he willed it, or because he thought it best, or because he was inspired, his action might be useless, since the rain might not be falling at all.

Another crude rationalization of the same American trait was pragmatism

— the die, so to speak, of which behaviorism is the coin. Pragmatism would test philosophical and logical behavior by its results. Pragmatism did not go far enough, since it only offered a test, by activity, of something — pure contemplative thought — which must have had an inner impulse, and which, apart from any tangible, useful activities it produced, might have satisfied an inner need, useless and luxurious.

The American feels that life itself is dependent upon useful activity. A will to live means little to him. Generally only moribund persons are said to possess it, as if it were a magic talisman, picturesque, but not likely to work. A person is full of 'vitality' when he is constantly in action, always doing something. There is, further, the belief, among Americans, that when a man's work is done he dies. Saint Benedict taught that idleness is the enemy of the soul, but the Far Western man believes it to be the enemy of life in the flesh. As for a future life conceived as one of rest in God, or, more vulgarly, sitting around and playing harps, it is meaningless and abhorrent to the American. When Saint Theresa of Lisieux said that she would spend her eternity doing good upon earth, she won a permanent place in the American martyrology.

II

Enough has been said to illustrate the hypothesis that in America the vision of Goethe is realized, that the Far Western culture is a new thing and in it useful activity holds the same dominant place that the will held in Western Europe, or the spirit in the Magian soul, or the body in the culture of Hellas. It will be worth while, however, to make a parallel study of the attitudes of these four 'souls' in their three most significant modes of expression — politics, religion, art.

The Greek city-state was conceived corporeally. It was a natural embodiment which had laws of life identical with those of the individual. The *Republic*, it has been well pointed out, is not a dubiously tenable argument by analogy — the analogy, as we should say, between the organic life of an individual and a group. A substantial identity of state and individual is what Plato meant to imply by his illustration of the large and small letters. The corporeal notion of the state in Plato is strengthened by his description of its decay in terms of genealogical descent. The best state begets a timocracy, the timocracy begets an oligarchy, and so forth. Aristotle's ideal size for a state is minuscule. Plato, in the *Laws*, suggests five thousand inhabitants. The state must be small enough to be seen. If parts of it were invisible, its corporeality would escape observation. Without corporeality, it was nothing.

The Magian state was, of course, the City of God. Men were bound together by a common experience of the breath of God. The Magian nation earned that name not because of a common ancestry, real or putative, but by reason of a common rebirth. Saint Augustine, it will be recalled, comments upon Cicero's definition of a people. It is not every gathering of men, but one bound by a common sense of right, a *consensus juris*. To Saint Augustine, perhaps to Cicero as well, that *consensus* was a mysterious experience of divinity. There could be no common sense of right, said the Bishop of Hippo, unless the state worshiped the one true God.

The European, Faustian, state, as Gierke showed, is nothing but the enlargement of a sense of the group will from the tiny, primitive, German

Genossenschaft (fellowship) into the great national communities of the nineteenth century. Rousseau provided the final formula for the European state in his grand conception of the 'general will.'

The American awareness of the community is sharply distinguished from these. American political thought, in the sense of a conscious analysis and verbal description of inner political experience, is still crude and imitative of European models. When it develops we may be sure that it will follow the lines suggested by the term 'mob psychology.' Mob psychology is the behavior of a crowd of persons, especially those features of the behavior of the crowd which distinguish it from the behavior of an individual. Because a human collectivity makes the individuals which compose it act in a different way from that in which any one component individual would act, the American is aware of the existence of a community. McDougall, the Englishman, who can view the Far Western soul with some degree of objectivity, in his studies of what he calls the 'group mind' has best suggested the future lines of native American political thought. McDougall proves the reality of the group mind, not by proving its possession of a common will, but by showing that mobs behave differently from those who compose them.

The American sense of liberty is in sharp contrast with the European. The European concedes the individual a complete liberty of action, but aims at an absolute control of the will. The motto of Rabelais's Abbey of Thelema, 'Do what you will,' is to the European mind an innocent enough proposition. It does not conjure up a picture of crimes of violence and complete social disorganization. On the contrary, it is chosen as the motto of the most strict of communities, a monastery. Because it is an abbey, Rabelais inwardly feels that a group will is in control of the will of the inmates, so that, whatever they do, it will not be noxious to the community as such. To the American, the command, 'Do what you will,' on the contrary, suggests acts in the presence of which no community or culture could exist. It is, therefore, profoundly offensive, and America is right in banning Rabelais.

The common law of England, indeed of Europe, never punishes acts. There can be no punishment without 'proof' of a guilty intent. Malice of will alone is liable to punishment. The most amusing fictions have been devised to avoid the absurdities which would result if justice were really administered according to this doctrine. The courts have been compelled to argue in a circle that, in the absence of proof to the contrary, the evidence that a punishable act has been committed will be taken as evidence that the doer had a guilty intent. The fact that a man has stolen goods will be taken as proof that he was malicious when he did so.

This is so much nonsense to the American. All American punishment is designed to prevent the repetition of an illegal act by the same person. The American sees an analogy between the criminal and a mad dog. Reform of the will is impossible, but at least prison walls will prevent the criminal from offending again. Every American deeply approves the principle of the Baumes Laws, which punish not a guilty act, but the fact of repetition. The particular form of the Baumes Laws may be disapproved, or their practicability doubted, but the principle is accepted and will stand permanently in American penal philosophy.

Similar instructive contrasts can be made with respect to the sense of authority in the several cultures. The

Greek democracy was in no sense the rule of all, but of a relatively large *politeuma*, or governing class, conceived as fitted to rule largely by natural endowment. The Guardians of the Platonic Republic must be men of golden natures in the first place, before their education begins. In the Magian world, all authority must bear the evident stamp of divinity. Even the Christian emperors, enunciating strictly civil law, continued to call themselves *Divus*, divine, knowing that their only title to be legislators was their participation in divinity. In the European culture, all authority depends upon the assumption that the lawgiver is the organ of the general will.

Far Western feelings about authority are only beginning to find expression in external politics. Almost from the beginning, the American imagination has been enthralled by the Presidency, and has never really understood or respected either the representative-legislative function or the judicial. By slow degrees, however, the executive department of the Constitution is gaining a complete practical ascendancy. Americans apotheosize their Presidents because they symbolize authority-in-action. In the latest Presidential election, the American soul realized its long-suppressed dream, and was actually allowed to elevate to the 'highest office in the nation' a man whom it thought of as a doer. On the other hand, American legislative bodies have followed the courts into general and publicly expressed obloquy. The Senate of the United States, which is really very much as it has always been, is now openly declared to be ruining the country, standing in the way of those activities of the Executive by which the country lives. He who says, 'There ought to be a law,' is a comic figure. The vast number of laws on the statute books is considered disgraceful, and the plea is for fewer laws, fewer and shorter sessions of legislatures, greater discretionary power in the Executive. The Englishman calls the will of his legislative an 'act,' and America still uses the term, but without in the least understanding why. To the Far Western soul, nothing is less like an act than a statute of Congress.

III

When Samuel Morse first made a public trial of the electric telegraph, the message he chose to transmit was, 'What hath God wrought!' The ejaculation might very well stand as the symbol of the American consciousness of divinity, of the Far Western apprehension of religion. God as Plato conceived Him, whose copy of the eternal ideas was Nature; Aristotle's unmoved Mover; the Pentecostal God, whose breath made the prophets speak with tongues; the Holy Wisdom; the Pneuma — these are not the meanings which Godhead has for the American soul.

Set Morse's message over against the cry of Pope Urban's audience at Clermont, the cry which set the Crusades in motion and kept them in motion, '*Deus vult!*' (It is the Will of God!), in order to estimate the gulf which separates American religion from that of Europe. The Crusades, the product of a God of Will, seem to America an utterly useless expenditure of blood and treasure. The will of God and His servants eventuating in such a vain exploit seems like the whim of a destructive child. 'What hath God wrought!' An instrument of unlimited usefulness. His activity, eventuating in an electric telegraph, is that aspect of Him which can seize the Far Western imagination and retain hold of it.

Henry Adams, child of an alien race, a family of pure Faustian culture domiciled in an unfriendly environment, with an insight deeper than he himself, perhaps, realized, set a prayer to a dynamo within a prayer to the Virgin. Electricity, as a 'force,' seemed to him comparable, in the nineteenth century, to the force of the Mother of God in the thirteenth. The Virgin is still the great symbol of the Faustian soul: a human being bringing forth infinity, by reason of its perfect correspondence to the Will of God. The European Adams realized this. The Virgin, dimly understood, was still to him, a late man of a dying civilization, the ultimate force, the supremely meaningful sign of his being. 'A curious prayer, Our Lady, is it not?' he asks, after his address to the dynamo. The Faustian soul is one with him in finding it curious. The dynamo means nothing to Europe. Like all the electrical conveniences it makes possible, like power-driven machinery, like telephone and telegraph, it is simply a 'labor-saving device' in Europe. Only the economists pay any attention to these matters. The life of Europe, sluggish and tired as it is, is grateful that labor is saved it, but goes its secular way quite as usual.

Not so America. The cults of automobile and radio have a meaning for Americans which can only be described as religious. Both cults, indeed, are very far removed from useful activity, yet both symbolize it in the highest degree. The automobile is the acme of mechanical, the radio of electrical, efficiency. Behind both of them stand stupendous industrial systems, in which countless individuals are usefully active. Filling stations, open day and night, are the wayside shrines; broadcasting stations the oracles or the diocesan centres of the Far Western religious organization.

The Far Western man cannot always be usefully active, and human laziness is such that even if he could be, he would not. Automobile and radio confer the illusion of useful activity. By the former, one is going somewhere in space; by the latter, one is going somewhere in time. Both provide the movement which is radical in all useful activity. Both, as we have seen, symbolize useful activity in more ways than one. By an attachment to them, as to sacraments, the Far Western man hopes for salvation from the body of this uselessness.

That God may be electricity is a favorite American speculation. That He is lurking in machinery is also a not unusual suspicion. Certainly an electric current, with the manifold useful activities which it engenders, and a smooth-running, efficient machine have something of the marvelous and divine about them. The Far Western imagination has made saints out of all its great prophets of electricity from Franklin to Steinmetz and Edison. Edison, indeed, like Alexander the Great, is already in his lifetime a demigod and something of an oracle. His friend Henry Ford, the prophet of the automobile, enjoys a devotion not much less idolatrous than that offered the Wizard of Menlo Park.

Unlike the cultures of Faust and of the Magi, the Far Western soul will never, probably, tolerate the emergence of a priestly caste. Upon men of whose useful activity there can be no doubt, Americans confer and will continue to confer the respect due to the anointed of God. But Americanism, as Pope Leo XIII noted, respects the active virtues only, and has no use for contemplation. Doctors, whose supposititious restlessness in the pursuit of scientific and healing truth, whose putative twenty-four-hour days devoted to curing the sick and preventing sickness, seem to epitomize useful activity, are all of them invested with a sacerdotal character by the American soul. As Europe has had its anti-clericals, so America has its anti-medicals, whose shrill protests against medicine only set in bold relief the depth of reverence felt for doctors. The white-coated 'scientist' of the advertisements who has discovered this or that, forbids this or that, recommends this or that, always wears a grave, fatherly, essentially sacerdotal mien, and, judging by the frequency of his appearance in the pages of America's journals, deeply impresses those who read of his doings and sayings.

A priestly aura surrounds bankers as well. Alone among edifices devoted to commerce, banks seem hushed, even when they are noisy. Money and credit are black magic to Americans. The products of an alien culture, they are hothouse growths in the Far West, which has not yet produced a medium of exchange symbolic of its own economic life. Yet from money and credit all useful activities *seem* to flow, though, of course, the source of useful activity is far deeper than this. The banker inevitably appears to the American as a dealer in big medicine, a magician of the highest order. The American who approaches the desk of a vice president of a bank is somewhat comparable to the European who approaches the confessional. The conversation is marked by a similar nervousness on the part of the layman, a similar grave kindliness in assent or dissent on the part of the priestly executive. One may attack banks and bankers outside their doors and behind their backs. That is anti-clericalism. To attack them to their faces, within the sacred precincts, is sacrilege. The few who have ever done it tremblingly boast of their achievement the rest of their lives. A bank robber is, if public abhorrence be the measure of infamy, the most abandoned of criminals.

Christian ministers enjoy far less sacerdotal reverence than the doctors and bankers. Their enjoyment of it is strictly proportional not to their piety and prayers, not to their influence upon the divine Will, but to their useful activity. If they provide a plenitude of social services and embark on ambitious building schemes, they are conceded to be useful men in their communities and are revered. Such a minister stands on even terms with the doctor and the banker. Among the three there subsists a mutual respect based on fear of each other's powers.

There is little or no distinction between Protestant minister and Catholic priest. Curiously enough, Father Boyd Barrett has recently suggested that the latter's influence in America would be increased if he were married. A married man is of necessity a more usefully active man. Not only would the married priest's health be better, writes Father Barrett, but 'there would be a stronger natural incentive for priests to preach well and make a success of their parishes if the comfort and prosperity of their family were dependent upon their so doing. Actually many priests are lazy, and let things drift because they lack *natural* incentives.'

The Far Western soul will not tolerate a priestly caste, a body of men commanding respect and obedience by reason of a ceremonial initiation into holy mysteries. No ceremony can make a man supreme in respect of useful activity. Nature or nurture may make him so. But no imaginable rite can clothe him with power over the God of the lightning and of the dynamo.

In the classical world, too, the bankers were priests, of the Delphian Apollo, or the Athenian Goddess, or of any of scores of temples which dotted the Hellenic landscape. The doctors were initiates in the cult of the god Æsculapius. As for the old tribal priests, who are more or less homologous to the Christian ministers of America, they were made socially useful by receiving minor political functions.

The question whether 'Christianity' will survive in America is rather an idle one. Cultures have always made their own religions. Magian Christianity is only materially the same as that of Western Europe, as Spengler and a host of others have consciously and unconsciously shown. Far Western Christianity is, can be, and will be like no other Christianity of history. It is not inconceivable that Jehovah may take permanent form as the God of the dynamo, whose symbols are the automobile and the radio. He has been a God of pure Spirit, a God of pure Will. He can also be a God of pure Useful Activity. Perhaps the Far Western soul will ultimately throw the whole mass of Christian formulæ into the discard as too stiff with age to be reshaped to its needs, and get on, like the classical, without any formal theology.

Christianity, after all, has meaning and has had meaning not for cultures and collective souls at all, but for a few souls of individuals, who with remarkable spiritual intelligence have shut out the clamor of the world, cut themselves off from their cultural environment, and, in the quiet of their hearts, listened to the still small voice, and directly and immediately apprehended the meaning of Godhead and Christhood. These are the only truly religious men. They have existed, like enclaves, in every culture, and have left little record of themselves, for no tongue could utter, no eye could see, the things that were revealed to them. It is hard to believe that any true Christian could ever be a theologian. It is a strange child who will make a scientific study of his love for his father, and write about it for people to read. The historic Jesus was Himself, it would seem, most certainly one of these religious men. His record is so scanty that there are grounds for doubting whether He ever had an historic existence.

IV

The meaning which every culture gives to life or finds in life receives its first tangible expression in the temples and material implements of religion. In the manufacture of these, the culture creates its style, reveals its habit of growth. By a comparison of early Far Western cultural monuments with those of the Classical, Magian, and Faustian cultures, we shall, perhaps, discern what is the American style.

The Greek temple and the Greek Apollo are profoundly symbolic of corporeality. Architect and sculptor were alike preëminently concerned to give their works supreme visibility, because perception by the senses was essential to a perfect belief on the part of the beholder in the bodily substantiality of what he saw. The means taken was the adoption of simple geometric harmony of proportions. It was not possible to see the Parthenon all at once. But it was possible to see at once the rule of proportions according to which it was constructed. From having seen the rule, one saw, as it were simultaneously, the whole edifice. In the Apollos, too, a few easily recognizable systems of rules of human proportion were used, and one, the canon or measure of Lysippus, was finally adopted, so that the beholder, from seeing the length of the foot, could 'see' the whole god.

The Magian art form was preëminently cavernous. There was a minimum of background, and, ultimately, no images at all. In the Pantheon, the Church of the Holy Wisdom, the Mosque, the worshiper was surrounded and shut in by the enveloping pneuma of the deity. All suggestion of the corruption of material nature was painstakingly excluded. Security, a sense of rest in God, were marvelously suggested. Even the basilica was a half-cavern, the apse, with a huge, artistically meaningless hall attached to it for the comfort of the faithful.

The Norman and Gothic temples in Western Europe are the supreme architectural expressions of the Faustian soul. By half-understood, deeply sensed principles of thrust and counterthrust, they contrive to convey concretely the infinite aspirations of the human will. All that suggests limits to that will, such as roof, side walls, apse, is subtly suppressed. The Gothic church in its highest perfection is a universe in little. Infinite distances are brought within compass of the worshiper's will.

The American building, par excellence, is the skyscraper. It is not, of course, a temple in the sense of a gathering place for worship any more than the Greek temples were. As the latter were meant to embody, incorporate, the city, these Far Western temples (cathedrals) have the primary object of impressing the beholder with the useful activity of those who use them. Why does the skyscraper stand for useful activity? Useful activity is movement with a maximum of direction, a minimum of dispersion. The skyscraper suppresses the dispersive dimensions, length and breadth. The directive dimension, height, alone is emphasized. One can only move up and down in a skyscraper: up to the top, down to the bottom, in a direction as purposively, usefully straight as the elevator shafts in which one travels. There is no opportunity for the aimless wandering which length and breadth afford, or even for going on and on in a horizontal straight line in pursuit of a retreating horizon.

All other American architectural forms are artistically meaningless. Their immense and unintelligible variety is sufficient evidence of this. Their interior arrangements are designed to facilitate whatever useful activity is to be carried on within them. Their exteriors are merely containers of whatever is inside them, save in the unhappily frequent cases where some amateur draftsman has embellished the blue prints of the elevation with a hotchpotch of naïvetés borrowed from alien civilizations. The four-square, unembellished house, a plain box of usefully arranged rooms, is the ideal American building. If anyone doubts that Far Western forms are meaningless, let him ask himself whether every American architect does not begin his work with the floor plans and finish with the elevations. The sole exception is, probably, the architect of the skyscraper. Then let him inquire whether the architects of the Louvre, or of Versailles, or of the Trianon began the same way.

The automobile, as might have been expected, has at length attained to significant form, following in the footsteps of the locomotive. That neither of these has any style among the Europeans is profoundly significant. Yet it is possible that European locomotives and automobiles are more efficient than those of America. In America, these things symbolize the culture; therefore they have style. To ask efficiency of them would be sacrilege. American locomotives and automobiles aim to convey a sense of directed movement, useful activity, by a suppression of all dimensions save that of length. The limit toward which they move is the straight, horizontal line. Probably the demand for 'straight-eight' cars is principally due to the excuse thus furnished for a longer and narrower hood. The mechanical superiority of eight over six is nugatory.

Alone among radio receiving sets, that achieved in America has style. It takes the form, where it has form, of a smooth, solid, impassable obstacle, like an oblong block of dark stone placed in the pathway. It is, symbolically, the terminus of the directed waves of radioactivity. In front of it sits the master of the house, controlling by the intelligent manipulation of a single knob which waves he will admit and which exclude. Purely automatic control of the radio, labor-saving as it is, has never, and probably will never, become popular. The man must still seem usefully active to himself, though his activity is limited to turning a round piece of bakelite and understanding the significance of the numbers which appear on the dial before him.

V

The physiognomist of the Far Western soul must avoid attaching any deep significance to those external aspects of life in America which really mean nothing to the Americans. Among these formally meaningless things are the American political organization; the humane curricula of colleges; the exploitation of European art, music, letters; above all, perhaps, the cities. Spengler has borrowed from the mineralogists the term 'pseudomorphosis' to cover manifestations of this sort. The Far Western soul, still in its feudal age, has been crushed into the false forms set for it from without by the overripe civilization of Europe, which for two centuries had the financial and political upper hand in the Far Western world.

Since 1776, America has been steadily crusading against the civilization of Western Europe. The Civil War was chiefly meant to extinguish the European 'gentleman' of the South. The war of 1917 was rather a war against Europe than a war against Germany, as the aftermath has shown. Hostility of Far Western soldiers to English and French was often more deadly and personal than was their hostility to the invisible Germans. For outcome, European victors and vanquished alike are eliminated from all control over American life, and, indeed, are in a fair way of being controlled by America. The Crusades are not over yet. By the end of this century, however, it is to be assumed that a final, crushing blow will be dealt the decadent civilization of the Old World.

The problem of the free growth of the Far Western culture is profoundly complicated by the fact that another culture, that of Russia, was coming to birth almost simultaneously. Peter the Great was to Russia what Washington, Adams, and Hamilton were to America: the means by which the pseudomorphosis was imposed. Peter forced Western forms upon the Russian genius and attempted to persuade a people in the late tribal stage to adopt the manners of the civilized courts of Paris and Vienna. The false political forms of Russia and America alike have been succeeded respectively by false economic forms. The 'international bankers of Wall Street' bear the same relation to America that the Bolsheviki bear to Russia. Both cultures have yet to evolve their characteristic money forms. It is curiously symbolic that John Quincy Adams was the Hamiltonian government's minister to Russia. Far more deeply symbolic is the present want of any sort of diplomatic relations with Russia. This does not arise through any want of understanding between Wall Street and the Soviets. It is America's way of expressing hatred not for the Soviets but for the Russian soul, which it now at last deeply realizes is to be its implacable rival throughout the history of the next thousand years.

What is to be America's future? History does not predict as science does; it foresees. For the living soul of America, now in its childhood, history foresees, as for any living thing, an adolescence, a young manhood, a maturity, an old age, a senility, possibly a death, possibly an ossification analogous to death. The normal life course of a culture is something near a millennium and a half. It is possible to foresee that, if the American soul does not meet a violent end, it will be culturally comparable to the European soul of 1929 in about the year 2700 A.D. — civilized, old, unproductive, like the Athenians to whom Saint Paul spoke, ever anxious to tell or hear some new thing. Modern Europe dwells in the past; its major preoccupation is history. America is young. History, for America, is, in Henry Ford's classic phrase, 'bunk.' America is contemporary with pre-Homeric Hellas, with the Mediterranean world of Diocletian's day, with Western Europe at the beginning of the Crusades.

In her normal life cycle, America should experience a great politico-economic upheaval sometime toward the beginning of the twenty-second century. The feudal lords, hardened into aristocratic castes, should then commence an internecine strife, out of the ruins of which will emerge a number of unified political entities in which the third estate, a body of real city dwellers, men to whom city life and its concerns are second nature, will hold a balance of power. By 2300, America should have perfected her medium of exchange, a money no doubt symbolically related to useful activity, and from then on money will play an increasing part in politics.

At the end of the twenty-sixth century, a revolutionary movement, based on appeals to the city mob, but directed by a genuine American money power, should overthrow the absolutistic, palace-intrigue-ruled states. Imperialism will characterize the twenty-seventh century. There will be an American Alexander-Napoleon. The Far Western soul, very old, having little but the physical strength which money power affords, will proceed to the mechanical extension of her culture over other regions. In the early years of that century, the great conclusive systems, philosophical, theological, scientific, should make their appearance. Nothing will then remain to be done culturally save the formation of a specifically American view of history. Accident may interrupt this normal growth at any point. The whole culture may be violently and prematurely cut off, as was the earlier American culture south of the Rio Grande four hundred years ago. The life of a culture, like that of a man, is not a scientific experiment. It cannot be repeated. Therefore it cannot be predicted.

Regardless of the actual events which will befall the Far Western soul in its secular growth, we may at least be sure that its essential physiognomy, its style, will never change. Infinitely weary of its life formula, useful activity, the Far Western soul will cling doggedly to it until the end, although its last and greatest seer, its Plato, its Saint Augustine, its Goethe, will cry out that not by useful activity, but, let us suppose, by resignation, man may be reconciled to his environment.

PONCHO, SON OF THE JUNGLE

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

I DON'T know how Poncho came by his name, nor how he came by his present batch of bloody wounds (not by his own teeth, probably), but I can imagine the fracas he was in last night, and how very near he came to 'passing out.' I think that every coati-mundi is in a fresh fracas every night, and the wonder is that every scrappy one of them does n't pass out. Poncho wears his wounds in public as a prize bull his blue ribbon. Instead of going off to a cave in the jungle until he is healed and fit to appear in print, he ambles out of the woods about the laboratory in broad day, with just enough whole parts to operate his remains, as if this gruesome, shattered condition might entitle him to a fatter, softer banana. For next to a fight Poncho loves a black-skinned, mushy banana. I must say that he shows good taste in bananas; and I don't believe he suspected that I should put him into print.

Poncho is an old male coati-mundi, alias *gato solo*, alias *pisote solo*, alias *Nasua narica panamensis*, a quite common animal of the Central American jungles, about the size of, and closely related to, our raccoon.

> The coon he has a bushy tail,
> The possum's tail am bar',

runs an old Negro melody, tails playing an important part in the classification according to this sort of natural history. It is Poncho's upstanding tail and his outstanding snout which should unrelate him, at first sight, to the raccoons and put him in a class completely by himself. But he has the feet of the coon, — plantigrade feet, with naked soles, — and other family marks in his anatomy, to say nothing of the strongly marked family traits of character.

Poncho is an old male coati, how old I cannot tell, but old enough to go *solo*, as the natives say, which, of course, means alone — driven out of the pack, probably, on account of his grouchy temper, or else forsaking the pack because the young ones are grown big enough to fight him back now, and with twenty or more against him the odds are too uneven, dearly as he loves to fight.

I am only guessing, but I cannot be far wrong. Behind Poncho's solo existence lies his nasty temper, and behind his nasty temper stand his nasty teeth. Teeth, temper, trouble — for men and nations and wild beasts, as well. Poncho is the best-armed denizen in the jungle, unless that may be more accurately said of the peccary. Both of them are terribly well armed, and, being armed, — according to human philosophy, not experience, — ought to keep the jungle peace. Instead, these two critters are always looking for trouble, being prepared for trouble, and so happy doing what they are best prepared to do.

Just at present Poncho seems to have found more than he wished for, at least more than is good for him. He is on a three-legged programme, but only because he cannot get around on one leg, or even on two. Doctors often disagree, but I think all the surgeons of the great Gorgas Hospital at Ancón would tell Poncho that three of his legs should be given a week in their surgical ward or he might never be able to fight on them again. His tail needs a bed by itself, too; and there should be another bed for the rest of his remains. If Poncho was the winner, as evidently he was, what, I wonder, is the condition of the other peacemaker?

I am in danger of making Poncho into a monster. Instead he is a most human and really a friendly beast, though accounted (the coati, I mean) the only dangerous animal in Barro Colorado Island jungle, and the only animal there that has ever deliberately attacked and bitten a man. The coatis have been guilty of that thing three different times lately, whereas the shy and gentle panther will flee when no man pursueth, and if there are deadly snakes, like the bushmaster and the fer-de-lance, they, too, have kept to their hidden dens when the laboratory folk have gone abroad. But, speaking of dangerous beasts, it is the wild-pig bands, the peccary bands, that make me nervous when I come across them, though the little fighters can't climb trees, while I can, if I have to, and can find a tree that I can climb.

Nothing on four feet in the jungle can outclimb a coati, not even a monkey, who really has a fifth foot — or, more like, two feet — in his automatic, sure-hold tail. I do admire the American monkey's admirable tail, but I admire very little of the rest of the monkey. The coati climbs in spite of his long, heavy mast of a tail, using it, as I have often observed, to counterbalance his body when wobbling gingerly out among the tips of branches overhanging a hundred-foot fall, and bringing it into play as a kind of friction brake when descending head-on down some slender, swaying liana from the roof of the jungle. But the coati cannot clasp a limb and swing with his tail like the monkey, though he ascends as high and seems to travel overhead almost as fast, doing as daring aerial stunts, with the exception of the trapeze act and the breathless, flying leap from tree to tree.

II

The coatis, until they become solo, hunt in bands, probably bands largely composed of females and growing children. Poncho seems to have tribal relations with the roving band that turns up nightly (mornings and afternoons as well) about the garbage pit behind the laboratory, where he takes a leading part in all the 'roughneck' work of the scrapping clan. But he goes solo now and puts in an appearance at all hours — on bananas bent, I take it, from the sniffling, nosey way he holds us up in the back yard.

He can smell better than he can see, and he can smell banana better than any other odor of the jungle. We raise our own bananas at the laboratory, bunches of them hanging in the main room, where you are bumping your head into them, and bumping them into your head, until you are ready to go out and call for Poncho to come and help you save them. Such bananas! Such fat, sweet, soft, and far-smelling bananas! Only the odor of such bananas ever reaches Hingham, Massachusetts, where I am smelling them now. 'T is little wonder that Poncho, with his banana nose, sniffed them from all parts of an island jungle only six square miles in extent!

When Poncho advances for banana directly upon you along the back-yard path, and you try to look him square in the eye, he shows a shifty, shady countenance, I must say. He has a very narrow, wedge-shaped face to begin with, and I think that he cannot focus his eyes straight ahead, having great need to watch both sides and behind him all the time. But on he comes, smelling, not seeing you, his long, inquiring, wriggling snout making passes over you in a most uncanny, uncomfortable manner, backed up by those close-set, unsteady, unseeing, uncontrollable eyes.

For a wild animal's eyes are weak members when they look straight into human eyes, and embarrassing to their savage owner, whereas a man's strength is in his eyes. He could not face danger without eyes, for what he really does is to *look* it down. You could not look Poncho down. You could stop him by hurling ripe bananas at him. But imagine the feeling of being advanced upon by a wild animal who had taken you in part and in whole for a ripe, fragrant bunch of bananas because he could n't see the difference! I was not exactly afraid of Poncho, not very much afraid anyhow, but when he came straight at me all nose and no eyes he could put a flutter through the very middle of me by way of the diaphragm!

The experience of having any wild animal come out of the jungle and walk up to you for a 'hand-out' smacks of the sensational, whether he comes 'watch-eyed,' 'cockeyed,' or wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. For Poncho is wild, and the Laboratory Pack is wild, and these friendly relations between the jungle and the garbage pit are more, by a good deal, than mere banana oil — whatever banana oil may be. Barro Colorado Island is a wild-life sanctuary, and nothing better proves it than Poncho and the Laboratory Pack.

In our back-yard landscape the coatis take about the part of the bears behind the hotels in the Yellowstone National Park. They behave very much like bears, too, though nothing about them is bearlike except their plantigrade feet. Yet they walk like bears, like very little bears, about the bigness of two tomcats. And they talk like bears, if I know how bears talk, though they ought to talk like coons, and bushy-tailed olingos, and the funny kinkajous, being members of the family Procyonidæ to which these others belong.

When Poncho sees me coming he drops his long, narrow head close to the ground and humps up his shoulders. That's a very formidable attitude both for outside appearance and for inside experience — not confined, either, to Poncho's inside. Then he humps up his hind quarters higher than his fore quarters; and over these high hind quarters elevates his mast-like tail, so that from his low-slung snout to his stiff-tipped tail he comes on as one increasing purpose.

The first time he saw me he came on increasingly until a few yards off, when he suddenly stopped and said, 'Uff!' And he meant 'uff,' though what 'uff' meant is another story — probably 'banana.' But it did n't sound like 'banana' to me; I had just landed on the Island and did n't know one word of Coati Spanish or Pan-Am dialect of any kind. 'Uff!' he said again with a distinct internal-combustion accent, the word exploding within him and jarring him ominously.

'Uff, yourself!' I jarred back at him, wondering if I could make the laboratory door behind me in not more than three jumps, but standing as still as a concrete post. I had evidently uttered the right thing. 'Uff, yourself!' was the password, for with that the ice broke and Poncho paddled straight up to me, thinking I held ripe bananas on my person, when, in truth, all I held were in my person, much to my dismay, and to Poncho's great disgust; for he turned his back at once upon me and ambled over to the garbage hole — no offense intended, possibly; anyhow, none taken. I was standing on two scared feet, not on offended dignity; and when Poncho turned to amble off I also turned and 'beat it' for the laboratory without any show of dignity; nor could I describe my gait as ambling. It was mighty decent of Poncho, I say, that he did n't force me into the garbage hole!

So I have fed him many a sweet banana for that; discreetly, of course, following the work of his wicked tusks with all my nervous fingers. He has never bitten me, but then, I never shook a bunch of keys at him as one of the foolish scientists did, and for no reason at all except that he was told Poncho hated the jangle of a bunch of keys. You must not tell a scientist anything queer like that, for if he has n't a bunch of keys he will not rest until he finds a bunch; then he will go up to Poncho and jangle them, and then Poncho will leap like a wildcat upon his shoulder and bite him in the neck.

Very odd of Poncho, is n't it!

Not being much of a scientist, I leave my keys at the bottom of my trunk when I go into the jungle and carry squashy bananas instead. There is no jangle to them. I am almost certain to meet a dozen to twenty coatis on any trail, among whom is likely to be at least one with ragged nerves. I am neither hoping nor plotting to have Poncho bite me in the neck. Nor in the leg, either, if he should wish to do the finished piece of work on mine that some other nervous brother of the jungle has just done on Poncho's left hind member. What punishment the old solo fighter can stand up under! And hobble about with! But he is indecently gruesome to-day and ought not to be allowed to inflict himself upon the suffering public.

III

Poncho sits nicely upon his haunches now, places one paw gently upon my knee, and snaps viciously at the banana, trusting all my intentions except those that have to do with the banana. He is a pig as well as a *pisote*, and hates a piece of banana as he hates the jazzy noise of keys. He opens his wicked jaws and lunges for the whole banana, and usually gets it, for there are plenty of bananas, but very few of my fingers, a certain shyness on my part still hanging over from our first encounter.

He held me up again the other day, to my everlasting embarrassment. I was just starting on an all-day hike along the trails, yoked with my heavy field glasses, brave in tall boots, an armed stick, a camp stool, and leather-bound notebook. I looked like a real explorer. Then Poncho, crossing the yard from the jungle, got his fishy eye upon me and saw all this kit as nothing but bananas. So he squatted in the walk before me square in front of the cookhouse door.

I could n't step over him. I would n't go around him. For several good reasons I could not kick him out of my way. I could have gone back for a banana and bribed him, but how many native eyes besides Nemesia's were peeking from behind the cookhouse window? And I a 'doctor'! So up I strode as if unaware of him and about to tread him down. But Poncho knew better. He had my measure, and sat there wringing his nose, which to the watching cookhouse was tantamount to thumbing his ugly nose, and was very funny — to the cookhouse.

Then Nemesia (bless her gallant, womanly soul!) threw a broom, and he slouched away. But I could n't find a spot deep enough, or dark enough, in the jungle that day to hide me from the cookhouse; and though it is unfair and ungallant of me, I shall always wonder at which of us, Poncho or me, Nemesia threw her broom.

The jungle on Barro Colorado Island is very nearly incarnate in Poncho and his band, though there is nothing else in the jungle quite so friendly as Poncho. Perhaps the unapproachable black monkeys more truly express the spirit of the jungle. Poncho and his band belong with the laboratory. But then, one of the seven bands of black howlers also belongs to the laboratory side of the Island and sticks to the tall timber near by as if held by something like a human bond. We don't know how many coati bands there are distributed over the Island. The animals are nomadic, and rapid travelers. You meet them everywhere, part of the pack moving through the tree tops, part nosing along on the ground, snuffling into holes, overturning rotten sticks, digging into everything, destroying or eating everything — nuts, fruit, birds' eggs, insects, reptiles, especially the large iguana, a tree lizard, which they hunt as a pack, resorting to the tricks, it is said, of a weasel on the trail of a squirrel.

I came upon a band on one of the trails the other day that allowed me to tag along in their wake with nothing but an occasional head turned in my direction and now and then a warning 'Uff!' A dozen of them were up the trees, as many more on the ground, keeping together and making a clean sweep, as thorough and as terrible as marching army ants. If I got too close one would hustle up the back side of a tree and poke his grayish, snooty, hatchet head around the bole about on a level with my face and try to stare me cross-eyed. He usually stopped me in my tracks, which was his real purpose, no doubt, while the clan moved on through the brush about its own business, as I should have been about mine, according to good jungle manners.

Barro Colorado Island being a wildlife sanctuary, probably no coati now roaming its jungle ever heard a gun fired, or has ever discovered the true nature of man, Nemesia's broom being the most deadly missile ever directed against him by the human hand. And I have intimated that Nemesia may really have thrown the broom at me. No, I must correct that. I caught Miguel throwing stones at Poncho the other day. I heard suppressed swearing and scuffle of feet beneath my study walls and looked out to see Miguel chasing Poncho about the yard with swearwords and stones, Poncho, at the instant I got into the picture, sitting bolt up on his haunches and tail, scratching ticks on his tummy with both forepaws, as if he wished Miguel would drop the stones and come help him scratch. And Miguel would have done it too, for by this time he had n't a stone in his hands, and could n't have thrown one anyhow, on account of tears and laughter. Poncho had probably broken into Miguel's own cache of bananas, and instead of scratching ticks on his tummy was showing Miguel where his bananas were, and how round they made his belly. Poncho knows a thing or two about these native Panamanians, and he is as fond as any of us of personal attention. I am quite convinced, now, that Nemesia threw her broom hard at me — though I am flattering myself — and not at Poncho, the old beggar, and fighter, and son of the jungle, and, more than any other thing in fur or in feathers, the SPIRIT of the jungle.

THE SONG OF CHARLESTON

BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

It is a fortunate thing that the spendthrift 'collectors' who scour the land for spoils cannot completely sack every place they visit. In all conscience there are objects enough, purchasable and portable, for them to carry home. Some things, by the grace of heaven, cannot be borne away — old houses, old gardens, old essences and flavors. These things can be transplanted only in picture and in memory. Not even in picture, only in memory, can the musical note and rhythm of a town, city, or region — the song that goes on singing itself in your heart — be appropriated by the wayfarer. For every place has its rhythm — indeed, its song. These are of two sorts — the insistent, plainly audible, and the still small voice, speaking for what lies hidden within. In the vast orchestra of city sounds — with many latter-day, local variants upon 'great London's central roar' — one instrument after another may dominate the melody and rhythm. The note of smaller places may be less constant, less certain to be recognized. Yet, outward and inward, the two voices of every place bear their part in making the *genius loci* — and for all the weight of what you see wherever you go, it is probably what you hear that swells most palpably the homeward-bound luggage of the spirit.

Such are the thoughts that spring to one's mind on returning from a visit to the city which, by the American measure of antiquity, must be called the ancient city of Charleston, South Carolina. There — with good luck in point of time and opportunity — one may hear a note, a definite song, so purely indigenous, so utterly characteristic, that it seems to spring as inevitably from Charleston soil as the porticoed, seaward-looking houses that could be found nowhere else. Their positive distinction of line and tone speaks for a civilization, a highly organized society, that has no American duplicate in scale and effect. Not the dwelling houses alone, but the public buildings, churches, and halls, connote a dignity and leisure that could have sprung only from an order of existence in which a powerful local oligarchy concerned itself with matters of grace and beauty.

It is not here and now a question whether the basis of privilege on which such an order erected itself was valid or the opposite. There it was, and the tangible fruits of it, surviving the repeated assaults of wars, earthquake, fire, and hurricane, stand proud and beautiful to-day, undefeated if a little wistful, in testimony of the lasting uses to which a society of planters could turn its untold resources of labor. And it is precisely in the songs of the Negro toilers of the great South Carolina low-country plantations that descendants of their owners are preserving to-day, in an admirable spirit of blended gratitude and *noblesse oblige*, the veritable song of Charleston.

Thus the South Carolina counterpart of the 'Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities' — to whose ministrations aging spinsters have been heard to wish themselves liable — is the Charleston 'Society for the Preservation of Spirituals.' There is no boasting, but a simple acceptance of the fact that the community lacks funds for any general restoration and preservation of its physical monuments. There is nevertheless a spiritual monument — a monument literally to the spirit — of Charleston in the past which was in actual danger of disintegration until, some eight years ago, a small company of Charlestonians, bearing for the most part the historic names by which the streets and the best houses of the city are known, undertook for their own pleasure to meet and sing together the songs which they had learned as children from the black servants on the plantations that were their homes or places of frequent visitation. These informal gatherings planted a seed of rapid growth. Friends heard the singing and enjoyed it so much that they bespoke a wider hearing for it. A local charity needed help and the loosely organized society sang for its benefit.

As the organization took form, that form rendered it unique among choruses. For one thing, no singer with a trained voice was eligible for membership: what Negro singer of spirituals has had a trained voice? For another, it was essential that the members should themselves be plantation-bred, or at least plantation-'broken' — for plantation life in its essence, be it said, long survived the Civil War. 'You either lived on a plantation' — it has been written of this qualification — 'or you did n't, and you can't use political influence, money, or good looks, or any other handy asset to turn that trick for you, if you did n't begin earlier in life than this to be eligible for membership.' An alien to the childhood influence of spirituals, with a voice trained by the best singing master in the world, — a candidate with either or both of these handicaps, — is automatically blackballed. You must go to Charleston for a genuinely exclusive club.

Did the society, thus organized, content itself with singing and resinging the spirituals for which its members could draw upon their own earliest memories? By no such process could they have accumulated their present repertory, including about a hundred and twenty songs. Their plan, on the contrary, has been to visit plantations and churches where the older Negroes are still singing their religious melodies, to learn the airs direct, by as many repetitions as need be, from these singers, and, lest the words — in the strange Gullah dialect of the South Carolina low-country — should evade remembrance, to make written notes of them on the spot. It has always been through such first-hand study — in the Santee country, on Beaufort, Edisto, and James Islands, and at other places in the region tributary to Charleston — that the songs have been gathered. If the spirituals familiar to theatregoers through *Porgy* have seemed to 'ring true,' the facts that Mr. and Mrs. Du Bose Heyward have been active members of the Charleston Society for the Preservation of Spirituals and that songs rescued by that organization have thus found their way to the stage on both sides of the Atlantic may well have something to do with it.

For the first few years of its existence the Society restricted its concerts to Charleston. Then, on demand from Savannah, Columbia, South Carolina, and other cities and towns within relatively easy reach, it appeared before audiences peculiarly qualified to appreciate its distinctive Southern flavor. Only within the past year has it journeyed farther afield — to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and the neighborhood of Wilmington, Delaware. So definitely amateur an organization, made up of ladies and gentlemen whose occupations are at the farthest possible remove from those of a traveling troupe, cannot be made a subject of common exploitation. Indeed, one hesitates to expatiate upon its merits even in so utterly unsought a piece of writing as this. Yet after one has experienced, all unprepared, the memorable sensation of hearing the Society give one of its concerts in its own town of Charleston, it were almost churlish to keep that experience to one's self. After all, the tickets are on public sale.

The town was packed with tourists, for the Middleton Place and the Magnolia Gardens — acclaimed by the temperate John Galsworthy 'the most beautiful spot in the world' — were nearing their climax of beauty. The evening in an overcrowded hotel looked a little formidable. But not far away was the local Academy of Music — such a theatre, though somewhat enlarged, as that in which Napoleon III first saw the Mariette of Guitry's play; such, again, in period though not in scale, and stable rather than afloat, as the scenes of *Show Boat* recall in travesty.

But the chorus on which the curtain rises is no such questionable company as that which the professional theatre so often assembles. Instead one sees some forty ladies and gentlemen who might, without any violent demand upon the imagination, have come together in the fifties of the last century out of the stately houses encompassed in a circle drawn from the theatre to include the Battery and the shores of the Ashley and Cooper rivers. The women's simple dresses of blue and pink are of that earlier time; the men identify themselves completely with it merely by substituting stocks and the semblance of a ruffled shirt front for the more rigid adjuncts of contemporary evening clothes. The president of the Society tells the audience something of its purpose — to preserve a treasured heritage, to employ any tangible gains from so doing for the benefit of old and needy Negroes, and ultimately to publish a book of the distinctive Gullah melodies and words, with pictures and historical text provided entirely by Charleston painters, etchers, and writers, the proceeds from this enterprise to be devoted to helping members of the race from which the preserved spirituals are derived. Each song is then introduced, with a word, in accent subtly local, about its origin. And then the chorus sings.

There are sophisticates who have grown a little weary of the singing of spirituals — and no wonder. The colored singers of them on concert stages are too often beguiled into self-consciousness and a certain overdressing of the simple melodies. The white concert singers of the same songs are often, and inevitably, subject to another self-consciousness — that of the imitator, and their voices are of course lacking in something of which the origin is distantly African. With the Charleston chorus there is nothing of imitation. It is rather a matter of rendering a white interpretation of a folk tradition common, though from different angles of practice and enjoyment, to black and white. The simple stage setting of the Southern outdoors, with enough of pendulent Spanish moss in the foreground to localize the scene beyond mistake, the seated group representing with equal certainty the gallantly surviving Charleston of old, the absence of all the stage consciousness usually revealed in bowing soloist or conductor, — for conductor there is none, and soloist is soon merged in chorus, — attune the spectator, surrounded by an audience quite homogeneous with the chorus itself, to the full effect of the singing. How is this effect, of so remarkable an intensity, produced?

A single singer, man or woman, unprompted by a leader or by any setting of the key, launches the melody, in which the others soon join, rising one by one and sitting again in their places without sign of premeditation or direction, swaying their bodies and clapping their hands in those motions strangely defined as 'shouting,' speeding the tempo, increasing the volume of the song, till that which began as a gentle, deliberate solo ends in an ecstasy of rhythm, rapid movement, and choral mass in which singers and hearers seem joined in that unity of stage and house which is the ultimate test of the power of song and action.

All this, one is well aware, is what an enthusiastic, not yet disillusionized, listener to spirituals might say of them at their best anywhere. Perhaps; but here, one is disposed to insist, there is something different. Here, I for one believe, is that special note which makes the singing of the Preservation Society so indisputably the song of Charleston. You have been told in the afternoon that it took a hundred slaves ten years to bestow upon the gardens of Middleton Place their noble and gracious form; and even the mythical half-year of seven maids with seven mops shrinks in comparison to a minute of time. The measure of things in Charleston seems rather a matter of centuries than of years — centuries of association, in which the interdependence of two races has played no negligible part. Whatever the origin and significance of the religious songs of the low-country Negroes, it is immensely significant that truly representative members of the dominant race are now singing those songs in a spirit of sympathy, reverence, and devotion which are themselves survivals from a less cynical age. How otherwise can true folk song, an indigenous form of art capable of its highest values only by the practice of rigorously art-concealing methods, be adequately preserved? Can the same process be applied in other places, to other species of song, to other forms of folk expression in art than music? The song of Charleston leads one to hope that such things may be, that native American art may flower in many gardens yet untilled.

Meanwhile let Charleston, like Bethlehem, become a place of musical pilgrimage. A festival of spirituals at the time when the gardens are in their glory would not appreciably increase the strain upon the already overtaxed provision for local bed and board. The lovers of flowers and of music are often identical. Old gardens, old houses, old music, all fruits of the same vanishing civilization, are better blended than isolated. And let not the chorus be tempted to stray too often from its own native habitat. Bethlehem with its Bach, Dayton and Northfield with their roaming choirs — however beautifully the singers from these places may sing, Bach is an alien in Pennsylvania; the composers of sacred music, from Palestrina to Sullivan, have nothing in particular to do with Ohio and Minnesota. But Charleston and the low-country spirituals are close of kin: place and music inalienably fit and supplement each other. It would be against nature for such a chorus to be permitted unbrokenly to immure itself at home — and the world beyond Charleston would be the loser if it did. But at home is where one may best hear it, in the Second-Empire-like Academy of Music, with the whole song of Charleston, to which the cadences of the spirituals contribute a moving and determining part, throbbing itself quietly along in one's heart.

MODERN FARMING — SOVIET STYLE[1]

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

MODERN farming has come to the peasants near Odessa. Farming more modern than on up-to-date farms in America, yet grafted on a husbandry more ancient than that of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Here until yesteryear men ploughed with homemade implements, and the village now rechristened 'Red Way' had less than one horse for two families. To-day a State-owned Tractor Station, centrally situated, ploughs on contract for seventy-six villages — ploughs, and harrows, and sows, and reaps, and threshes, gives seed and seedlings and French vines on credit, furnishing all machinery while the peasants furnish labor. Such is the type of farming which within a year will be duplicated in two hundred districts, and which, if it succeeds, will rapidly cover one sixth of the earth's surface.

The Tractor Station Shevchenko is named for a Ukrainian poet — a singer of revolution who suffered much in prison. To poetry, indeed, belongs a dream so daring as that which unites the Ukrainian village Red Way and the German village Naikova and the Jewish settlement Felixdorf and nearly fourscore other quite incompatible villages in the bonds of a single machine. To poetry also seemed to belong those fields when I first saw them — black rows of winter fallow sweeping from horizon to horizon, miles and miles of green undulations of winter wheat, unbroken by any boundary, yet containing the harvest and 'land rights' of hundreds of peasants. The boundaries of centuries gone in a single year — it is fitly named for a poet of revolution.

After the unbounded fields — the Tractor Station, a cluster of buildings like a new townlet springing out of the soil. The great machine shop looms like a central temple in the Soviet religion of industrialization where the machine is idol. Only half as high, as if on their knees before it, four parallel rows of long, low tractor garages hold their two hundred tractors, each of which must enter the shop to confess its internal sins, and receive the penance appointed, and after a thorough revival retire to rest in its dark bare cell till spring. A little apart from the shop, by a lake now frozen, are the white cottages of workers' bedrooms, the central dining hall, the club, the offices.

Here is the centre of machine farming for one hundred and fifty thousand acres. Yet the men here living and working own not a single acre, and plough not a single furrow by their own hands. The Station gives machinery, chosen and organized. The peasants do the ploughing and receive the harvest — those peasants now scattered over the snowy fields beyond the horizons, in the same ancient villages they have always known. Yet across those fields and horizons those primitive peasants are knit by this Station into one great factory system, producing not iron or cloth, but grain.

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[1] This is no pæan in praise of the Gigant, that Soviet State Farm which has won world recognition by becoming in one sudden harvest the biggest on earth. Scores of articles and one motion picture already show how its tractor armies took the virgin fields of the Caucasus, seeding 150,000 acres in a single first season. The Gigant, however, is only a problem of engineering; Shevchenko Tractor Station is a problem of the reorganization of mankind on the soil. — AUTHOR

From the Station the tractors go out in spring to the villages, and to it they return for winter. From it go out the ploughs, the seeders, the reapers and threshers in their turn. From it go out farm experts, in Ford autos or Chevrolet trucks, to work out plans of crop rotation and give instruction. To it come in each winter the chosen youth of the villages to take courses in running tractors. They work and study all winter in the repair shops, and return in summer to the fields. From the Station go out also the selected seed, the imported French vines, the young apple trees, the cows and sheep and chickens bought on credit for fourscore villages. And to the Station comes each fall the surplus harvest, to be sold to the State on behalf of every village.

To the Tractor Station come also many conferences. Conferences of poor peasants and farm hands — a distinction which still exists but may soon be abolished in the general leveling process of the machine. Conferences of farm wives, centralizing for culture; they arrive in batches of a dozen in one creaking wagon. The Station aspires to autobus lines some day; but that is for the future. Conferences of elected delegates from the seventy-six villages, discussing the taking of stock in the Tractor Station, so that they, as well as the State, may share its ownership.

Five presiding officers sat at the table of one such conference — the Russians have a way of electing five chairmen instead of one. Here is an old Ukrainian, with ragged sandy-brown beard and hair, with clothes completely disheveled; could such a kindly, shiftless antique be disciplined into the regular labor of modern farming? Next to him the Party Secretary, young, smooth-faced, speaking persuasive words in the soft Ukrainian tongue — his usual manner that of the cajoling parent, changing to harsh fanaticism when crossed. Centrally seated, a German who by common consent takes the chair most often, in clothes so orderly and well brushed and with small moustache so neat under his astrakhan cap that he seems a petty city official rather than a peasant. Then a Ukrainian woman, — for by Soviet custom the women must always be represented, — with a soft brown shawl on her head. Last of all, a black-haired, black-moustached Jew from the new farm colonies, with dogged determination fixed in his reddish face.

So varied are the living elements in one small district of Soviet farming — alien and not easily assimilated. The Germans regard the Ukrainians as shiftless and irresponsible; the Ukrainians look on the Germans as 'all of them kulaks,' formerly rich exploiting peasants who are now by Soviet decree being ruthlessly 'liquidated.' The Jews are new to the soil — they are artisans, traders, workmen, peddlers from the little towns in the former Pale of Settlement. The Revolution bankrupted their private trade, but gave them land; they are burdened with debt, but resolute. All of these elements are now in the melting pot, as patrons and future owners of a central Tractor Station. All of them are giving up horses and depending on a central mechanism. How are they related to it?

II

The farm experts of the Station are enthusiastic about the German village Naikova. 'So orderly, so responsible! At the end of the day their tractors are all lined up in a row, all facing in the same direction, with the ploughs in another row at a little distance, and the kerosene cans and seeders at the other corners of a regular military square. Not one of their members ever fails to show up for work on the day assigned him; they carry out exactly the advice of the experts. Not like most of our Ukrainians,' they nod sadly.

Yes, the alien experts are enthusiastic about Naikova; but Naikova is not enthusiastic about itself. Few German villages are, in present-day Russia. In the new equalization of land ownership, the once prosperous Germans, who formerly hired Ukrainians and Russians to till their surplus acres, have lost land to these penniless neighbors. The wave of collectivization, which means to the Russian peasant that 'land rights' expressed by a dozen tiny strips always changing shall now be expressed by a proportionate share in a tractor-gained harvest, brings on the other hand to Germans the break-up of cherished individual farm plots fertilized and worked by ancestors. So they seem a bit cheerless at Naikova, though plodding and patient. Some of them — those who were poorest before — have gained much by the Revolution. But the village as a whole has lost land to other villages.

In the glamour of twilight Naikova seems a very prosperous village. Majestic old trees planted along orderly streets; big houses, of which the simplest is better than the kulak's house among Ukrainians. By harsher daylight the dwellings show shabby — no shabbier than Ukrainian houses are always, but seeming down-at-heel from a better past. Germans set great store by houses, both outside and inside. The room which I entered to meet the president of the Naikova Collective Farm was so typically German that it was hard to believe the broad fields of the Ukraine were beyond its windows. Photographs in plush frames, bunches of dried grass hung on framed family portraits, embroidered towels, plaques of cross-stitching, fussy and homely decorations attached to every article of furniture. A text above the bedroom door: *Meine Seele ist stille zu Gott, der mich hilft.* A tiny Christmas tree, artificially made from a bare bush in a land where there are no firs, yet so artfully trimmed with green papers and tinsel stars that it almost created an illusion of a real 'Tannenbaum' Christmas.

Similarly uprooted, yet similarly persistent in their clinging to the forms of a far homeland, were the German farmers. Settled here since the days when Catherine lured them with special privileges of land and tax exemptions, they had never in all the century and a half become assimilated. They spoke their own language; they cherished the 'German standard of living,' a standard bought at first patiently by industry and thrift and later expanded on the labor of less clever Ukrainians. When their lands were equalized with others, they revolted against the Soviets, and helped Denikin; and for this they were suppressed. For a few years more they rented their old lands back from the poorer peasants who could not work them. But now the Tractor Station worked all lands alike, equalizing everyone. This common standard of living left them not very happy.

Perhaps it was merely the German phlegmatic temperament, rather than any unhappiness, that accounted for the calmly patient and thorough report they gave me. The members of the Collective Farm had, after all, mostly gained through the Revolution, since this farm was first organized from the former farm hands and poorest peasants, and was only now acquiring the rest of the village by mass influx. At any rate, they deeply appreciated the Tractor Station. Not as some peasants did, because for the first time all their lands were ploughed. No, the Germans had always ploughed all their lands; but the tractors ploughed better. Thanks to the tractors, they had this year a fair harvest, after two years of drought and frost-killed wheat.

The work which each farming family does and the harvest it receives are proportioned to the 'land rights,' which are based on the number of souls. These German farmers keep their records thoroughly. Here, for instance, is the 'labor book' of Margarita Klaus, a widow with four children, of whom one son and one daughter are old enough to labor. Having 'land rights' to thirty acres of land, she was required to furnish eighty-seven rubles' worth of work during the summer. Her son carried water one day, and was credited with 1.20 rubles; her daughter weeded millet three fourths of a day, and was credited with eighty kopeks; the family horse turned out for three days, with the labor of two persons to cultivate maize, and was credited at 3.12 rubles daily. Thus with some seventy-five days' labor of a single person assigned to Widow Klaus by the elected Field Manager, and by her portioned out to members of her family, she did her stint of work and earned her harvest.

In return for this work Widow Klaus and her family received eighteen bushels of wheat, thirty-nine of barley, twenty of oats, twelve of millet, forty-five of maize, and thirty-six dollars in money, besides the payment of a debt incurred in the spring for sixteen dollars' worth of vegetable seed and tractor work on their vegetable garden. The garden gave them melons, cabbages, onions, carrots. It was not much, considered as a whole year's living for a family. Yet it was a year's food and shoes for five persons obtained by seventy-five days' labor of one unskilled youth or girl. The problem of the Klaus family was, clearly, not a larger return for labor, but the getting of more labor, properly spaced through the year. Incidentally, the share of Widow Klaus would have been larger had not the thrifty German villagers decided to pay for last year's seed and this year's out of a single harvest, and set aside a village grain reserve against crop failure of the future. This, which they counted virtue, their easier-going neighbors called sheer individualism and lack of trust in the government. What was government for, if not to give seed on credit in case of crop failure?

III

To the German village of Naikova the Ukrainian village ten miles away is in all respects a contrast. Formerly named Zavodovka, from a landlord's family, it now rejoices in the name Red Way, in token of freedom. About its people the farm experts refuse to indulge in raptures. What a mess they made with their tractors and kerosene cans! One day, during seeding, a tractor stopped all day, because the man assigned to work the seeder went to market. One day during threshing fifteen of the girls and boys went off on a picnic, and the threshing stopped till the morrow.

But if the farm experts fail to wax enthusiastic over Red Way village, it is otherwise with politicians and social workers. How loyal is Red Way! How it loves the Soviet Government which gave it land, and then lent money for seed, and now sends tractors! What, indeed, would Red Way do without the government, which last year not only ploughed for them, but lent them eight thousand dollars' worth of French vines and other seedlings, and this year is financing a cow barn of a thousand cows? And how wonderful is the club work in Red Way; how fine the choruses and dramas! And when someone starts the idea of a 'socialist competition' with the next village, how the work rushes along then, like a royal sport! Anyway, even if the girls and boys did stop to picnic, they got a better crop than the near-by individualist peasants who had no Tractor Station to help.

Practically no one owned land in Zavodovka before the war. The people worked on the lands of General Rauch, whose spacious villa in a near-by park is now an agricultural school for the village youth. When the Revolution gave them land, they could not plough it; among four hundred and seventy-three households there were only two hundred and ten horses. Not a majestic list of livestock for a farming community. No wonder Zavodovka wanted help, and loves the government that gave it.

The real boss of Red Way village, and the inspirer of its many changes, is Rochagoff, the school principal and the Communist representative. Owing to him, it is a village made over. To begin with, it has its new name, 'Chervoni Shliag,' which is Ukrainian for 'Red Way.' To be sure, I did not hear the peasants use this name during my visit; they called it Zavodovka as of yore. But the name is signed on all official communications to the Tractor Station and to any branches of government, where it doubtless has its effect. You will look in vain for an official notice of a village called Zavodovka.

Then also, Zavodovka — I beg its pardon, Red Way — has a new calendar. Not merely the European calendar, in place of the old-style Russian. No, something much newer! They have adopted the 'five-day week' from the city workers. They have even made new names for the days, abolishing Saturday and Sunday altogether. There is Party Day, and Young Communist Day, and Pioneer Day, and Trade-Union Day, and Collective Day; the names may seem prosaic — but think how convenient, since these are the days when those organizations meet! One meeting every day for five days, and then over again. They assured me that their months are all thirty days exactly. When I asked how they got on with the city of Odessa, which has a different calendar, they replied persuasively that the city would soon copy them. But somehow I have a suspicion that if near-by villages still have market days on Sunday, Red Way manages to remember them.

Red Way has even new names for its babies. There are no more churches in this settlement of three thousand souls. The Baptists, the Adventists, and the Orthodox have all given up their buildings for various social purposes. The priest and the psalm singer have gone away. So babies are no longer baptized; they are 'Octobered,' by a ceremony held in the former church, now the club, under the strict atheist auspices of Principal Rochagoff. Old saints' names, like Ivan, are frowned on, and only revolutionary names win the principal's favor. Such as Kim, the initials of the Communist League of Youth; or Yu-pé, standing for Young Pioneer; or Vilen, for

Vladimir Ilich Lenin. October is also a possible name for boys, but it is more favored as Octobrina, for girls. Rochagoff has as yet no longer list of names than this, so one worries about the babies still to come. Perhaps his imagination will expand; if not, Russian villages have survived with scores of Ivans; doubtless Red Way will not perish if it has thirty or more Kims.

Red Way also has, since there is no more a priest, its 'Red Funerals' and 'Red Weddings,' at which Rochagoff officiates. The young folks register their marriage first at the Soviet registration bureau, and then come to the village club for a party. A speech is made about the difference between the old and the new marriage. 'Formerly,' says Rochagoff, 'the priest told wives to fear their husbands. But we say this is nonsense. A wife should be a good comrade; she and her husband are equal.' This subversive speech is ended by music from the village orchestra, also organized by Rochagoff. Such are the Red Weddings!

No wonder Red Way obeys Rochagoff and his ally, the Tractor Station. Has the Tractor Station not ploughed for Red Way the fields which had never been ploughed since the days of General Rauch? Has it not furnished seed, well selected? One fourth of the village joined the collective farm the first year, one hundred and sixty-five families, and these received in addition to the ploughing a loan of materials to the amount of one hundred rubles per family, mostly in imported vines; Red Way has set out a collective vineyard. Even the easy-going ways of the collectivists did not seem seriously to hurt their harvest. With their land ploughed deep by tractors, they got thirteen bushels of spring wheat to the acre, though the year was dry, while their individualist neighbors, who worked much harder without machines to aid, got barely seven or eight. Happy collectivists, who can miss a day or two at picnics and still be better off than their neighbors!

Now, however, everyone in the villages has joined the collective farm,[2] as was natural after such a showing, and especially in view of the credits offered by the Tractor Station for purchase of cows. The government wants milk for the babies of Odessa, and it wishes also to help a good village of former farm hands like Red Way. So collective cow stables are to be built, housing a thousand cows. For the building, the State gives half the cost on credit, while the peasants give half in labor. For the cows, the peasants have only two hundred and sixty, so the State will furnish the others. Gradually, out of the profits, they will pay back the debt and own the cows as property of Red Way. A collective chicken ranch, with two hundred cocks and two thousand hens, has just arrived from the Tractor Station; and many new fruit trees, now carefully covered against frost, are next spring to be set out as a collective orchard.

In spite of the farm experts' respect for Naikova, it is with Red Way that one falls in love. Red Way with its little white houses decorated in pale blue, in the gay Ukrainian fashion. Red Way with its enthusiasms and loyalties. We stroll down muddy streets and learn that next year trees will be planted here, by the 'Red Way Beautiful Committee,' to make a boulevard and park. The 'Scrap Iron Committee' shows us great yards full of ancient ploughs and reapers and implements of all kinds, gathered to sell as junk to the nation's industries and earn an honest penny for Red Way. There are dozens of tons! Easily the price of a couple of tractors! A noble job! But somehow one can't imagine that the German village would ever have let so many implements go bad.

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[2] This is the tale only of those peasants who are accepted by the Tractor Station. Some are shut out — the kulaks, or former employing farmers. Their fate is indeed a harsh one; they are being 'liquidated as a class.' By economic, political, social pressures, and sometimes by direct administrative measures, they are thrown out of the district. A fate not unlike that of small individualists everywhere, in the growing trustification of industry. In Russia it is much swifter and more deliberately planned than elsewhere, taking place in one year instead of twenty, and directed to a conscious end — the collectivization of farming. — AUTHOR

We turn at last to the village club, where a health exhibition is on display. Really, when one finds such a club in a small village, criticism stops and enthusiasm holds sway. Here is a programme that would do credit to a town thrice its size and with thrice its culture. Posted on the wall is the 'Treaty of Socialist Rivalry' concluded with the club of another village. In the course of the three winter months Red Way Village Club agrees to hold thirty-eight lectures, of which eight shall be on collectivization, four on science, eight on anti-religion, eight on daily life, six on sanitation, and four on care of livestock. Four mock trials must be held, on political subjects; four women's evenings and four dramatic presentations. Once a week the movies come, followed by discussion of the theme presented, from a civic and social point of view! Radio must be installed — in fact, this is already done. Among the study circles meeting regularly are those on drama, on current events, on daily life, on collective farming, on anti-religion; there is also a string orchestra, as well as a chorus of sixty voices.

The tiny library of a thousand paper volumes is better served than many of thrice its size. It sends out two traveling libraries to near-by hamlets; a brigade of seventeen 'book carriers' go every week from house to house to take books to the older peasants and thus encourage reading. Another brigade of forty young folks spend an evening a week reading books aloud to peasant adults. The committee of authors which produces the wall newspaper numbers twenty-five budding writers. Two excursions have been organized to places outside the village.

Rochagoff told us, with pride, how the villagers had all voted to use the churches for clubs and schools. The Baptists gave their church and the Adventists theirs, and the whole village met to decide on the big Orthodox Church. Even the priest and psalm singer signed the petition for the club, and declared that there was no religion any more. It was a wonderful story, told with optimism and enthusiasm. Was it indeed true, I wondered, that the ancient village of Zavodovka had been in so short a time completely made over?

Later I met a group of the peasant women and asked about the taking over of the churches. Was it really done by majority vote of the members? Did the Baptists, for instance, vote to give up the Baptist building? The women looked doubtful.

'Well, you see,' said one, 'the Baptists at first opposed and sent a delegation to Odessa to protest against the village taking their church. But they saw it was no use, so they agreed. The Adventists gave their church quite easily; but it was n't their own building — it was the house of a kulak which they rented. Then taxes began on churches and they had n't much money, so they voted to give the house for a school.

'But the Orthodox — there was quite a fight there. Half the village raised a scandal and left the meeting, trying to break it up. But those who were left, who were chiefly the young folks, voted to take over the church. They said: "The older ones can pray at home, but we can't have a club at home." And the older folks said: "Give us a few years to pray in the ancient manner in our church; then we shall be gone." But anyway, the young folks took it.'

'The Baptists did better,' said one woman with a touch of pride. 'They gave up without scandal.'

'You Baptists!' cried a third. 'It was n't much for you to give up. You Baptists only existed a hundred and fifty years, but we Orthodox existed nineteen hundred years, from the days of Christ himself.'

Thus they contested superior merit in sacrifice. Anyway, Rochagoff had the churches for clubs and schools, and the young folks were with him. Under his strenuous care the village of Red Way, with its warm Ukrainian temperament, sociable, undisciplined, was going through club work and musical societies to better farming. What could one expect of a village of farm hands only recently given land? Now they were holding lectures, dramas, exhibitions; they were studying current events and farm methods. They were organizing brigades for the summer work, to carry over into farming the 'socialist rivalry' which had worked so well in the clubs. They who were last shall be first! If thrifty, individualist German Naikova had sunk in scale of living, the easy-going farm hands of Red Way were joyously rising.

IV

Near to both these villages was the Jewish colony Felixdorf, grim, proud, determined. 'For three years the government fed us when our harvest failed. This year we feed the government. Thirty thousand poods we gave from our sixty households — two thirds of our harvest.' So spoke Tulchinski, president of the Collective Farm of Felixdorf.

Of all the many villages for which the Tractor Station ploughs, none are more needy than these of the Jewish colonists who came from the desolate cities wrecked by civil war and the long attrition of revolution and turned to a new occupation — farming. Four years ago they received land near Odessa. After their first sowing came three years of famine. No reserves except relief societies and government. In the fourth year the Tractor Station worked their land — and harvest came!

The village of Felixdorf, of which I heard the epic, was named not for that 'Felix' which means happiness, but for Felix Dzerjinsky, who died at his distant post in the year of its founding, a symbol of ruthless, efficient struggle. From many Jewish towns its founders gathered — traders, artisans, workers. Not one soul of the first forty-three families had ever tilled the soil. The Department of Agriculture lent each household three hundred and fifty rubles to put up a mud house; the Jewish Relief Society gave credits for a horse and a cow.

So they sowed — hardly, with unaccustomed hands and insufficient livestock. Each year the winter wheat was frost-killed; each year the spring wheat parched before fall. For three years they made a statement of need through the village government, and got from the State emergency aid — a pound of flour per day per person through the year, and forage for horses to save them as farmers. In spite of this aid, the livestock diminished till sixty households had only twenty-five horses; and every household owed five or six hundred rubles, which was more than all their possessions.

In 1928 they made their contract

with the Tractor Station. Again the winter wheat was killed; if they had depended on their own strength, they would have been lost indeed. But the Tractor Station lent spring seed, and quickly replanted the land to other cultures. 'We got at last a harvest. We kept for our food a good norm, two pounds of bread a day. Not all wheat, of course; our bread must be mixed with barley. But we had thirty thousand poods left to pay the government, to begin settling our debts for the past four years.

'We did not even save any grain to insure the future. We gave it all to the State, which insured us in the past. We have also begun to arrange for a cow collective; the Tractor Station helps us build a barn for two hundred cows. Land we have also prepared for seventy acres of orchard; the Fruit and Wine Coöperative gave us five thousand rubles' credit for this and to buy trees. The Tractor Station is testing our soil to find a place for a vineyard. As for grain farming, we don't worry any more. Our best horse ploughing was five hundred acres; the Tractor Station ploughed for us fifteen hundred.'

So are these villages knit together, German, Ukrainian, Jewish, so unlike each other, keeping their own characteristics, but welded into one grain-producing mechanism. As a result of two years' experience, several new functions begin to be added to the Tractor Station. It has become a branch of the Agricultural Bank, replacing all credit coöperatives. It buys equipment, livestock, seed, vines, and issues them on credit. It collects grain direct from the thresher and ships by railroad, saving the waste of a hundred government buying agents and bookkeepers. It becomes a cultural centre also, bringing educational and health experts from the city. Even now a health exhibition accompanied by four evening lectures is making the tour of these villages, and five experimental day nurseries are opening, with food furnished by parents and personnel by the Odessa Health Department.

Not by accident was the first Tractor Station set up in the Odessa district, where frequent drought destroys forage crops and depletes the village of horses, and where three bad years in succession have left all peasants poor. So popular now has become this type of large-scale farming that the budget of Odessa district plans for sixteen such stations to be built during 1930; by the following winter of 1931 there are to be twenty stations, ploughing the whole two and a half million acres that make up Odessa *okrug*.

To-day, across the whole Soviet Union, the idea of the Tractor Station is taken as a model for the rapidly advancing mechanization of farming. Two hundred such stations are being organized, each with two hundred tractors, for the winter of 1930. As they spread across the land, their local relations also develop in the direction of more intimate local control. The villages elect representatives to sit in the Council of the Tractor Station; they begin to subscribe 'share capital' toward its ownership. They begin to organize new activities, more intensive farming, small industries, to use the surplus labor which the coming of the tractor has freed.

Such is 'modern farming — Soviet style' in the second year of its experiment and the first year of its expansion. If it succeeds, — and it has all the resources of the State pledged to back it, — these forms and methods will conquer the continent of Asia, and will send tremors of hope and of fear rocking the farming peoples in the lands beyond two oceans.

PALESTINE — AN IMPASSE?

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

I

FROM Jerusalem to Bethlehem is a pleasant five-mile walk. If one starts an hour before sunrise he can reach the old monastery at the top of the hill looking down on both cities in time to see day break over the mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea. At this hour the contours of the tumbled wilderness which wastes away from the stubble of the near-by fields to the denuded rocks of the lower valley are sharply visible in the contrast of light and shadow. Motor traffic has not yet begun on the highroad. Only the rural Arabs are abroad, bringing their market truck to town on donkeys or camels. Here at the Crusader's rampart, or farther on at the tomb of Rachel, one can still summon the illusion of antiquity, and find the landscape a fit setting for those occasional authentic spots whereon the historical sense dwells with that peculiar satisfaction which for many millions of souls, Jewish, Christian, and Moslem, constitutes the primary meaning of Palestine.

But even now there are disturbing notes. A cluster of red-tiled roofs belonging to a group of bungalows whose wide windows reply sharply to the first glance of the sun betoken a new settlement, European in architecture and surroundings. The Arab villages, poor as they are, belong to the hillsides out of which they grow. These new colonies, clean and well-appointed, strike one as exotic; involuntarily one asks, 'Why are they here?' There is a pride about them, a challenge, a stir, as if some gong of modernity were sounding from them; and the spirit of Palestine, stirring also, but trying to listen to other sounds, seems to respond reluctantly, 'Must I, too, go this way, and become altogether one with these?'

Here speaks the temperamental antithesis between the new Zionist and the Arab; and in such undefined contrasts lie the germs of political conflict.

Nowhere else in the world is an overt political clash so clearly the surface play of forces before which politics is helpless. Diplomacy would like to wash its hands of the matter. We see Great Britain, the mandatory, passing a critical decision to the League, and the League hesitating to accept responsibility!

There are no precedents in the case; and therein lies its persistent hold on our interest. Some long-drawn struggles make us weary — the endless cross-pulling of patent self-interests. Some enlist our chivalry, as cases of right against might. Some command a deeper concern — the conflict of two rights, two equally justifiable ideals, which the facts somehow have made incompatible; these contain the essence of tragedy, for without sacrifice on one side, or on both, there is no solution. This is the case in Palestine, for here are two corporate streams of hope which we rudely describe as 'national,' each with a valid claim on our sympathy, while both cannot be realized. And no political power dares deny either the right to life.

It is futile to try the case on the basis of the promises and declarations of Great Britain. Her fumbling efforts to give shape and limit to the conflicting hopes are pertinent, but secondary. The aspirations of Jew and Arab have not been created by any Balfour Declaration or by any Hussein-MacMahon correspondence. They spring out of the new life running in two great peoples, encouraged by all that has been said and thought since war time about the rights of national movements. It is not Great Britain alone, it is the entire Western half of the world which is involved in the dilemma. Britain, to be sure, is in the further plight of having committed herself to both sides — first of all to the Arab — and of having received from both sides a substantial *quid pro quo*. But this unhappy position becomes a crucial one only because the pressure of demand comes from populations who know little and care less about the letter of written agreements.

Britain has to deal not with what she has promised, but with what masses of Jews and Arabs think she ought to have promised. The Arab populations in Palestine and behind Palestine are thinking in terms of their desired kingdom with its western verge on the Mediterranean Sea. The Zion-minded Jews the world over, knowing Palestine only through the mirage of tradition, dream, and hortatory eloquence, think of their rights in that land in terms of their ideal Jewish community, united and free. These masses are the drive and heft of two immense animated wedges whose sharp ends cross and contend in Jerusalem. Let us then disregard for the moment the political entanglement and go at once to the centre of the matter, the logic of the opposing ideals.

II

Zionism is no ordinary national movement. For many Jews it embodies in one concrete programme the entire social and religious idealism of this people. Zion, the ultimate symbol of Jewish vision, concentrates into itself the intense longing of the intensest of human races. The Jews are not now a nation so much as a people pregnant with nationality. Zionism is to be the birth of this latent nation, and every Jew is to know the reanimating influence of what a part of Jewry thus realizes.

Why should Jews, international in fact and spirit, wish to add one more to the number of national boundaries and rivalries in the world? The answer is, they do not. They wish only to incorporate a distinction which exists, and to give it a regular status in which it can work for human understanding rather than for prejudice and dislike. No one who is not a Jew could venture to say how strong to-day is that conviction of a separate historic mission implied in the Biblical idea of the chosen people. But wholly apart from this, the international Jew knows, as few know, the value of a 'national home.' It is no mere place of refuge; it is not merely a satisfaction for an obscure homing instinct on the part of a homeless people. It is at once a religious goal and a profound psychological promise. For it means that through well-rounded occupational activity the Jew will find, and will show himself to the world, a complete personality. It is Jewish self-consciousness that speaks through Zionism: 'At present we are not, as a people, farmers, mechanics, soldiers, engineers, statesmen, sportsmen. We have been obliged by our anomalous situation as permanent strangers to specialize in a few directions. Henceforth we shall be everything, develop every human aptitude and power in our own measure, and so meet the calumny that we are in our souls part-men, cunning and parasitic. On the soil of our fathers we shall become what we are, renew our cultural fertility, and repay mankind blessing for persecution.' This is a programme whose conception compels admiration. Further, its significance is unique: there are no near parallels in law or in history.

What would be necessary to realize this idea?

For the religious side of it, Palestine. Palestine, restored as a centre of Jewish culture and worship. If Zion is to be a geographical fact, and not merely an ideal condition, no other place on earth will serve. Sophisticated religion tends to turn its primitive concepts into allegories, and Zion might be thought of as a Jewish counterpart of the Kingdom of Heaven, a poetic symbol for the final state of social evolution without specific locus. But orthodoxy is concrete in its imagination, and gives Zion a body as well as a soul. Mediæval Jewish mystics, renewing the ancient splendor of rabbinical learning, tried to transplant their schools to Tiberias and Safed. And to this day that element of realism is faithfully continued. In a current textbook of Jewish religion one reads: —

> By the Messianic time or 'the Days of the Anointed,' the chief of our national hopes, we mean (1) the days of the restoration of Israel to the Holy Land, the rebuilding of the Temple in Jerusalem, the resumption of the Divine service therein, and the return of the Divine Glory to Zion; (2) the days of the universal cessation of warfare and the highest development of all human virtues and happiness.

The universal human hope is there, but the distinctive hope of Israel requires the physical and historic Jerusalem.

For the material and social sides of the programme various conditions are necessary, some of which unhappily do not exist in Palestine. We have to reckon with an inexhaustible moral enthusiasm; we have also to reckon with the facts.

A great community must have its economic rootage. Nothing qualifies Palestine for this rôle except the courage with which Zionists have faced the uphill struggle with a meagre and thirsty land. Palestinian soil will support a close settlement having European standards of living only with the application of a maximum of capital, a maximum of labor, and the science of the twentieth century, added to agricultural talent, skill, and experience. Zionism is resolutely prepared to supply the capital, the labor, and the science, and to acquire the rest. Its spirit is magnificent, many of its results remarkable; it is not for any outside observer to cry impossible. But it is necessary to consider the costs of success. Some of these we can discern by the aid of figures now available.[1]

The Jews in Palestine are now about one sixth of the entire population, 150,000 in 900,000 in round numbers. Their holdings of land, individual and corporate, amount to a quarter of a million acres more or less — not a vast estate among so many. What fraction is this of the entire area of Palestine? In literal truth, hardly a twentieth; for Palestine has five and a half million acres all told; and one might unwarily conclude that the Jews in Palestine have far less than their proportionate share of the land. Figures could hardly tell a more misleading tale.

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[1] Palestine has not yet been adequately surveyed. The official survey now going forward may require eight years to complete. The hasty 'once-over' of 1919, made under Lloyd George's government, is no longer of value except for the purposes of a shifty politician. In what follows I shall rely chiefly on a Jewish source, the report (1928) of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission, using round numbers and making my own inferences from its careful data. — AUTHOR

About half of the total area of Palestine is reckoned as cultivable. And of this half barely more than a third,—that is, one sixth of the whole area, — with irrigation and drainage, can be considered fairly good valley land, including both light and heavy soils. The Joint Palestine Survey Commission estimates a million acres (4,144,800 *dunums*) in this class of good valley land, including in this category the coastal plains. Noting that the major Jewish land holdings are of the best valley and coastal land, it appears that Jews now hold nearly one fourth of that scanty fraction of the soil of Palestine which can be considered as fairly good for agriculture.

But we must again consider: it is not 150,000 Jews who are engaged in agriculture, but only some 30,000; the rest are urban. It is one thirtieth of the population that are holding that quarter of the best land, and it is not enough for them — by far not enough.

For the average farm of 100 dunums (say, twenty-three acres) in the Emek or Plain of Esdraelon — probably as good land as Palestine can show — is proving insufficient for a Jewish family, with its relatively high standard of living. The Joint Survey Commission proposes sixty acres for a minimum dry farm. This would more than double the demand on land for the present group of farmers. But, again, that group is obviously too small a proportion of the total Jewish community, especially in a land which sustains no important industries. If the present community were divided evenly between farm and town, we should need once more to double our land requirement. And thus, without any further immigration into Palestine, all of the best land would be requisitioned!

This is a rude estimate. But no correction can alter the essential truth it intends to convey, — the extraordinary pressure for more land which Zionism even now creates; the disproportionate draft on the best soil, — for the Jew, as new to agriculture, would feel himself too much handicapped with any other than the best soil. How can this draft be met?

Article six of the mandate was written, without adequate survey, in a spirit of hopeful vagueness. This article speaks of 'state lands and waste lands' which may be made available for settlement. This sanguine phrase has become a current myth. State lands there are, and waste lands in plenty; but by far the greatest part of the waste is unreclaimable, and the state lands are not, as a rule, vacant. They are, generally speaking, fields or pastures whose use was paid for as a tax to the Ottoman treasury rather than as a rental to private landlords. The occupants hold them, under the shiftless methods of Turkish registry (*chiftlik* happens to be their word for it), without recorded title, but with a customary tenure which cannot be disregarded. No doubt many shaky claims have been trumped up by unsettled Arabs making capital of British scruples for precise justice. But when all this is discounted, the amount of usable vacancy in Palestine is but a crumb for a hungry man. Zionist land at present grows chiefly as it has grown — by purchase from private owners. Picture the situation, in one or two actual cases: —

'The most important single irrigable area in the Jordan Valley is to be found in and around the marshes of Lake Huleh. This land is of exceptional fertility. Two obstacles stand in the way of this reclamation. One is the heavy cost [of engineering the drainage] . . . the other is the acquiring of title to the land.' Estimate suggests that

$468 per acre will overcome both obstacles.

Or again. 'The coastal plain from Haifa to Gaza is probably the finest citrus-growing area in the world. . . . This area is comparatively densely populated.' In other words, Arabs are here and have been raising fine oranges on this soil for years. But further irrigation is possible; and note: 'The only perennial stream of any importance is the Audja . . . the right of irrigating from which has been conceded to the Palestine Electric Corporation.'

Under such circumstances it must be excessively hard for the Zionist to refrain from coveting his neighbor's land. Collectively speaking, he has the money. The Arab on the land is commonly poor: he is either a tenant cultivator whose livelihood may be sold over his head by an absentee landlord (a process now happily checked) or he is an owner to whom a mounting price may become an irresistible temptation. At first it could be assumed that at some figure or other land could be bought. But now the corporate apprehension of the Arabs crosses private transactions: campaigns for ostracism are occasionally started in the press against the would-be seller. And apart from this, the process has an evident limit.

For while in twelve years the Jewish population has increased through immigration and natural growth by one hundred thousand, the non-Jewish population has increased through natural growth alone by roughly one hundred and twenty thousand. The Arabs are not melting away before the Jewish influx — they are merely moving from the better land to the poorer. They see thirty thousand Jews, one thirtieth of the population, holding one fourth of the fertile land and requiring much more. They see a large share of the wealth of the world, backed by British power, abetting this growing acquisition. They reasonably foresee and fear that it would not be too much for a successful Zion if all the exploitable land of Palestine were to become Jewish property, leaving to the growing Arab majority the two million acres of rocky waste.

III

Let us suppose this economic difficulty surmounted. Note simply that, to accomplish this, the settlements must have every advantage, including the intensive application of modern methods, the spread of electric power and motor roads. Industry must be developed wherever possible, with a sprinkling of small shops and factories. The landscape of Palestine, already marred, must take the consequences.

Let us leave out of account also the dismaying difference in temper and spirit between the newer immigrants from Eastern Europe and the older Jewish residents, the fifty-five thousand Jews of the pre-war period and the devoted Zionist pioneers. One must speak here from impressions, since there are no statistics of the hearts of men. To me it appeared that the new arrivals are commonly devoid of religion except the social gospels of the oppressed; that they hope much from the future, but are free from sentimental attachment to the past, whether Jewish or other. In that ill-omened march to the Wailing Wall of a year ago, they carried, not the means of worship, but the Zionist flag! If the soil has any sacredness to the piety of Moslem, Jew, or Christian, they show but a subconscious awareness of it, and are ready to disfigure Palestine unconcernedly with the marks of a Western experimental civilization. Their hope is to enrich the world by demonstrating some advantageous novelty in social order, education, literature, drama.

Zionism will be justified, they think, in proportion as it hastens to 'contribute.' It is no light task to make these emancipated spirits into a moral unity with those who see that Zionism is justified *in Palestine* only for those to whom Palestine is a holy land.

But let us suppose this task also accomplished. There remains the social-political side of a truly national home. This side is essential — perhaps from the psychological point of view the chief essential; for of all the human functions it is just this one of running his own nation of which the Jew, whose genius is the Law, has in his dispersion most keenly felt himself deprived. And it is just this side which in Palestine is most demonstrably incapable of achievement.

For how can the social and political spirit of any people express itself without a connected community, and without that community under its own control?

Physically speaking, Zion in Palestine is a dappling of separate settlements, interspersed with far greater numbers and areas of alien elements. Further land purchases on a large scale might mend to some extent this physical brokenness. But when will a Jew be able to stand on any hill in Palestine and say of the land in sight, 'This is ours'? Not until the 660,000 Moslems and 80,000 Christians are required to cede the ground. With four Moslems to one Jew, and the Moslems not inclined to go, what can happen? Double the number of Jews: the Moslems are still two to one. Give the Jews all the good land: the Moslems are still all about, on the hillsides and in the rocky pastures. The Jews remain a physically scattered minority.

But what of that? This group of detached patches on the map has already a unified political life of its own. There is an official Jewish Community, with powers of taxing and making rules for its own voluntary membership; there are Jewish representative bodies, organs of national thought and will. Can we not imagine this complex but lively organization a budding political entity, and the present Government of Palestine a temporary protecting mantle, to be withdrawn as the new state-within-a-state gains in numbers, consistency, and strength? The land would thus quietly come under Jewish control, either as an independent state or as a 'Seventh Dominion'; and Jews would then begin to enjoy a fully responsible political experience.

One would prefer to believe that there are no longer any well-informed Zionists so far deluded by an inexorable wish as to cherish this impossible expectation. For it remains the elementary truth of the situation that until the inconceivable happens, — that Moslems and Christians, through consent or through force, accept the right of the Jews to make laws for all, — the Zionist Community must remain under a major law which it does not make, and accept a military protection which it does not provide. And indeed the leaders of the movement, in view of this crucial discord between the logic of the facts and the logic of their ideal, have for the most part, after some natural hesitation, resigned the near prospect of political control, preferring to forget the ominous words of Dr. Weizmann about 'making Palestine as Jewish as England is English,' and proposing some intermediate objective.

Some would aim at parity in numbers with the Moslems, reasonably assuming that this would mean a preponderance of political influence. Others, like Mr. Harry Sacher of the Zionist Executive, would hope ultimately for a Jewish majority. There are some who would cantonize Palestine, making, say, six Jewish, seven Moslem, and three

Christian cantons — in a country two thirds the size of Switzerland, or nearly the same as Vermont. Jewish cantons would naturally be drawn about existing Jewish centres in the best land, — the Northern and Southern Plain of Sharon, the Valley of Jezreel, Upper Galilee, — and by the subtle coercion of bringing contiguous Arab land under Jewish rule would tend to complete Jewish ownership within the canton boundaries. On the other hand, the all-or-none spirit of the canton would lead to the presumption of unwelcome for Jews in the non-Jewish cantons; and Jerusalem would resist cantonization. These halfway measures all lack the essential political virtue of national control; and their proposers do not too closely ask themselves the question of Solomon, whether such a half of the Zionist infant would have as much as half the value of the whole child.

They continue to interest themselves in these partial goals, I believe, because the logic of the Zionist conception continues to work in them; and this logic makes for a Jewish Palestine. It shows itself most widely in the arguments by which Zionists assert their *right* in Palestine. For any argument based on historic possession or on a divine mission is logically a claim to the whole land. The voice of religious orthodoxy is explicit: 'The sins of Israel have brought about the loss of their independence as a nation, of their land and Temple. But the Divine decree that ordered the exile of our nation has also promised the restoration of Israel.' The more philosophical statement of the case may be read in *The New Palestine:* —

> The Jews are entering Palestine because they have a right to. They are building a homeland in Palestine because there is an organic indissoluble connection between the identity of the Jewish people and the country from which it was ejected long ago.

An organic connection is normally complete and exclusive: heart, lungs, and liver cannot well be shared. Once Zion is conceived as a political entity on earth, the consistent Zionist is driven, consciously or subconsciously, to claim not a right in Palestine, but the right to Palestine.

IV

This claim of right, based on a mission which it is felt a religious disloyalty to compromise, cannot be shaken in the Jewish mind by analogies from history or international law. To urge that the same reasoning which leads the Jew to claim Palestine after eighteen hundred years would give the Arab a right to Spain after seven hundred years is quite sound so far as it appeals to the ordinary flux of historic conquest and possession; but it wholly misses the sense of this 'organic indissoluble connection,' this right of destiny. Such a right has the force of a religious conviction for those who have that vision; it has the weakness of subjectivism for those who do not share it.

Sensible of this forensic weakness, Zionism has sometimes sought to strengthen its claim by emphasizing the cultural contrast between Jews and the rural Arabs of Palestine. Should half a million ignorant fellahin, it is asked, only languidly concerned in the matter except when excited by demagogues, block the united aspiration of fifteen million members of a highly gifted and advanced race?

The answer is not quite simple, even if the picture were a true one; but it becomes important to correct the error — unhappily widespread — of this picture. Palestine has its rural Arabs and also its urban Arabs; its Moslem Arabs and its Christian Arabs; its peasantry, its Bedawi, and its cultivated men of affairs; its fanatics and its sober leaders with liberal minds and a sense of humor. Amin el Husseini, Mufti of Jerusalem, is one of these leaders, a target of many unjust accusations. During the spring of 1928, an International Missionary Conference brought to Jerusalem a group of positively charged Christians whose intentions were an occasion of much speculative misgiving among the Moslem masses. Lord Plumer opened the Conference: perhaps the military subjugation of Islam was to be followed by an ecclesiastical campaign of aggression! The thousands of pious celebrants in the Nebi Musa pilgrimage of that year might be heard singing with wild fervor, 'Down with the Missionary Conference!' During this disturbed time, the Grand Mufti used his position to show to this suspected Conference an exceptional public courtesy. He threw open the chief Moslem shrine, the Mosque of Omar, to the supposed conspirators against Islam, and supplied them group by group with guides to its several sacred spots. He acted then in his usual rôle as a man of courage and wide understanding, to temper prejudice, not to rouse it. In thinking of Palestinian Arabs, we must remember their notables, their scholars, their tradesmen and their craftsmen with innate deftness and sense of beauty and arts long lost to the West, as well as their farmers, shepherds, nomads.

Of these peasants, it is true that they, like many peasant peoples, are for the most part ignorant and backward. But they are aware of their plight, and are growing out of it. Their direction is more important than their present place. They have a national movement of their own; they are a conscious part of the great Arab background having its foci in Damascus, Baghdad, Riyadh, Mecca, Cairo; they feel the pulse of the reawakening of Islamic culture. For the Arab as for the Jew we cannot forget that a man plus a national movement is a man enlarged and ennobled. Further, these people have a high native capacity, mental and artistic. It is a matter of justice, not to say of generosity, if we refer to their actual backwardness in terms of *our* arts, to remember that they and their leaders have suffered for centuries under the exactions of an unprogressive tyranny. What they are is not to be seen on the present surface of their culture.

But my plea is not for generosity, it is for realism. If we in America, Jews and Gentiles, could see things as they are in Palestine, we should recognize as axiomatic three things: (1) That nothing like the full plan of Zionism can be realized without political pressure backed by military force; (2) that such pressure and force imply an injustice which is inconsistent with the ethical sense of Zionism, undermining both its sincerity and its claim; (3) that every increase of pressure now meets with increasingly determined Arab resistance, within and beyond Palestine. Hence the question which political Zionism must answer is whether or not it proposes to-day, as in ancient times, to assert its place in Palestine by aid of the sword.

To many Arabs, the Balfour Declaration, in spite of its careful safeguarding of all existing civil and religious rights, is understood as obliging Great Britain to 'do something' for the Jews. Many Zionists have the same conception. And the Arab mind inquires: What can Great Britain now do for Zionism which is not *against the Arabs?* What favor can it show which is not favoritism? If the question is capable of an answer, it needs to be a clear answer, plainly spoken. Great Britain is serving Zionism. It is doing so not only by maintaining security and order in the land (with some lapses), but by furnishing the administrative staff without which no such settlement would have been possible, and by creating new opportunities. Under the older Ottoman régime foreign Jews were at a disadvantage: they — like other foreigners — could acquire land only in the name of Ottoman subjects. These disabilities are now removed; as is often said, Jews are now in Palestine by right, not on sufferance. Why press for more than this equitable opening, when more means a reversed injustice? The rural and industrial centres already founded need no more than an equal legal status for their normal peaceful development. The great Hebrew University on Mount Scopus needs no more than this on the legal side to realize its destiny. And this university, be it said, under the prophetic leadership of Dr. Judah Magnes, is the symbol of all that is best in Zionism. For the true and attainable Zion is the Zion of culture and faith, not the Zion of political nationalism.

It is indeed a bitter thing to the sincere Zionist that his ideal community cannot have in that unique spot of earth its perfect body as well as its perfect soul. What I have to say, I say with deep personal regret. For I went to Palestine seized with the idea of Zionism and warmed by the ardor of Jewish friends to whom this vision is the breath of life, prepared to believe all things possible. I came away saddened, seeing that to strive for the perfect body, as things now are, can only mean the loss of soul and body alike. To pursue any campaign for a more vigorous fulfillment of 'the British promise,' to force cantonization on Palestine and so to repeat the standing grievance of divided Syria, to press for any further favor of the state, is to work blindly toward another bloody struggle involving first the new settlements, then Great Britain, then no one knows what wider area.

In this we have been assuming that on the issue of Jewish dominance the Arab mind is irreconcilable. Is this true?

The answer lies partly in the fact that for the Arab, whose local attachments are peculiarly strong, Palestine, beside being his home, is also a holy land. It lies partly in the fact that to his mind Palestine is not a separate province: it is an integral part of Syria, with Damascus as its natural trading and cultural capital, while Syria is an integral part of greater Arabia. In his dream of a free Arab empire, Damascus may have served as capital for the whole; or Syria, together with Palestine, may have constituted an autonomous province. In any case, the new Arabia through Palestine reached the western sea; while Palestine as a part of Syria became a partner in that new and proud political enterprise. The expulsion of Feisal from Damascus by the French was a cruel mutilation of this dream. The mandate for Palestine excludes it from the imagined kingdom and shuts that kingdom from the Mediterranean. Even so, political arrangements may be unmade. But village settlements are a more final obstacle — they build a human barrier and put an end to hope. The progress of Zionist colonization thus becomes for the Arab national outlook a culminating stroke in a series of breaches of faith.

A letter from King Feisal to Mr. Felix Frankfurter is often quoted to show that there is no inherent incompatibility between the Zionist programme and the Arab interest. It may be surmised that Feisal when he wrote that letter (which he no longer endorses) spoke for few beside himself, inasmuch as the American Commission of Inquiry found but 1 per cent of its petitioners in favor of the National Home. Feisal was not a member of the official Arab delegation to the Peace Conference. His voice at that moment was presumably the voice of the British Government, with which he was in touch, and which had the strongest motives for persuading itself of the alleged harmony of Arab and Jewish interests. But the chief point in interpreting the letter is the circumstance that if and when Feisal wrote its Arabic equivalent (for at that time he understood English imperfectly, if at all) he had every expectation of ruling in Damascus with Palestine as a part of the Syrian state. A Zionist colony within an Arab state is worlds apart from an Arab colony within a Jewish state. The former might be considered by an Arab prince, the latter never.

No — Arabia will not be reconciled to Jewish dominance in Palestine. For thirteen hundred years Moslem Arabs have lived here, tilling the soil, caring for their herds, raising their fruits and olives, practising their trades and crafts. Between them and this habitat there is a genuine adjustment, an almost perfect equilibrium; technique and custom, dress and architecture, they transmit from antiquity with an unconscious faithfulness; they *belong*. The rights which go with this long occupation and use cannot be brushed aside, even though no letter of a British agreement could be cited to confirm them in their place.

On the basis of existing theories of right, then, there is no way to reconcile or to arbitrate the conflicting claims. Perhaps it is time to seek a new principle.

V

Zionism has challenged all prevailing theories of territorial right, in view of a unique religious and cultural mission. Regarded as an article of Jewish faith, the claim is, as we said, subjective. It ceases to be subjective when that mission or some part of it becomes an article of faith to the wider world, as when France, the United States, Arabia, can say with Great Britain, 'We believe in the mission of the Jewish people.' A claim of 'right' can substantiate itself just so far as this wider persuasion is forthcoming. The principle that seems to emerge is something like this: territory should belong, other things equal, to that group which can put it to its best use, the total interest of mankind being considered. What would be the implications of such a theory?

First, Palestine is a land of interest to three great living faiths. Each one of these may regard itself as able to make the best use of the land; no one of the three is qualified to act as sole judge in its own case. But since the use in question is primarily religious, any one of the three is clearly disqualified which aims to exclude or dominate the others. Result: no one of the three may be in exclusive control; Christian, Moslem, and Jew must recognize the separate status of Palestine and accept whatever consequences this fact may have for their national aspirations.

Second, Palestine is indivisible. Each faith is interested in all of it, and in free movement to all parts. Cantonization is offensive from every point of view; and those who propose it thereby show themselves spurious guardians.

Third, rights in Palestine have nothing to do with the results of war. Neither the Allies nor the League nor any other grouping of mankind is competent to dispose of it on military or political grounds. The idea of settling the status of Palestine by consulting the written promises given by Great Britain to one group and to another is the height of solemn impertinence. Not with the consent of all governments has Great Britain such authority. As conqueror, the Allies have the power to do what they will; if they consult right, they will regard Palestine as belonging primarily to the religious interests of humanity.

If these interests remain disunited, the powers will consider them politically — that is, in proportion to the aggressive pressure they exert. I should like to join a group to assert these interests collectively; a group of Jews, Moslems, and Christians, resolved to prevent as far as possible that secularizing and industrializing of the country to which the imperial interests of Great Britain and the economic drive of political Zionism are alike committed. I can imagine such a group addressing the political Zionist in this vein: —

'We do not want new social and economic experiments in Palestine. Worship there with us, but conduct your social laboratories in other lands, where they are favored by natural conditions and where they do not disfigure and secularize. To have meaning for the modern world, such experiments must be in the heart of it, not artificially fostered in a remote place. Your Einsteins cannot go to Palestine; they must live in the atmosphere of scientific concentration, among colleagues. Your Bergsons cannot go there; they must live where they can catch by intuition the *élan vital* of contemporary life. Your great artists cannot live in Palestine, if they have something to say to this age. Industry and finance on the modern scale cannot find a centre there, a land without fuel, without ores, and with meagre power.

'To our minds, the poverty of Palestine is its preservation. We do not want Palestine spoiled, and your attempt, if you persist, will merely spoil it and not satisfy yourselves. Bethink yourselves in time and save yourselves and humanity that distress and loss. Spiritualize your conception of the national home, and for the earthly Zion accept the achievable symbol in place of the inachievable completion. Strengthen that magnificent university, with its broad conception of its mission, with its scientific ministration to the needs of the people and to the historical interests of the Moslem and the Christian as well as of the Jew. Through that university and its affiliated institutions, let the Jewish wisdom show itself a comprehensive wisdom in which all creeds and races may find sustenance. "And *all nations* shall flow unto it. And many peoples shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."'

And to the Arabs of Palestine and beyond, this group might say: —

'With you, we record our rejection of Jewish domination in Palestine. We reject also the political domination of any faith, Christian or Moslem, in that place. We wish to assure the Moslem inhabitants of Palestine of the security of their possessions and of their ways of life: they shall not be placed at a disadvantage by any act of any Western power. We request your aid in maintaining the spirit of reverence in this ancient land. To achieve this, we call upon you to lay aside the spirit of exclusiveness proper to the older era of Islamic life, and adopt the spirit of coöperation proper to the newer stage. Recognize the religious element in other religions, the common bond among mankind constituted by the worship of God, and the peculiar bond between the three religions whose common tradition centres in this place. Welcome the situation which has brought the piety of Jew and Moslem to agree in honoring the site of the Temple; make it easy instead of difficult for your Jewish brethren to worship at the Western Wall. Allow Palestine to be set apart among the regions of the earth, not for the imperial aims of any nation, and not to the disadvantage of the new Arabia, but as a shrine and place of pilgrimage in perpetuity, a meeting place for the spirits of East and West.'

As to the administration of Palestine, there must be a political order there; and this order must be either national or international. Theoretically an international administration would show the needed hospitality of interest. On the other hand, it would suffer the curse of neutrality, which might bring with it a fatal indifference to any religious interest as outside the political province. These deeper concerns are better secured by a power which unites a positive appreciation of faith with a wide toleration of temper. No power, to my mind, fulfills these conditions so well as Great Britain — on one of the two sides which she shows in Palestine.

On that one side, Great Britain is acting as a faithful custodian of the wider human interest. She is conserving the monuments, clearing the walls of the city, preventing alterations within the walls without official approval, encouraging historical research, establishing a museum of antiquities, coöperating with the Hebrew University. But this side of Great Britain must be summoned to keep with us a watchful eye upon that other, the imperialistic side, which has no mandate, whether from the League of Nations or from mankind, for enterprises on this soil which serve the Empire alone — the guarding of the Canal, the opening of communications to the East, the piping of Mosul oil to port. Let Great Britain, we say, serve herself as she may within the greater interest; but let her act first as an honest mandatory. Let her put off her weak acquiescence in the trend to industrialization. Let her *retard* the inevitable changes of an intrusive modernity, adjusting their pace to the awakening needs of the people, so that Palestine may retain the harmony of its customary life and of its aspect as it grows into new forms. And let her recognize the interest of the Arab states by securing to them free access from the interior to the sea, and freedom of trade and political intercourse across the obnoxious boundaries.

The two enemies of peace in the Holy Land are fanaticism and fear. The movement of the modern spirit within all creeds is having for one of its beneficent effects the gradual melting of fanaticism without argument. Fixed and antagonistic dogmas are transforming themselves into alternative sets of symbols which can dwell together. But fanaticism is kept alive and sharpened by fear; clashes at the Wailing Wall are symptoms of political rather than religious apprehension. These fears of displacement, of national thwarting, must be put to rest; and they can only be quieted by unequivocal public commitments, renouncing the intention to dominate and to exclude. If there is to be peace within the gates of Jerusalem, the first condition, as I see it, is that Zionism publicly disavow its unholy alliance with Western military power, and therewith (following the lead of a recent resolution within the Jewish Agency) its purpose to dominate in Palestine. Then, that Great Britain restate not alone her policy toward Jew and Arab, but also her general conception of the mandate, in terms which clearly subordinate the interests of the Empire to the general human good. Then, as under such a mandate they might reasonably do, that Moslem authorities publicly accept the administrative separateness of the Palestinian area. With this degree of mutual sacrifice, interests now mutually repellent will be found to enlarge because they can interpenetrate.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

UNFETTERED INHERITORS

THE other day I was seized in the plenitude of my powers and dragged to lunch by a banker. He talked. I listened. Then I talked and he listened, and I saw by the color rising to his pallid cheeks that he was astonished and shocked. Yet what I told him was merely the everyday philosophy of a gambler.

Let me hasten to explain that I am not a wicked gambler in this land of righteousness. Nor am I a wanton gambler of life. I am a mere enjoyer, content to take life as it comes and striving not to fetter the lives that directly succeed me.

The relation of this simple fact irritated the banker beyond all pretense to politeness. When I indicated what provision I have made for my children after my death he told me that I was no business man. That was, coming from him, a term of horrified contempt. But I was flattered, and thanked him for the compliment.

Your business man, capitulating to the propaganda of other moneygrubbers, has learned to believe that his cash, be it personally accumulated capital or life-insurance funds, must be left in trust to his descendants. The almost universal adherence to this quaint custom has been fostered, I maintain, by the overpowering advertising of those companies who profit by having money left in trust with them. For how, by any process of original thinking, can a man wish to deny his offspring the full and untrammeled use of the money he leaves them?

It was right here in the exposition of my gambling philosophy that I brought the flush of horror to the banker's cheeks. I asked him, tit for tat, what provision he was making for his children, and he told me that he had arranged a trust of which they were to get the income until they were twenty-five, then half the principal, and the remainder of the principal at thirty-five.

'You mean,' I asked, 'that your dead hand will reach out of the grave and grasp the money you can no longer spend? Do you really want your children to hate you as a post-mortem skinflint?'

This was, I admit, a brutal way of expressing what he imagined to be a benevolent course of conduct. He rallied to his own defense, quoting statistics to show that the average child to whom money is left outright at the age of twenty-one squanders it within seven years, claiming that not even his children would know the value of money when they were twenty-one.

I gave his statistics and his claim the attention they merit — which is nil. I offered it as my opinion that at maturity a boy should receive outright whatever his father is able to leave him, so long as the sum is written in less than six figures. Perhaps if I were able to think higher than five figures I should not have made even this exception.

Consider the cramping effects of a frozen inheritance of, say, $20,000 on various types of youth. The income is 5 per cent (less the trustee's fees), or a bit less than a thousand a year. My first type is lazy. He finds that with an easy job at a small salary he can eke out his trust income and live comfortably. He dawdles along, never exerting himself, except to spend without imagination the capital that comes to him at twenty-five. B is tremendously ambitious, knowing the value of money, and finding an immediate use for capital. Prevented by law from laying hands on his own money, he goes to a shark who tenders a loan against his inheritance at a modest charge of 50 per cent. Such a boy has reason to curse a father who leaves half to him and half to the loan shark. C has in him the makings of an artist and would like to devote the formative years of his life to study under the best teachers. This being impossible on an income of a thousand a year, he turns to illustrating, postponing, if not completely ruining, his artistic career.

It may well be argued that these three types, chosen at random, are better off than youths whose fathers leave them nothing and who start from scratch. But that is beside the point. The ambitious boy and the talented boy will be better served by giving them their inheritance outright, and the lazy youth and all others who do not know what is termed the proper value of money will at least enjoy themselves while it lasts and get down to cases sooner.

The proponents of the trust fund contend that no person devising property to minors knows what they will be like on reaching maturity. A father supposes that his son will be a chip of the old block, but Old Man Statistics proves that he will be a seven-year profligate. Nevertheless, say I, let him have his capital when he reaches man's estate. What man who has amassed a fortune will admit himself to have been incapable of handling a lump sum at twenty-one? Then what outrageous egotism to maintain that his son is less capable of handling it! What a complete negation of his own principles to believe that a group of impersonals whose guiding policy is conscientious apathy will better administer an estate than the descendant to whom it belongs!

There are egotists who leave their money in trust in order to keep intact the monument personally erected to their business sagacity. They would so leave it in perpetuity if a law (in my state, at least) did not restrict the bestowal of trust funds to 'two lives in being.' The effect of this bequest is that the son, about whom the parent knows something, is denied full use of the inheritance, while the grandson, about whom the grandparent may well know nothing, gets the whole 'wad.' What the law grants to the third generation a wise parent should voluntarily accord the second generation.

But I have none of the crusader's spirit, and shall make no further efforts toward unfettering the second generation. In fact, I only desire to show that a man who is 'no business man' may have valid reasons for letting his own life terminate when he dies so that his successors may have fullest freedom to work out their lives. If they work hard and make more money than they start with, perhaps they will be happier that way. If they lose all and have nothing, there will be plenty to tell them that those who have least are happiest. In any event I shall have given them the loose rein which is desired of all youth, and the admonition to be as happy as I am.

GRAND OPERA

THE other day I chanced to speak of grand opera in the presence of some young people, regretting that it seemed about to be crowded off the boards by triumphant and all-conquering jazz. There was an ominous silence; then: —

'Grand opera! None of it for me!' And in the eyes of the protester kindled the light of battle. 'I went to hear some of your grand opera last winter. A great, fat woman came out on the stage, and you should have heard her yodel!' And forthwith the youth began to stretch his neck and 'yodel' in imitation of the lady. When he had finished, the other young people present began to flay alive, 'noint over with honey, and then set on the head of a wasp's nest (I quote loosely Autolycus's grim joke) all opera singers, jointly and severally.

So, when the tumult and the shouting had subsided and the young people had departed, I fell to pondering the matter, but found it difficult to persuade myself that in their mature lives the jazz of their youth would, in retrospect, be as precious to them as grand opera is to me and other music lovers of my age.

And yet I know that I am deluded. Those young people will look back upon that, to me, vulgar and offensive trash, and through the alembic of youthful memories distill an essence quite as wonder-working as any that my memory brings forth from the recollection of a certain grand opera season in Covent Garden Theatre, attended when I was about the age of the youth who so unfeelingly belittled this great but dying art.

I had arrived in London footloose and in time for Easter services in Brompton Oratory (that imposing Byzantine structure, Westminster Cathedral, was not yet completed), the Ascot races, and a week of grand opera. The English aristocracy had returned from the Mediterranean in time to burn incense to their sacred trinity — Church, horse racing, and grand opera, and I was to witness all three rites for the first time!

Probably few Americans familiar with Covent Garden Theatre are aware of a narrow side street down which a long line of music lovers forms hours before any great musical event. I think that there is no other collection of human beings quite like it anywhere else in the world. In it you will detect all the important languages of Christendom, see most of the national types, and observe the nice distinctions which set apart the Frenchman from the German, the German from the Englishman, and the Italian from them all. Each, in his own way, is waiting for the theatre doors to open that he (and many a she) may pay his half crown for a balcony seat.

When I joined it on that opening night, the line already stretched a long way back from the door, and gradually it was extended behind me until it passed out of sight round a corner. There was still a good two hours to wait; but here were real music lovers for whom the feast in store quite offset the hardship of standing in the chill London air. Here and there a woman or an old man had brought along a stool, and the many little courtesies that centred about these seats impressed me deeply. A gray-haired woman just ahead of me, frail and scantily clad, offered her stool to a bent old German, who, with an accompaniment of characteristic gutturals, was holding on to the small of his protesting back. With an innate sense of courtesy that was the essence of gentility he accepted the offer, remaining seated for only a few minutes, however. Farther up the line a grizzled Italian, evidently of peasant stock, offered his stool to a fellow countryman of higher social rank. About the offer, and the acceptance, was a fine flavor of courtesy of which we on this side of the water are quite incapable.

Up and down the line conversation

ebbed and flowed; but it never broke out into hilarity, and so far as I could hear never became personal or familiar. Men addressed casual remarks to female strangers; women chatted pleasantly with those about them, regardless of sex. Here and there I noticed someone who had brought along a book or a magazine to pass the time, and the contents furnished suitable material for small talk. But to me the fine thing about it all was that on the morrow it would be quite bad form to recognize on the street any chance acquaintance made here.

And then at last the doors opened, and soon, with no jostling or crowding, I found myself seated well forward in the balcony. An all-star cast was to present one of Wagner's operas. In a box on my right sat a certain duke's daughter who was making her début. She was reputed (as are all dukes' daughters) to be nothing less than lovely, and hundreds of opera glasses were leveled at her like the arrested antennæ of overgrown insects. I, alas, had no glasses; but I could distinguish her lustrous gold hair and envied the gay young blade who strolled into her box and leaned nonchalantly upon her chair.

And then the gods of the operatic world appeared — Melba, Plançon, the two De Reszkes, and all the brilliant galaxy of that all-star cast. Ah, the shining armor, the flashing swords, the heroic gestures, the eloquent pleadings, hot denunciations! And flowing through it all like a great river were those voices that, when the spell was broken, made me, like poor Caliban, cry to dream again. Too bad that in later life I read Nietzsche's uncompromising criticism of Wagner's art, and quite agreed with the findings of that crystal-clear mind.

I am little concerned about Heaven and the hereafter; but if I should go there I think that I should be satisfied just to sit and live over endlessly the days of my youth. But I should wish my seat to be well away from the golden streets and the blaring trumpets of the Jewish Heaven — far over, in fact, in those green Norse meadows with their trees casting a grateful shade.

TEA

WHEN I was a boy, nobody in our neighborhood served afternoon tea, but only gave a tea. I mean that a tea was a social function to which one was invited, while tea was served with a meal. In our house we seldom drank it at all except at Sunday evening 'supper,' as we called the cold victuals that served as a frail bridge between the sumptuous Sunday dinner and the ordinary dietary of week days.

On our block there was, it is true, a retired English sea captain whose wife served tea — or had a tea, as we said — every day at half-past four in the afternoon. I remember attending only once and being astonished at the quantity of buttered toast, muffins, scones, or crumpets consumed, with marmalade. The captain's three daughters hovered about and in and out of the room after more hot water or toast and ran after 'jugs' of milk or hot water, while his wife, in black silk, lace collar, and 'water waves,' presided at the little table and poured and poured and poured. I was shocked to see the captain, a burly man with a voice capable of subduing mutiny, drink three cups, for I had always supposed that tea was a woman's drink. His doing so was the more surprising because in the same room hung an oil painting of a blue ship on a green ocean, tossing about upon angular waves before an almost visible hurricane; and this ship — the *Sarah Jane* — was, I knew, the last ship the captain had commanded, and it had been wrecked off Cape Hatteras. He had been rescued in a breeches buoy!

I have no doubt, nevertheless, that the first thing the captain did on landing was to shout for tea.

The ways of the world have changed in the intervening years, and now even American sea captains, still in active service, do not hesitate to drink tea in the cabin with their passengers. And all over the world, wherever it is possible to muster ten English inhabitants, there is a tea shop.

Only the other day, as I was riding along the Italian coast, there where a stairway of rocks rose steeply from the road in a lonely place was a sign that read, 'Tea and Buns' — only that, and nothing more. Somewhere above us on the cliff was a little shop, no doubt, where, in majolica ware and on blue tables with orange legs, one would be served with those viands that appear to have supplanted the roast beef which, we used to be told, had made England great. Here, in tweed knickers or walking skirts and sensible walking shoes, and carrying stout walking sticks, Englishmen and Englishwomen — with not a few Americans, who have adopted English customs — drank that beverage which certainly does not inebriate, whatever else it may do to the drinker.

For tea is, of course, a vile drink. Served with lemon, it becomes only a spoiled lemonade; with milk, something the domestic cat would turn away from; clear, a medical brew, of the same family as those concoctions of camomile, eupatorium, or sassafras which country mothers used to administer to their children in spring. And yet 'that monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,' has singled it out, erected its dispensing into a rite, invented a ritual with holy vessels and elaborate libations. A group of seasoned tea drinkers is a soul-shaking spectacle, with their peeping into the pot, calling for hot water, discussing the respective virtues of China and Ceylon, black and green, prognosticating with tea leaves, carefully skimming off bubbles which they call 'money,' pouring in more hot water, pitying any of their number who does not like tea, and classifying themselves as one-cup, two-cup, and three-cup drinkers. They are as superior as married persons toward a bachelor. They are the same kind of people as those who love cats. Some of them are even said to drink tea in bed before they get up, and then to drink it for breakfast, and after tennis, and during sea bathing, and between races, and in the intervals of cricket, and out of vacuum bottles on walking tours, and as a basis for punch. I have heard of a tea cocktail!

During the past year, in Europe, I have talked with many Englishmen, voluntary expatriates, who, no doubt because they drink tea, can no longer endure their native climate; and they have one and all agreed in ascribing the 'perilous state' of Britain to Ramsay MacDonald and the Labor Party. I have not had the courage to suggest to them that all England needs is to dump all her tea into the Channel or the Irish Sea and learn to make coffee.

Anyone who has tasted their coffee is not surprised that they prefer anything else — even tea.

There can be no doubt that Englishmen cannot have been diluting their blood for two centuries with impunity. The eighteenth-century physique could cope with even six cups of tea at a sitting without depleting the vital forces. Dr. Johnson used to drink tea by the gallon, — though no doubt the acridity of his temper was the result of the habit, — and yet remained virile.

But the twentieth-century physique — unless, like G. K. C., it drinks beer, or, like G. B. S., it drinks nothing but water — cannot look at the world with courage and pugnacity when its eyes are tea-ry.

There is something pathetic in watching the English and Anglophile Americans rally round the teapot, in Nice, Florence, or Rome. They have staggered through the day somehow, thinking of buttered scones and muffins, and at half-past four, evincing a pale reflection of jollity, like the twilight of an English November day, they pull up their chairs, fix their gaze on the pourer, and wait in palpitating silence for the first cup. The aroma, like that of wet straw, ascends to their nostrils and awakens sentimental memories of drenched English lawns, the Strand and Piccadilly, Crosse and Blackwell's, and Eno's Fruit Salts. The scalding of the steaming water in their œsophagi titillates their vertebræ and makes them almost loquacious. They very nearly chatter. At least they become quite chatty.

Up and down the street and around the corner are French or Italian shops where one can have just as good tea and much better cake for half the price; but one must listen to happy people prattling French or Italian. But these very seldom drink tea. A craze for an execrable drink called *café expressé* or *caffè espresso* has swept over Europe during the past few years. It is concocted by forcing live steam through ground coffee, is sweetened with from two to six lumps of sugar, and is drunk out of a little cup. Some add cognac or anisette. All drink it with anchovy sandwiches or little cakes of almond paste or marchpane. It has made the Germans recover from the war, the French the only nation in Europe free from unemployment, the Italians Fascists. What it will do to America, if it ever arrives on our shores, is a nice speculation. I cannot like it — perhaps because the Europeans drink South American coffee and burn it in the roasting and then, like as not, mix it with ground chicory or dried figs; but it has a kick like that of a Kentucky mule and makes one ready to do and dare — for about half an hour. After that, if one's digestion can withstand it, it is time for another. As *caffè latte*, it is mixed with milk, which makes it, if anything, worse. At best, courage is required to drink it. And yet the Latin peoples appear able to drink it at all hours, from breakfast to midnight, perhaps because it is a trifle less deadly than their *vins ordinaires*, which nowadays taste like acetic acid flavored with tin.

A Florentine tradeswoman said the other day: 'We like the Americans because they laugh. We laugh a great deal, too. The English, they don't laugh.' I had never thought of this, and yet I am not surprised. One can laugh on coffee, even *caffè espresso;* but on tea? 'It is a question to be asked.'

But I am afraid that nothing I can say will wean the Englishman from his teapot. I have a vision of the day when England (dear old England, for I really love her), who has been declining and falling so long that her declining and falling appear to have become chronic — when England shall have at last really declined and fallen. And I see her last inhabitant and his wife sitting on the ruins of the Tower of London, viewing the remains; but they will view them over the edge of a teacup, from which the fumes, as of wet straw, will ascend to their nostrils, and one may be sure that even in that dim day they will conduct themselves with decorum. The last Englishman's last wife's last words will be: 'My dear, can I pour you another cup?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

PHOTOGRAPHS of the trim little *Tagua* at her moorings in San Francisco show her to be hardly bigger than a cockleshell, while pictures of **Robert Dean Frisbie**, Captain Andy Thomson, and their Kanaka shipmates suggest that there must have been good nature aboard even in the roughest weather. **E. Bax** writes of the American Embassy in London from intimate experience of many years. **William Preston Beazell** says of himself: 'I took my first newspaper job the day after I was graduated from college thirty-two years ago. As reporter, city editor, editorial and political writer, I spent thirteen years in Pittsburgh. Twenty years ago this spring I came to New York, and the *World*, where I spent eleven years as a reporter and eight and one-half years as day managing editor. For seven years I have been a teacher of journalism at Columbia University — and I loved every day I spent as a newspaperman!'

Emilio Lussu describes a unique escape, for, up to the present, Captain Lussu, Francesco Nitti, and their party have been the only prisoners to elude the Fascist guards on Lipari. **Dr. Herbert Busher** writes from St. Paul, Minnesota. Δ The initials **R. S.** guard the literary personality of one who seems to us indisputably a poet, although eminent in a quite different profession. **Joseph Wood Krutch**, whose well-remembered papers on the Modern Temper brought him to the front line of contemporary critics, has recently been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship. **M. Roy Ridley** writes as a fellow and tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. **Sherry Mangan** formerly edited a small magazine of modernist tendencies, but in 'Thirteen' writes a story of universal humanity. **Eleanor Risley** concludes the adventure of the abandoned orchard with appropriate triumph. Δ Daughter of a mural painter and wife of a professor of history, **Helen Garnsey Haring** writes of an experience that will touch the lives and sympathies of many. An accomplished classicist, **Anne C. E. Allinson** pays homage to the immortal Mantuan in the year of the two thousandth anniversary of his birth. **Summerfield Baldwin** — somewhat tongue-in-cheek, we suspect — applies the Spenglerian method to America. Δ We feel especially privileged to present to **Dallas Lore Sharp's** many devoted *Atlantic* friends this last paper from his pen. **M. A. DeWolfe Howe** is acting as Consultant in Biography at the Library of Congress in Washington. **Anna Louise Strong** has been an intimate observer of the Soviet régime in Russia, Central Asia, and China. **William Ernest Hocking** is Professor of Philosophy at Harvard and a keen student of current affairs.

Readers of Miss Vida D. Scudder's paper on 'The Franciscan Adventure' in the June *Atlantic* may have been startled to learn that the Zealots 'ransacked the Church Fathers in support of their wives.' The sentence stood correctly in the galley proof which was read by Miss Scudder and by the *Atlantic's* proofreader. But in the later processes of printing, a word dropped out, and its separate letters were restored in a new order by the printer. The Zealots, of course, did not have wives, but they had views, and it was their views that they ransacked the Fathers to support. The *Atlantic* hopes that the unfortunate error will not perpetuate a misapprehension about the more austere division of the Franciscans, and very much regrets the misrepresentation to which Miss Scudder's distinguished scholarship was unwittingly subjected.

Mrs. Langer's terse imperative, 'Just Think,' seems to have accomplished its object in some quarters at least, although, with the characteristic anarchism of the truly thoughtful, her commentators disagree.

SAINT STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Cheers! Cheers!

Mrs. Langer's article in the May issue is worth a whole year's subscription money. There are others of us who in the colleges must deal with the myriads of victims of current educational malpractice and do our best to revivify intellects long narcotized by the project methods and orientation courses and other rubbishy devices characteristic of the painless education increasingly common in the schools. We have been listening with increasing anger to the chants of those 'educational scientists' who are rapidly taking over and making over the training of our young, and who regard all who respect the human reason, or human intuition, as hopeless mediævalists to be dismissed with a tolerant smile. Almost nobody in public retort has been calling these 'experts' the names they so richly deserve. Mrs. Langer's article is the more refreshing for the long delay. At the sound from the trumpet the seven thousand who have not as yet bowed the knee to Baal may with more courage rise up to approach Mount Carmel, in the name of Reason and the Absolute!

But let all those who would join the cohorts of the Lord and His prophet consider well what would happen were we again seriously to promote thinking among the people. Suppose that we were able to turn out into America ten thousand persons a year capable of thinking and skilled in the same. What would they not do to the tariff-mongers, for instance, and to the pseudo-philosophical dogmatism of Professor Harry E. Barnes, and to prohibition, and to that humanitarian and sentimental benevolence which has in most Americans replaced religion, and to the antics of demo-plutocracy! Would it be good for America to have trained intellects? Might that not result in our being like those wanderers of yore who found themselves in Circe's domain, recognizing that their environment, while luxurious, was indeed a little piggy, restless to escape the enchantment?

No, there is too much dynamite in thinking, the dynamite of discontent with a Ford-Hooverized world. We have right now the very best sort of education for the security of things as they are. There is no help for it: Mrs. Langer and the rest of us absurd people should be blacklisted by all true patriots.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Susanne K. Langer in the May *Atlantic* accuses secondary teachers of dealing too much with facts and not enough with abstract thinking. I wish to offer a defense.

We do teach — or try to teach — facts. After all, are they not the raw material of thought? On what else is abstract thinking to be based if it is to have any validity? Does n't any scientist worthy of the name establish his facts first and draw his conclusions later? Does n't any other method lead to the loosest kind of thinking? As to opinions, my students have the most definite and all but unshakable ones on political questions, frequently — I might almost say generally — hardly even colored by the faintest trace of authentic information. It is this very difficulty that I am struggling to correct. If I can open their minds to a few facts, even if they are only 'alleged' ones, and then teach them to modify their thinking in the light of them, I shall feel that I have succeeded in a worthy cause.

Adolescence is the age when the students' interests are wide rather than deep. At its beginning it is a collecting age, whether of information or of postage stamps. As he grows intellectually, the student reaches a stage where he can make an orderly arrangement of his material; but philosophy is generally understood to belong to a later age.

I was interested to note the type of general problem that Mrs. Langer thinks should be considered in high school: 'Where do historians get their information?' Why, by the time our students are juniors, if not before, they have been introduced to the difference between source and secondary material. 'How far back does history go?' Any student of early European history finds himself exposed to the earliest known date and is probably given a liberal dose of anthropology just for good measure. The main purpose in teaching history, it seems, should be to make the student realize that the world we live in is an inheritance from the past. Why, bless us, that is just what we thought we were doing. Any student of mine who thinks that history begins with Columbus or even with the Greeks and Romans had better keep it a deep, dark secret from his teacher. We call all that just simple information, not abstract thinking.

There is a difference to-day between conservative and progressive schools. Perhaps the unsatisfactory students mentioned in the article were trained in schools where lists of dates and names of kings still make up the daily diet. Progressive teachers begin with facts and have the greatest respect for them, but continue from these in an effort to teach the student how to use them. Our results are feeble, perhaps, because no one yet seems to have invented a reliable formula for teaching people to think; but at least we realize that a collection of facts, valuable as we consider that to be, is, after all, only a beginning.

HAZEL TAYLOR

His head bloody but unbowed, the Office Iconoclast stands aside to let Mr. Griswold have the last word.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is almost beyond human nature to let the Office Iconoclast, despite his much appreciated compliment concerning my article, 'Pseudo-realism,' go unscathed for the criticism he took three columns to expound in the May *Atlantic*. What particularly annoyed the writer of the article with regard to this criticism was to be hauled over the coals for not having discriminated between writers of undoubted literary merit and mere popular scribblers. He felt he had guarded himself against this particular criticism by saying he had chosen his illustrations 'haphazardly,' without regard to literary merit and wholly from the point of view of what seemed to him their unjustified indecent passages.

Perhaps the writer should have made it still more clear that he was concerned with certain fairly widely read authors, good and bad, from a single aspect. He would be delighted, if the *Atlantic* were disposed to pay for his opinions, to pen an appropriate eulogy, for example, of Marcel Proust; but the point remains that, delightful as much of Proust's work is, he obtrudes needless scenes now and again (and even in the lauded *Swann's Way*) that are dirty beyond dispute, and throughout his entire series he displays a morbid fascination for unwholesome morals that makes his books profoundly distasteful. Also, no amount of learned commentary will render palatable to a healthy taste certain pages of James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

It is silly nowadays to pretend to be shocked by anything; and the whole point of the paper on Pseudo-realism was merely to protest, not that these 'daring' modernists are shocking anybody with regard to moral problems that are matter of common discussion, but that they are offending good taste by needless indecencies.

LATTA GRISWOLD

'What has become of Hilda Rose?' is a perennial inquiry. The following messages received by her faithful friend Dr. Hobart paint a telling picture.

FORT VERMILION, ALTA.
December 11, 1929

DEAR DR. LADY, —

The letters are piled up and I have so little time, as Daddy is in such poor health and takes hours every day of patient nursing when he has his poorly spells. Between these he is quite chipper, though gradually failing in strength. Karl and I do the work and the chores. They keep us busy. I try to teach Karl something new each day. To-day we learned about the Koran and how it came to be written, and this evening he is writing to a boy in far-away Hawaii who wrote to him.

This winter is more lonely than ever, as only two trappers are still on this side of the Fort, with 150 miles to themselves. They are catching nothing to speak of and live on wild chickens and squirrels.

The four dogs keep us company. When the cold came they begged to come in, and now they sleep beside the heater, while the thermometer drops so it takes me a couple of minutes to figure out how cold it is as the mercury creeps into the bulb at the bottom. It is only 46 degrees below zero to-night and the stove is very hot and comforting, while the percolator is perking me a nice cup of hot coffee.

My grubstake is ample for our needs and we eat tremendously in this cold place. It is hard sledding yet for me, and I am often discouraged, but not for long. Karl is such a comfort and a wonderful boy, so different from other boys in many ways. He is more mature than is usual at his age, and so much depends on him that he acts and talks more like a man than a child.

Though the pups are only a little over eight months old, they are big dogs and Karl is training them this winter. Two of them pull real well already. They will make a dandy team.

No henhouse yet. Had to put the twenty hens and two roosters in the little well-house. It is made of logs with a dirt roof. The well is in one corner and the rest of the space fenced off with chicken wire for the hens. The hens are warm, dry, and comfortable, though the place is small. They are not laying, but they are happy to be in out of the cold. They talk to me when I feed them and I tell them I will make them a better henhouse by and by.

When Karl and I were doing up the chores this afternoon he went to the cabin frequently to put wood in the big heater so Daddy would be comfortable. When he came back to me I was in the well-house with my hens. He said, 'Mother, it's nice to have Daddy — like talking to a visitor. We have good times talking to Daddy, don't we?'

December 18. — Christmas mail is not in yet. We think that perhaps settlers who have horses may be traveling with the carrier. Several settlers have been at the end of rail for months, as the big steamer was wrecked on a sand bar and no one could bring them down. The mail should not take so long now that one third of the road is finished. The mail leaves on the first of December and has been on the way nearly three weeks. It will be a break in our lives when we hear once more from the outside.

December 22. — No mail yet. Extremely cold and growing colder. We live from day to day and keep the stove roaring night and day. It is quite comfortable in the cabin, though not so easy to do the chores.

HILDA ROSE

From the Warden of Smith College.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Lee's article in the April *Atlantic* on 'Censoring the Conduct of College Women' is of interest — for one reason because of the presumption behind its appearance that people outside are interested in the inside problems of colleges, and for another because it testifies to the fact that in women's colleges more than in men's the social life is still in transition. The restrictions of the female seminary are past, — sometimes still casting a shadow? — but the freedom of the men's colleges has not been reached.

To understand the regulations of the conduct of women students, the past and future have to be reckoned with. How soon and how safely can the colleges emerge from society's timorous hold over girls? How much can they use the growing freedom of women in the world to set the standard for girls in the colleges? It is easy to say there are too many regulations, and doubtless it is often true. But no one generation of college students alone, however equipped with training in psychology and mental hygiene, is ready to handle the discard. The difference in the social life in men's and women's colleges, the claims of individual versus group, the preparatory nature of college life for future work, all have to be studied if haste is to be made wisely. Happily, two people with complementary points of view are at the task — the student and the dean. Where they are working together progress is hopeful.

The conduct of women in the colleges is, one recognizes, a part of the whole current question of refashioning of women's work and freedom.

LAURA W. L. SCALES

'I too have been in Arcadia.'

TORONTO, ONTARIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Bradford K. Daniels's delightful story of his boyhood, which appeared in the April number, aroused nearly forgotten memories.

Mr. Daniels does not say in so many words where his birthplace is, but from his description of places, people, and customs it seems to me that I have little difficulty in recognizing it. It is the beautiful and historic Annapolis Valley of Western Nova Scotia. I might even venture so far as to hazard a guess that the scene of his boyhood was in the western part of the Valley, probably in the vicinity of Bridgetown, or between there and Annapolis Royal.

I, likewise, spent a considerable part of my early life in that Arcadian region, but, unlike Mr. Daniels, was not born there. He is a true son of the Valley, whereas my family were aliens, in a manner of speaking. We were newcomers mainly of Scottish Jacobite ancestry, while our neighbors were descended from New England Loyalists who came there after the American Revolution and whose attachment to kings dated no farther back than the House of Hanover.

The Valley, as I remember it in the nineties, might be described as a New World Arcady. It had the historic background of a romantic past. The landscape had a touch of the idyllic charm we associate with that idealized land of ancient Hellas. The summer and autumn were delightful and the winter not too cold; the spring inclined to be rather rainy, and was the most unpleasant season.

Nobody was rich; the possession of eight or ten thousand dollars constituted wealth in those days, and no one was destitute of the necessities of life. Everyone worked, but not too hard, and could always find time to attend a camp meeting, a horse race, or a fair, as his fancy might dictate. The people were strongly religious, but time had mellowed the rigid puritanism of their forefathers and religious bigotry was unknown in that favored land.

It was truly a happy valley in those now distant times, and may be still for aught I know, for, like Mr. Daniels, I have long since left it.

In closing I thank him, for, in re-creating his own boyhood, he has given me back also something of my own.

J. A. REID

Yankee talk.

POULTNEY, VERMONT

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I was so interested in what one of your recent contributors had to say with regard to old New England speech that it set me thinking of some of the old phrases that I had learned from my forbears, who have lived and died New Englanders since the first among them was 'a yeoman of Massachusetts Bay Colony under His Majesty King George.'

One terse word descriptive of a very lazy, dirty, neglectful housewife is 'slutchikin'.' Never having seen the word in print, I may not be correct in my spelling, but about the sound of it on the lips of an energetic forceful old Yankee housekeeper I am very sure. In direct contrast there is the woman who has 'gumption' or 'faculty,' the two words expressing much the same meaning.

When a real old Yankee says 'clever' he does n't mean 'brilliant' or 'witty.' He says, 'That's a clever dog, he won't bite anybody,' or 'That's the cleverest horse I ever had' — meaning that the animal in question is docile and gentle.

I have heard a husband described as 'kine of a meechin' clever man,' and very likely the wife of that same man might be characterized as a 'Mrs. Step-an'-Fetch-It,' which name probably needs no explanation.

Do modern city dwellers know that to many an old farmer green vegetables are 'gardin-sass'? Or that 'sparrow-grass' and 'pussley' are two of those same 'sasses'?

Old Vermont farmhouses had no refrigerators or pantries. Instead were the spring-house and the buttery. Over the ell or the woodshed of such a house would be an open space usually called 'up-chamber.' There all sorts of things might be stored, including great bunches of dried herbs. And from the herbs 'up-chamber' it is only two flights 'down-sullar,' where the switchel, the mead, and the cider barrel were often found.

About the first two drinks I can only say that they accompanied the haymakers into the field in stone crocks, being sunk in a spring or brook to keep cool, and that the chief ingredient of the one was molasses, and of the other honey.

EMMA WILLARD LITTLE

Perhaps apropos of a reference to metheglin in our columns, St. Julien R. Childs sends us these unsigned verses, copied from the *South Carolina Gazette* of September 13, 1735, 'containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestick.'

'FOR THE HONOUR OF OLD ENGLAND'

The *Russ* loves Brandy, *Dutchman* beer,
The *Indian* rum most mighty;
The *Welch* man sweet metheglin quaffs,
The *Irish* aquavitae.
The *French* extol the *Orleans*-grape
The *Spaniard* tipples sherry;
The *English* none of these escape,
For they with all make merry.
The *Spaniard* 's constant to his plume,
The *French* inconstant ever;
But, for the best old hats of all,
Give me your *English* beaver.
Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great and others small things;
But, oh! your liquorish *Englishmen*
They love to deal in all things.
The *Italian* with her *siren* voice,
Scotch lass, and *Holland fro* too;
The *Spanish* ruff, the *French* madam,
They will not fear to go to.
Nothing so strange or dire they dread,
Tho' lodg'd within the centre;
No fashion, health, no wine, or wench
On which they will not venture.

THE SALLYPORT

Was Richardson a great man? Few people, seeing him so pleasantly demolished by Mr. Krutch, would say so. A prude, with a tradesman's conception of virtue, proud of the humility with which he looked up to the world of fashion, whose glittering wickedness he lovingly tried to depict even while arrogating the right to pass moral censure on it, he stands exposed, when Mr. Krutch has polished him off, with little to cover his nakedness. Was he a great writer? If a writer cannot be great who goes unread, then it was well that Richardson did not have to wait for posthumous flattery. Can a noise be a big noise if no one hears it, or even a noise at all? If not, then the once authoritative thunders of more of our classic English novelists than Richardson have shrunk to silence, for it must be admitted that their fulminations now go off largely *in vacuo*. How many to-day are acquainted with the sound of Scott or George Eliot, or — but no, it would be unkind, ungenerous, to continue the list. At least we may say that under the proper circumstances the potential detonation is terrific.

And so with Richardson. It is easier to expose the faults of the man than the merits of his books. It takes at least as much courage to stop reading him as to begin. When all is said and done, the spell that sustains us in the round of human life is the spell of trivialities. Men will labor valiantly day after day at tasks on which important consequences hinge, but what really interests them is the freedom to hit a ball or tease a fish over the week-end which they have gained by their toil. If other interests were lacking, life could be kept from extinction by watching a fly to see whether it would cross a crack in the floor or turn aside.

Richardson filled his books with a multitude of trivialities and petty expectations, and so paralyzing are the toils in which he gradually winds the reader that presently only a strong and brave man can burst his way out and fling the story aside. Of course Richardson had an advantage that life seems frequently compelled to do without. He kept a major climax always in reserve, and made his trivialities an obstacle race through which the reader had to toil with increasing fury to win the grand award. It is part of the spell of his books to see how long the man can keep from doing what he is obviously, from the outset, going to do. Even this has the drawback of allowing the reader to skip two volumes and find the situation unchanged.

A writer is great who has a large control of life, and, reluctant as one is to admit it, an astonishing amount of life is contained in Richardson's volumes. It seems intolerable that the miserable little prig should have had the stuff in him to make books with life between their covers. But it was so. Even his gross and palpable misrepresentations have life. They are the sort of misrepresentations that abound in every age of society, and make up the sentimental transcript of the world that informs the simple with delusions of grandeur.

It is nothing new for a great man to be a prig. Bearing in mind the lessons of modern biography, a great man might be defined as a notably disreputable, inconstant, or eccentric fellow who, for reasons that do not appear, produced large and lasting effects on the course of the race. But a satisfactory criterion of greatness is not an easy thing to propound. Fundamentally, perhaps, the test is this one of effects. That man is great whose acts or thoughts have widely and profoundly influenced his fellows. But this would admit inventors of all sorts of devices that have transformed industrial or social life, and often these men are neither great men, in common opinion, nor perhaps even great mechanics. For another test of greatness is preëminence in a given science or pursuit. Archfiend and archbishop are simply preëminent specimens of their kind. Not many people would deny that Keats was a great poet, but the question whether he was a great man would bring divided opinions. It depends, among other things, on one's view of the value of poetry. But however greatness is to be judged, it has never been a foe to idiosyncrasy. Men may be great and yet be tight with their money, obsequious, vain, timid, jealous, or what you will. They may even be prigs. Byron was a great poet, and a man with admirable and charming qualities. Yet he had a vein of depravity that worked cruelties past belief on others and on himself. Goethe was bland and complaisant with petty princelings; Beethoven rough and a boor. If there is no opinion so fantastic that it has not been upheld by some philosopher, there is no quality so inconsistent that it has not been exemplified by greatness. It is all part of the charm and oddity of a diverse world. Worshipful readers of biography sometimes indignantly deny this to them embarrassing fact, or if they cannot deny it, put the blame on the biographer as a sneering, iconoclastic fellow who presumes to criticize his betters without first learning to respect them. Often enough cheap use is made of the oddities or vices of the great for the sake of a *succès de scandale*. But the biographer who denies his readers a knowledge of the rich and varied spectacle of human behavior as it displays itself in all its delightfully shocking spontaneity is denying them the whole color and truth of history. There is no need to be alarmed or distressed because the past can show its peccadillos and the great their eccentricities. These all belong to the proportions of the world as it is, and so many of us pass our whole lives without ever an unprejudiced look to see what really exists on earth that it would be a pity for those who have it in their power to enlighten us merely to blind us further.

No, it is hard to deny, despite the débris which Mr. Krutch makes of his personal qualities and his moral ideas, that Richardson was at least in a qualified sense a great writer. But then, it is about equally hard to maintain that he is much worth reading.

THE OFFICE ICONOCLAST